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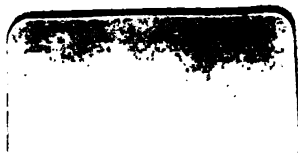
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600 2 Vols.

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Yours very truly
Alfred Hood

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

AND

JOHN BURNET

HOOD'S OWN:

OR,

Laughter from Year to Year.

BEING FORMER RUNNINGS OF HIS COMIC VEIN, WITH AN EFFUSION OF
NEW BLOOD FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION.

A NEW EDITION.



LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON, & CO., DOVER STREET.

1868.

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"HAVE I A VOTE FOR GRINNAGE?"



THE MERRY THOUGHT.

PREFACE :

BEING

An Inaugural Discourse on a certain System of Practical Philosophy.

COURTEOUS READER !

Presuming that you have known something of the Comic Annual from its Child-Hood, when it was first put into half binding and began to run alone, I make bold to consider you as an old friend of the family, and shall accordingly treat you with all the freedom and confidence that pertain to such ripe connexions.

How many years is it, think you, "since we were first acquent?"

"By the deep *nine*!" sings out the old bald *Count Fathom* with the lead-line: no great lapse in the world's chronology, but a space of infinite importance in individual history. For in-

stance, it has wrought a serious change on the body, if not on the mind, of your very humble servant ;—it is not, however, to bespeak your sympathy, or to indulge in what Lord Byron calls “the gloomy vanity of drawing from self,” that I allude to my personal experience. The Scot and lot character of the dispensation, forbids me to think that the world in general can be particularly interested in the state of my Household Sufferage, or that the public ear will be as open to my *Maladies* as to my *Melodies*. The simple truth is, that, being a wiser but not sadder man, I propose to admit you to my Private View of a system of Practical Cheerful Philosophy, thanks to which, perchance, the cranium of your Humourist is still secure from such a lecture as was delivered over the skull of Poor Yorick.

In the absence of a certain thin “blue-and-yellow” visage, and attenuated figure,—whose effigies may one day be affixed to the present work,—you will not be prepared to learn that some of the merriest effusions in the forthcoming numbers have been the relaxations of a gentleman literally enjoying bad health—the carnival, so to speak, of a personified *Jour Maigre*. The very fingers so aristocratically slender, that now hold the pen, hint plainly of the “*ills that flesh is heir to* :”—my coats have become great coats, my pantaloons are turned into trowsers, and, by a worse bargain than Peter Schlemihl’s, I seem to have retained my shadow and sold my substance. In short, as happens to prematurely old port wine, I am of a bad colour with very little body. But what then? That emaciated hand still lends a hand to embody in words and sketches the creations or recreations of a Merry Fancy: those gaunt sides yet shake heartily as ever at the Grotesques and Arabesques and droll Picturesques that my Good Genius (a Pantagruelian Familiar) charitably conjures up to divert me from more sombre realities. It was the whim of a late pleasant Comedian, to suppose a set of spiteful imps sitting up aloft, to aggravate all his petty mundane annoyances; whereas I prefer to believe in the ministry of kindlier Elves that “nod to me and do me courtesies.” Instead of scaring away these motes in the sunbeam, I earnestly invoke them, and bid them welcome; for the tricky spirits make friends with the animal spirits, and do

not I, like a father romping with his own urchins,—do not I forget half my cares whilst partaking in their airy gambols? Such sports are as wholesome for the mind as the other frolics for the body. For on our own treatment of that excellent Friend or terrible Enemy the Imagination, it depends whether we are to be scared and haunted by a Scratching Fanny, or tended by an affectionate Invisible Girl—like an unknown Love, blessing us with “favours secret, sweet, and precious,” and fondly stealing us from this worky-day world to a sunny sphere of her own.

This is a novel version, Reader, of “Paradise and the Peri,” but it is as true as it is new. How else could I have converted a serious illness into a comic wellness—by what other agency could I have transported myself, as a Cockney would say, from *Dullage* to *Grinnage*? It was far from a practical joke to be laid up in ordinary in a foreign land, under the care of Physicians quite as much abroad as myself with the case; indeed the shades of the gloaming were stealing over my prospect; but I resolved, that like the sun, so long as my day lasted, I would look on the bright side of everything. The raven croaked, but I persuaded myself that it was the nightingale: there was the smell of the mould, but I remembered that it nourished the violets. However my body might cry craven, my mind luckily had no mind to give in. So, instead of mounting on the black long-tailed coach horse, she vaulted on her old Hobby that had capered in the Morris-Dance, and began to exhort from its back. To be sure, said she, matters look darkly enough; but the more need for the lights. Allons! Courage! Things may take a turn, as the pig said on the spit. Never throw down your cards, but play out the game. The more certain to lose, the wiser to get all the play you can for your money. Come—give us a song! cliirp away like that best of cricket-players, the cricket himself. Be bowled out or caught out, but never throw down the bat. As to Health, it’s the weather of the body—it hails, it rains, it blows, it snows, at present, but it may clear up by-and-by. You cannot eat, you say, and you must not drink; but laugh and make believe, like the Barber’s wise brother at the Barmecide’s feast. Then, as to thinness, not to flatter, you look like a lath that has had a split

with the carpenter and a fall out with the plaster; but so much the better: remember how the smugglers trim the sails of the lugger to escape the notice of the cutter. Turn your edge to the old enemy, and mayhap he won't see you! Come—be alive! You have no more right to slight your life than to neglect your wife—they are the two better halves that make a man of you! Is not life your means of living? so stick to thy business and thy business will stick to thee. Of course, continued my mind, I am quite disinterested in this advice—for I am aware of my own immortality—but for that very reason, take care of the mortal body, poor body, and give it as long a day as you can!

Now, my mind seeming to treat the matter very pleasantly as well as profitably, I followed her counsel, and instead of calling out for relief according to the fable, I kept along on my journey, with my bundle of sticks,—i. e. my arms and legs. Between ourselves it would have been “extremely inconvenient,” as I once heard the opium-eater declare, to pay the debt of nature at that particular juncture; nor do I quite know, to be candid, when it would altogether suit me to settle it, so, like other parties in narrow circumstances, I laughed, and gossipped, and played the agreeable with all my might, and as such pleasant behaviour sometimes obtains a respite from a human creditor, who knows but that it may prove successful with the Universal Mortgagee? At all events, here I am, humming “Jack’s Alive!” and my own dear skilful native physician gives me hopes of a longer lease than appeared from the foreign reading of the covenants. He declares indeed, that, anatomically, my heart is lower hung than usual—but what of that? *The more need to keep it up!* So huzza! my boys! Comus and Momus for ever! No Heraclitus! Nine times nine for Democritus! And here goes my last bottle of Elixir at the heads of the Blue Devils—be they Prussian blue or indigo, powder-blue or ultramarine!

Gentle reader, how do you like this Laughing Philosophy? The joyous cheers you have just heard, come from a crazy vessel that has clawed, by miracle, off a lee-shore, and I, the skipper, am sitting down to my grog, and re-counting to you the tale of the past danger, with the manœuvres that were used to escape the

perilous Point. Or rather, consider me as the Director of a Life Assurance, pointing out to you a most beneficial policy, whereby you may eke out your natural term. And, firstly, take precious care of your precious health,—but how, as the housewives say, to make it keep? Why then, don't cure and smoke-dry it—or pickle it in everlasting acids—like the Germans. Don't bury it in a potato-pit, like the Irish. Don't preserve it in spirits, like the Barbadians. Don't salt it down, like the Newfoundlanders. Don't pack it in ice, like Captain Back. Don't parboil it, in Hot Baths. Don't bottle it, like gooseberries. Don't pot it—and don't hang it. A rope is a bad Cordon Sanitaire. Above all, don't despond about it. Let not anxiety “have thee on the hyp.” Consider your health as your best friend, and think as well of it, in spite of all its foibles, as you can. For instance, never dream, though you may have a “clever hack,” of galloping consumption, or indulge in the Meltonian belief, that you are going the pace. Never fancy every time you cough, that you are going to coughypot. Hold up, as the shooter says, over the heaviest ground. Despondency in a nice case is the over-weight that may make you kick the beam and the bucket both at once. In short, as with other cases, never meet trouble half-way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains; though it should be a Scotch mile and a bittock. I have even known him to give up his visit in sight of the house. Besides, the best fence against care is a ha! ha!—wherefore take care to have one all round you wherever you can. Let your “lungs crow like Chanticleer,” and as like a GAME cock as possible. It expands the chest, enlarges the heart, quickens the circulation, and “like a trumpet makes the spirits dance.”

A fico then for the Chesterfieldian canon, that laughter is an ungenteel emotion. Smiles are tolerated by the very pinks of politeness; and a laugh is but the full-blown flower of which a smile is the bud. It is a sort of vocal music—a glee in which everybody can take a part:—and “he who hath not laughter in his soul, let no such man be trusted.” Indeed, there are two classes of Querists particularly to be shunned; thus when you

hear a *Cui Bono*? be sure to leave the room; but if it be *Quid Rides*? make a point to quit the house, and forget to take its number. None but your dull dogs would give tongue in such a style;—for, as Nimrod says in his “*Hunt after Happiness*,” “A single *burst* with Mirth is worth a whole season of *full crics* with Melancholy.”

Such, dear reader, is the cheerful Philosophy which I practise as well as preach. It teaches to “make a sunshine in a shady place,” to render the mind independent of external foul weather, by compelling it, as old Absolute says, to get a sun and moon of its own. As the system has worked so well in my own case, it is a duty to recommend it to others: and like certain practitioners, who not only prescribe but dispense their own medicines, I have prepared a regular course of light reading, whereof I now present the first packet, in the humble hope that your dull hours may be amused, and your cares diverted, by the laughing lucubrations which have enlivened Hood’s Own.

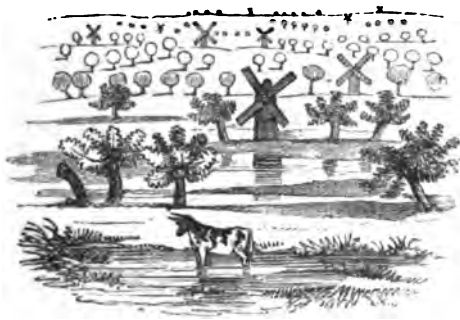


DOCTORS' COMMONS.

HOOD'S OWN:

OR,

Laughter from Year to Year.



A PASTORALE IN A FLAT.

THE PUGSLEY PAPERS.

How the following correspondence came into my hands must remain a Waverley mystery. The Pugsley Papers were neither rescued from a garret, like the Evelyn,—collected from cartridges like the Cul-loden,—nor saved, like the Garrick, from being shredded into a snow storm at a Winter Theatre. They were not snatched from a tailor's shears, like the original parchment of Magna Charta. They were neither the Legacy of a Dominie, nor the communications of My Landlord,—a consignment, like the Clinker Letters, from some Rev. Jonathan Dustwich,—nor the waifs and strays of a Twopenny Post Bag. They were not unrolled from ancient papyri. They were none of those that “line trunks, clothe spices,” or paper the walls of old attics. They were neither given to me nor sold to me,—nor stolen,—nor borrowed and surreptitiously copied,—nor left in a hackney coach, like Sheridan's play,—nor misdelivered by a carrier pigeon,—nor dreamt of, like Coleridge's Kubla Khan,—nor turned up in the Tower, like Milton's Foundling MS.,—nor dug up,—nor trumped up, like the eastern tales of Horam harum Horam the son of Asmar,—nor brought over by Rammohun Roy,—nor translated by Doctor Bowring from the Scandinavian, Batavian, Pomeranian, Spanish, or Danish, or Rus-

sian, or Prussian, or any other language dead or living. They were not picked from the Dead Letter Office, nor purloined from the British Museum. In short, I cannot, dare not, will not, hint even at the mode of their acquisition: the reader must be content to know, that, in point of authenticity, the Pugsley Papers are the extreme reverse of Lady L.'s celebrated Autographs, which were all written by the proprietor.

No. I.—*From Master RICHARD PUGSLEY, to Master ROBERT ROGERS, at Number 132, Barbican.*

DEAR BOB,

Huzza!—Here I am in Lincolnshire! It's good-bye to Wellingtons and Cossacks, Ladies' double channels, Gentlemen's stout calf, and ditto ditto. They've all been sold off under prime cost, and the old Shoe Mart is disposed of, goodwill and fixtures, for ever and ever. Father has been made a rich Squire of by will, and we've got a house and fields, and trees of our own. Such a garden, Bob!—It beats White Conduit.

Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your Sister to ask your Mother to ask your Father to let you come. It's only ninety mile. If you're out of pocket money, you can walk, and beg a lift now and then, or swing by the dickeys. Put on cordroys, and don't care for cut behind. The two prentices, George and Will, are here to be made farmers of, and brother Nick is took home from school to help in agriculture. We like farming very much, it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun, and go out shooting: it's a famous good un, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before Father comes down, we mean to bait our bull with him.

There's plenty of New Rivers about, and we're going a fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We've killed one of our sheep on the sly to get gentles. We've a pony too, to ride upon when we can catch him, but he's loose in the paddock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay hold of. Isn't it prime, Bob? You *must* come. If your Mother won't give your Father leave to allow you,—run away. Remember, you turn up Goswell Street to go to Lincolnshire, and ask for Middlefen Hall. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come, but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and the fruit's to be gathered on Monday.

If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of birds' nests. Do come, Bob, and I'll show you the wasp's nest, and every thing that can make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him without his knowing of it; but be sure anyhow to bring the ramrod, as we have mislaid ours by firing it off. Don't forget some bird-lime, Bob—and some fish-hooks—and some

different sorts of shot—and some gut and some gunpowder—and a gentle-box, and some flints,—some May flies,—and a powder horn,—and a landing net and a dog-whistle—and some porcupine quills, and a bullet mould—and a trolling-winch, and a shot-belt and a tin can. You pay for 'em, Bob, and I'll owe it you.

Your old friend and schoolfellow,
RICHARD PUGSLEY.

No. II.—*From the Same to the Same.*

DEAR BOB,

When you come, bring us a 'bacco-pipe to load the gun with. If you don't come, it can come by the waggon. Our Public House is three mile off, and when you've walked there it's out of every thing. Yours, &c.,

RICH. PUGSLEY.

No. III.—*From Miss ANASTASIA PUGSLEY, to Miss JEMIMA MOGRIDGE, at Gregory House Establishment for Young Ladies, Mile End.*

MY DEAR JEMIMA,

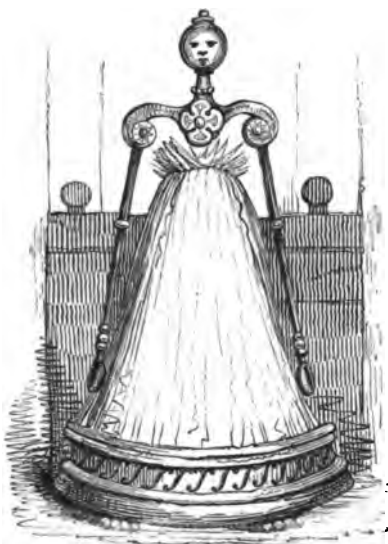
Deeply solicitous to gratify sensibility, by sympathising with our fortuitous elevation, I seize the epistolary implements to inform you, that, by the testamentary disposition of a remote branch of consanguinity, our tutelary residence is removed from the metropolitan horizon to a pastoral district and its congenial pursuits. In futurity I shall be more pertinaciously superstitious in the astrological revelations of human destiny. You remember the mysterious gipsy at Hornsey Wood?—Well, the eventful fortune she obscurely intimated, though couched in vague terms, has come to pass in minutest particulars; for I perceive perspicuously, that it predicted that papa should sell off his boot and shoe business at 133, Barbican, to Clack & Son, of 144, Hatton Garden, and that we should retire, in a station of affluence, to Middlefen Hall, in Lincolnshire, by bequest of our great-great maternal uncle, Pollexfen Goldsworthy Wigglesworth, Esq., who deceased suddenly of apoplexy at Wisbeach Market, in the ninety-third year of his venerable and lamented age.

At the risk of tedium, I will attempt a cursory delineation of our rural paradise, altho' I feel it would be morally arduous, to give any idea of the romantic scenery of the Lincolnshire Fens. Conceive, as far as the visual organ expands, an immense sequestered level, abundantly irrigated with minute rivulets, and studded with tufted oaks, whilst more than a hundred wind-mills diversify the prospect and give a revolving animation to the scene. As for our own gardens and grounds they are a perfect Vauxhall—excepting of course the rotunda, the orchestra, the company, the variegated lamps, the fire-works, and those very lofty trees. But I trust my dear Jemima will supersede topography by ocular inspection; and in the interim I send for acceptance a graphical view of the locality, shaded in Indian ink, which will

suffice to convey an idea of the terrestrial verdure and celestial azure we enjoy, in lieu of the sable exhalations and architectural nigrity of the metropolis.

You who know my pastoral aspirings, and have been the indulgent confidant of my votive tributes to the Muses, will conceive the refined nature of my enjoyment when I mention the intellectual repast of this morning. I never could enjoy Bloomfield in Barbican,—but to-day he read beautifully under our pear-tree. I look forward to the felicity of reading Thomson's *Summer* with you on the green seat, and if engagements at Christmas permit your participation in the bard, there is a bower of evergreens that will be delightful for the perusal of his *Winter*.

I enclose, by request, an epistolary effusion from sister Dorothy, which I know will provoke your risible powers, by the domesticity of its details. You know she was always in the homely characteristics a perfect Cinderella, though I doubt whether even supernatural agency could adapt her foot to a diminutive vitrified slipper, or her hand for a prince of regal primogeniture. But I am summoned to receive, with family members, the felicitations of Lincolnshire aristocracy; though whatever necessary distinctions may prospectively occur between respective grades in life, they will only superficially affect the sentiments of eternal friendship between my dear *Jemima* and her affectionate friend,



CINDERELLA.

ANASTASIA PUGSLEY.

No. IV.—*From Miss DOROTHY PUGSLEY to the Same.*

MY DEAR MISS JEMIMA,

Providence having been pleased to remove my domestic duties from Barbican to Lincolnshire, I trust I shall have strength of constitution to fulfil them as becomes my new allotted line of life. As we are not sent into this world to be idle, and *Anastasia* has declined housewifery, I have undertaken the Dairy, and the Brewery, and the Baking, and the Poultry, the Pigs and the Pastry,—and though I feel fatigued at first, use reconciles to labours and trials, more severe

than I at present enjoy. Altho' things may not turn out to wish at present, yet all well-directed efforts are sure to meet reward in the end, and altho' I have chumped and churned two days running, and it's nothing yet but curds and whey, I should be wrong to despair of eating butter of my own making before I die. Considering the adulteration committed by every article in London, I was never happier in any prospect, than of drinking my own milk, fattening my own calves, and laying my own eggs. We cackle so much I am sure we new-lay somewhere, tho' I cannot find out our nests; and I am looking every day to have chickens, as one pepper-and-salt-coloured hen has been sitting these two months. When a poor ignorant bird sets me such an example of patience, how can I repine at the hardest domestic drudgery! Mother and I have worked like horses to be sure, ever since we came to the estate; but if we die in it, we know it's for the good of the family, and to agreeably surprise my Father, who is still in town winding up his books. For my own part, if it was right to look at things so selfishly, I should say I never was so happy in my life; though I own I have cried more since coming here than I ever remember before. You will confess my crosses and losses have been unusual trials, when I tell you, out of all my makings, and bakings, and brewings, and preservings, there has been nothing either eatable or drinkable; and what is more painful to an affectionate mind,—have half poisoned the whole family with home-made ketchup of toadstools, by mistake for mushrooms. When I reflect that they are preserved, I ought not to grieve about my damsons and bullaces, done by Mrs. Maria Dover's receipt.

Among other things we came into a beautiful closet of old China, which, I am shocked to say, is all destroyed by my preserving. The bullaces and damsons fomented, and blew up a great jar with a violent shock that smashed all the tea and coffee cups, and left nothing but the handles hanging in rows on the tenter-hooks. But to a resigned spirit there's always some comfort in calamities, and if the preserves work and foment so, there's some hope that my beer will, as it has been a month next Monday in the mash tub. As for the loss of the elder wine, candour compels me to say it was my own fault for letting the poor blind little animals crawl into the copper; but experience dictates next year not to boil the berries and kittens at the same time.

I mean to attempt cream cheese as soon as we can get cream,—but as yet we can't drive the Cows home to be milked for the Bull—he has twice hunted Grace and me into fits, and kept my poor Mother a whole morning in the pigstye. As I know you like country delicacies, you will receive a pound of my fresh butter when it comes, and I mean to add a cheese as soon as I can get one to stick together. I shall send also some family pork for Governess, of our own killing, as we wring a pig's neck on Saturday. I did hope to give you the unexpected treat of a home-made loaf, but it was forgot in the oven from ten to six, and so too black to offer. However, I hope to sur-

prise you with one by Monday's carrier. Anastasia bids me add she will send a nosegay for respected Mrs. Tombleson, if the plants don't die off before, which I am sorry to say is not improbable.

It's really shocking to see the failure of her cultivated taste, and one in particular, that must be owned a very pretty idea. When we came, there was a vast number of flower roots, but jumbled without any regular order, till Anastasia trowelled them all up, and set them in again, in the quadrille figures. It must have looked sweetly elegant, if it had agreed with them, but they have all dwindled and drooped like deep declines and consumptions. Her dahlias and tulips too have turned out nothing but onions and kidney potatoes, and her ten-week stocks have not come up in twenty. But as Shakspeare says, Adversity is a precious toad—that teaches us Patience is a jewel.



VERY FOND OF GARDENING.

Considering the unsettled state of coming in, I must conclude, but could not resist giving your friendliness a short account of the happy change that has occurred, and our increase of comforts. I would write more, but I know you will excuse my listening to the calls of dumb animals. It's the time I always scald the little pigs' bread and milks, and put saucers of clean water for the ducks and geese. There are the fowls' beds to make with fresh straw, and a hundred similar things that country people are obliged to think of.

The children, I am happy to say, are all well, only baby is a little fractious, we think from Grace setting him down in the nettles, and he was short-coated last week. Grace is poorly with a cold, and Anastasia has got a sore throat, from sitting up fruitlessly in the orchard to hear the nightingale; perhaps there may not be any in the Fens. I seem to have a trifling ague and rheumatism myself, but it may be only a stiffness from so much churning, and the great family wash-up of every thing we had directly we came down, for the sake of grass-bleaching on the lawn. With these exceptions, we are all in perfect health and happiness, and unite in love, with

Dear Miss Jemima's affectionate friend,
DOROTHY PUGSLEY.

No. V.—*From Mrs. PUGSLEY to Mrs. MUMFORD, Bucklersbury.*

MY DEAR MARTHA,

IN my ultimatum I informed of old Wigglesworth paying his natural debts, and of the whole Middlefen estate coming from Lincolnshire to Barbican. I charged Mr. P. to send bulletings into you with progressive reports, but between sisters, as I know you are very curious, I am going to make myself more particular. I take the opportunity of the family being all restive in bed, and the house all still, to give an account of our moving. The things all got here safe, with the exception of the Crockery and Glass, which came down with the dresser, about an hour after its arrival. Perhaps if we hadn't overloaded it with the whole of our breakables, it wouldn't have given way,—as it is, we have only one plate left, and that's chipt, and a mug without a spout to keep it in countenance. Our furniture, &c., came by the waggon, and I am sorry to say a poor family at the same time, and the little idle boys with their knives have carved and scarified my rosewood legs, and, what is worse, not of the same patterns: but as people say, two Lincolnshire removes are as bad as a fire of London.

The first thing I did on coming down, was to see to the sweeps going up,—but I wish I had been less precipitous, for the sootty wretches stole four good flitches of bacon, as was up the kitchen chimbley, quite unbeknown to me. We have filled up the vacancy with more, which smoke us dreadfully, but what is to be cured must be endured. My next thing was to have all holes and corners cleared out, and washed, and scrubbed, being left, like bachelor's places, in a sad state by old single W.; for a rich man, I never saw one that wanted so much cleaning out. There were heaps of dung about, as high as haystacks, and it cost me five shillings a load to have it all carted off the premises; besides heaps of good-for-nothing littering straw, that I gave to the boys for bonfires. We are not all to rights yet, but Rome wasn't built in St. Thomas's day.

It was providential I hampered myself with cold provisions, for except the bacon there were no eatables in the house. What old W. lived upon is a mystery, except salads, for we found a whole field of beet-root, which, all but a few plants for Dorothy to pickle, I had chucked away. As the ground was then clear for sowing up a crop, I directed George to plough it up, but he met with agricultural distress. He says as soon as he whipped his horses, the plough stuck its nose in the earth, and tumbled over head and heels. It seems very odd when ploughing is so easy to look at, but I trust he will do better in time. Experience makes a King Solomon of a Tom nodd.

I expect we shall have bushels upon bushels of corn, tho' sadly pecked by the birds, as I have had all the scarecrows taken down for fear of the children dreaming of them for Bogies. For the same dear little sakes I have had the well filled up, and the nasty sharp iron

spikes drawn out of all the rakes and harrows. Nobody shall say to my teeth, I am not a good Mother. With these precautions I trust the young ones will enjoy the country when the gipsies have left, but till then, I confine them to round the house, as it's no use shutting the stable door after you've had a child stole.

We have a good many fine fields of hay, which I mean to have reaped directly, wet or shine; for delays are as dangerous as pickles in glazed pans. Perhaps St. Swithin's is in our favour, for if the stacks are put up dampish they won't catch fire so easily, if Swing should come into these parts. The poor boys have made themselves very industrious in shooting off the birds, and hunting away all the vermin, besides cutting down trees. As I knew it was profitable to fell timber, I directed them to begin with a very ugly straggling old hollow tree next the premises, but it fell the wrong way, and knocked down the cow-house. Luckily the poor animals were all in the clover-field at the time. George says it wouldn't have happened but for a violent sow, or rather sow-west,—and it's likely enough, but it's an ill wind that blows nothing to nobody.

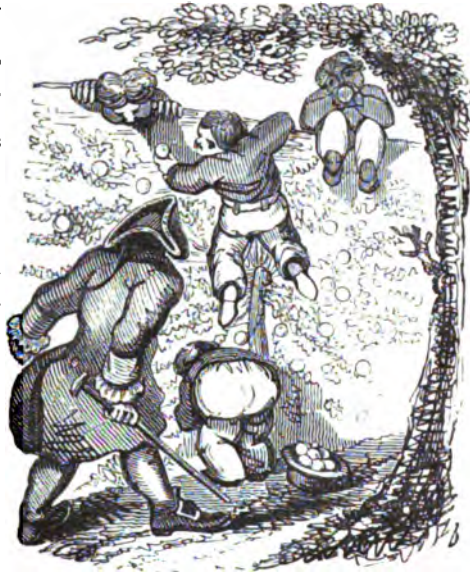
Having writ last post to Mr. P., I have no occasion to make you a country commissioner. Anastasia, indeed, wants to have books about every thing, but for my part and Dorothy's we don't put much faith in authorized receipts and directions, but trust more to nature and common sense. For instance, in fattening a goose, reason points to sage and onions,—why our own don't thrive on it, is very mysterious. We have a beautiful poultry yard, only infested with rats,—but I have made up a poison, that, I know by the poor ducks, will kill them if they eat it.

I expected to send you a quantity of wall-fruit, for preserving, and am sorry you bought the brandy beforehand, as it has all vanished in one night by picking and stealing, notwithstanding I had ten dozen of bottles broke on purpose to stick a-top of the wall. But I rather think they came over the pales, as George, who is very thoughtless, had driven in all the new tenter hooks with the points downwards. Our apples and pears would have gone too, but luckily we heard a noise in the dark



THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

and threw brickbats out of window, that alarmed the thieves by smashing the cowcumber frames. However, I mean on Monday to make sure of the orchard, by gathering the trees, —a pheasant in one's hand is worth two cock sparrows in a bush. One comfort is, the house-dog is very vicious, and won't let any of us stir in or out after dark—indeed, nothing can be more furious, except the bull, and at me in particular. You would think he knew my inward thoughts, and that I intend to have him roasted whole when we give our grand house-warming regalia.



WALL FRUIT.

With these particulars, I remain, with love, my dear Dorcas, your affectionate sister,
BELINDA PUGSLEY.

P. S.—I have only one anxiety here, and that is, the likelihood of being taken violently ill, nine miles off from any physical powers, with nobody that can ride in the house, and nothing but an insurmountable hunting horse in the stable. I should like, therefore, to be well doctor-stuff'd from Apothecaries' Hall, by the waggon or any other vehicle. A stitch in the side taken in time saves nine spasms. Dorothy's tincture of the rhubarb stalks in the garden, doesn't answer, and it's a pity now they were not saved for pies.

No. VI.—*From Mrs. PUGSLEY to Mrs. ROGERS.*

MADAM,

Although warmth has made a coolness, and our having words has caused a silence—yet as mere writing is not being on speaking terms, and disconsolate parents in the case; I waive venting of animosities till a more agreeable moment. Having perused the afflicted advertisement in the *Times*, with interesting description of person, and ineffectual dragging of New River,—beg leave to say that Master Robert is safe and well,—having arrived here on Saturday night last, with almost not a shoe to his foot, and no coat at all, as was supposed to be with the approbation of parents. It appears, that not supposing

the distance between the families extended to him, he walked the whole way down on the footing of a friend, to visit my son Richard, but hearing the newspapers read, quitted suddenly, the same day with the gipsies, and we haven't an idea what is become of him. Trusting this statement will relieve of all anxiety, remain, Madam, your humble Servant,

BELINDA PUGSLEY.



A COOLNESS BETWEEN FRIENDS.

No. VII.—*To Mr. SILAS PUGSLEY, Parisian Depot, Shoreditch.*

DEAR BROTHER,

My favour of the present date, is to advise of my safe arrival on Wednesday night, per opposition coach, after ninety miles of discomfort, absolutely unrivalled for cheapness, and a walk of five miles more, through lanes and roads, that for dirt and sludge may confidently defy competition,—not to mention turnings and windings, too numerous to particularise, but morally impossible to pursue on undeviating principles. The night was of so dark a quality as forbade finding the gate, but for the house-dog flying upon me by mistake for the late respectable proprietor, and almost tearing my clothes off my back by his strenuous exertions to obtain the favour of my patronage.

Conscientiously averse to the fallacious statements, so much indulged in by various competitors, truth urges to acknowledge that on arrival, I did not find things on such a footing as to ensure universal satisfaction. Mrs. P., indeed, differs in her statement, but you know her success always surpassed the most sanguine expectations. Ever emulous to merit commendation by the strictest regard to principles of

economy, I found her laid up with lumbago, through her studious efforts to please, and Doctor Clarke of Wisbeach in the house prescribing for it, but I am sorry to add—no abatement. Dorothy is also confined to her bed, by her unremitting assiduity and attention in the housekeeping line, and Anastasia the same, from listening for nightingales, on a fine July evening, but which is an article not always to be warranted to keep its virtue in any climate,—the other children, large and small sizes, ditto, ditto, with Grace too ill to serve in the nursery,—and the rest of the servants totally unable to execute such extensive demands. Such an unprecedented depreciation in health makes me doubt the quality of country air, so much recommended for family use, and whether constitutions have not more eligibility to offer that have been regularly town-made.

Our new residence is a large lonely Mansion, with no connexion with any other House, but standing in the heart of Lincolnshire fens, over which it looks through an advantageous opening: comprising a great variety of windmills, and drains, and willow-pollards, and an extensive assortment of similar articles, that are not much calculated to invite inspection. In warehouses for corn, &c., it probably presents unusual advantages to the occupier, but candour compels to state that agriculture in this part of Lincolnshire is very flat. To supply language on the most moderate terms, unexampled distress in Spitalfields is nothing to the distress in ours. The corn has been deluged with rain of remarkable durability, without being able to wash the smut out of its ears; and with regard to the expected great rise in hay, our stacks have been burnt down to the ground, instead of going to the consumer. If the hounds hadn't been out, we might have fetch'd the engines, but the hunter threw George on his head, and he only revived to be sensible that the entire stock had been disposed of at an immense sacrifice. The whole amount I fear will be out of book,—as the Norwich Union refuses to liquidate the hay, on the ground that the policy was voided by the impolicy of putting it up wet. In other articles I am sorry I must write no alteration. Our bull, after killing the house-dog, and tossing William, has gone wild and had the madness to run away from his livelihood, and, what is worse, all the cows after him—except those that had burst themselves in the clover field, and a small dividend, as I may say, of one in the pound. Another item, the pigs, to save bread and milk, have been turned into the woods for acorns, and is an article producing no returns—as not one has yet come back. Poultry ditto. Sedulously cultivating an enlarged connexion in the Turkey line, such the antipathy to gypsies, the whole breed, geese and ducks inclusive, removed themselves from the premises by night, directly a strolling camp came and set up in the neighbourhood. To avoid prolixity, when I came to take stock, there was no stock to take—namely, no eggs, no butter, no cheese, no corn, no hay, no bread, no beer—no water even—nothing but the mere commodious premises, and fixtures, and goodwill—and candour compels to add, a very small quantity on hand of the last-named particular.

To add to stagnation, neither of my two sons in the business nor the two apprentices have been so diligently punctual in executing country orders with despatch and fidelity, as laudable ambition desires, but have gone about fishing and shooting—and William has suffered a loss of three fingers, by his unvarying system of high charges. He and Richard are likewise both threatened with prosecution for trespassing on the Hares in the adjoining landed interest, and Nick is obliged to decline any active share, by dislocating his shoulder in climbing a tall tree for a tom-tit. As for George, tho' for the first time beyond the circumscribed limits of town custom, he indulges vanity in such unqualified pretensions to superiority of knowledge in farming, on the strength of his grandfather having belonged to the agricultural line of trade, as renders a wholesale stock of patience barely adequate to meet its demands. Thus stimulated to injudicious performance he is as injurious to the best interests of the country, as blight and mildew, and smut and rot, and glanders, and pip, all combined in one texture. Between ourselves, the objects of unceasing endeavours, united with uncompromising integrity, have been assailed with so much deterioration, as makes me humbly desirous of abridging sufferings, by resuming business as a Shoe Marter at the old established House. If Clack & Son, therefore, have not already taken possession and respectfully informed the vicinity, will thankfully pay reasonable compensation for loss of time and expense incurred by the bargain being off. In case parties agree, I beg you will authorise Mr. Robins to have the honour to dispose of the whole Lincolnshire concern, tho' the knocking down of Middlefen Hall will be a severe blow on Mrs. P. and Family. Deprecating the deceitful stimulus of advertising arts, interest commands to mention,—desirable freehold estate and eligible investment—and sole reason for disposal, the proprietor going to the continent. Example suggests likewise, a good country for hunting for fox-hounds—and a prospect too extensive to put in a newspaper. Circumstances being rendered awkward by the untoward event of the running away of the cattle, &c., it will be best to say—"The Stock to be taken as it stands;"—and an additional favour will be politely conferred, and the same thankfully acknowledged, if the auctioneer will be so kind as bring the next market town ten miles nearer, and carry the coach and the waggon once a day past the door. Earnestly requesting early attention to the above, and with sentiments of, &c.

R. PUGSLEY, SEN.

P.S. Richard is just come to hand dripping and half dead out of the Nene, and the two apprentices all but drowned each other in saving him. Hence occurs to add, fishing opportunities among the desirable items.



FANCY PORTRAIT :—MADAME FARTY.

AN ANCIENT CONCERT.

BY A VENERABLE DIRECTOR.

"Give me *old* music—let me hear
The songs of *days* gone by!"—H. F. Chorley.

O! COME, all ye who love to hear
An ancient song in ancient taste,
To whom all bygone Music's dear
As verdant spots in Memory's waste!
Its name "The Ancient Concert" wrongs,
And has not hit the proper clef,
To wit, Old Folks, to sing Old Songs,
To Old Subscribers rather deaf.

Away, then, Hawes! with all your band
Ye beardless boys, this room desert!
One youthful voice, or youthful hand,
Our concert-pitch would disconcert!
No Bird must join our "vocal throng,"
The present age beheld at font:
Away, then, all ye "Sons of Song,"
Your Fathers are the men we want!

Away, Miss Birch, you're in your prime!
Miss Romer, seek some other door!
Go, Mrs. Shaw! till, counting time,
You count you're nearly fifty-four!

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Go, Miss Novello, sadly young !
 Go, thou composing Chevalier,
 And roam the county towns among,
 No Newcome will be welcome here !

Our Concert aims to give at *night*
 The music that has had its *day* !
 So, Rooke, for us you cannot write
 Till time has made you Raven grey.
 Your score may charm a modern ear,
 Nay, ours, when three or fourscore old,
 But in this Ancient atmosphere,
 Fresh airs like yours would give us cold !

Go, Hawes, and Cawse, and Woodyat, go !
 Hence, Shirreff, with those native curls ;
 And Master Coward ought to know
 This is no place for boys and girls !
 No Massons here we wish to see ;
 Nor is it Mrs. Seguin's sphere,
 And Mrs. B—— ! Oh ! Mrs. B——,
 Such Bishops are not reverend here !

What ! Grisi, bright and beaming thus !
 To sing the songs gone grey with age !
 No, Grisi, no,—but come to us
 And welcome, when you leave the stage !
 Off, Ivanhoff !—till weak and harsh !—
 Rubini, hence ! with all the clan !
 But come, Lablache, years hence, Lablache
 A little shrivell'd thin old man

Go, Mr. Phillips, where you please !
 Away, Tom Cooke, and all your batch ;
 You'd run us out of breath with Glees,
 And Catches that we could not catch.
 Away, ye Leaders all, who lead
 With violins, quite modern things ;
 To guide our Ancient band we need
 Old fiddles out of leading strings !

But come, ye Songsters, over-ripe,
 That into "childish trebles break !"
 And bring, Miss Winter, bring the pipe
 That cannot sing without a shake !
 Nay, come, ye Spinsters all, that spin
 A slender thread of ancient voice,
 Old notes that almost seem call'd in ;
 At such as you we *shall* rejoice !

No thund'ring Thalbergs here shall baulk,
 Or ride your pet *D-cadence* o'er,
 But fingers with a little chalk
 Shall, *moderato*, keep the score !
 No Broadwoods here, so full of tone,
 But Harpsichords assist the strain :
 No Lincoln's pipes, we have our own
 Bird-Organ, built by Tubal-Cain.

And welcome ! St. Cecilians, now
 Ye willy-nilly, ex-good fellows,
 Who will strike up, no matter how,
 With organs that survive their bellows !
 And bring, O bring, your ancient styles
 In which our elders lov'd to roam,
 Those flourishes that strayed for miles,
 Till some good fiddle led them home !

O come, ye ancient London Cries,
 When Christmas Carols erst were sung !
 Come, Nurse, who dron'd the lullabies,
 "When Music, heavenly Maid, was young !"
 No matter how the critics treat,
 What modern sins and faults detect,
 The Copy-Book shall still repeat,
 These Concerts must "Command respect !"



A RACE TO BE FIRST FIDDLE.

A LETTER FROM AN EMIGRANT.

Squampash Flatts, 9th November, 1827.

DEAR BROTHER,

Here we are, thank Providence, safe and well, and in the finest country you ever saw. At this moment I have before me the sublime expanse of Squampash Flatts—the majestic Mudiboo winding through the midst—with the magnificent range of the Squab mountains in the distance. But the prospect is impossible to describe in a letter! I might as well attempt a Panorama in a pill-box!

We have fixed our Settlement on the left bank of the river. In crossing the rapids we lost most of our heavy baggage and all our iron work, but by great good fortune we saved Mrs. Paisley's grand piano and the children's toys. Our infant city consists of three log huts and one of clay, which however, on the second day, fell in to the ground landlords. We have now built it up again;—and, all things considered, are as comfortable as we could expect—and have christened our settlement New London, in compliment to the Old Metropolis. We have one of the log houses to ourselves—or at least shall have when we have built a new hog-stye. We burnt down the first one in making a bonfire to keep off the wild beasts, and for the present the pigs are in the parlour. As yet our rooms are rather usefully than elegantly furnished. We have gutted the Grand Upright, and it makes a convenient cupboard,—the chairs were obliged to blaze at our bivouacs, but thank Heaven we have never leisure to sit down, and so do not miss them. My boys are contented, and will be well when they have got over some awkward accidents in lopping and felling. Mrs. P. grumbles a little, but it is her custom to lament most when she is in the midst of comforts. She complains of solitude, and says she could enjoy the very stiffest of stiff visits.



A STIFF VISIT

The first time we lighted a fire in our new abode, a large serpent came down the chimney, which I looked upon as a good omen. However, as Mrs. P. is not partial to snakes, and the heat is supposed to attract those reptiles, we have dispensed with fires ever since. As for wild beasts, we hear them howling and roaring round the fence every

night from dusk till daylight, but we have only been inconvenienced by one Lion. The first time he came, in order to get rid of the brute peaceably, we turned out an old ewe, with which he was well satisfied;—but ever since he comes to us as regular as clock-work for his mut-ton; and if we do not soon contrive to cut his acquaintance, we shall hardly have a sheep in the flock. It would have been easy to shoot him, being well provided with muskets, but Barnaby mistook our remnant of gunpowder for onion seed, and sowed it all in the kitchen garden. We did try to trap him into a pitfall; but after twice catching Mrs. P., and every one of the children in turn, it was given up. They are now, however, perfectly at ease about the animal, for they never stir out of doors at all, and to make them quite comfortable, I have blocked up all the windows and barricaded the door.

We have lost only one of our number since we came; namely, Diggory, the market gardener, from Glasgow, who went out one morning to botanise, and never came back. I am much surprised at his absconding, as he had nothing but a spade to go off with. Chip-pendale, the carpenter, was sent after him, but did not return; and Gregory, the smith, has been out after them these two days. I have just despatched Mudge, the Herdsman, to look for all three, and hope he will soon give a good account of them, as they are the most useful men in the whole settlement, and, in fact, indispensable to its existence.



EMIGRATION—MEETING A SETTLER.

The river Mudiboo is deep, and rapid, and said to swarm with alligators, though I have heard but of three being seen at one time, and none of those above eighteen feet long; this, however, is immaterial, as we do not use the river fluid, which is thick and dirty, but draw all our water from natural wells and tanks. Poisonous springs are rather common, but are easily distinguished by containing no fish or living animal. Those, however, which swarm with frogs, toads, newts, efts, &c., are harmless, and may be safely used for culinary purposes.

In short, I know of no drawback but one, which, I am sanguine, may be got over hereafter, and do earnestly hope and advise, if things

are no better in England than when I left, you, and as many as you can persuade, will sell off all, and come over to this African Paradise.

The drawback I speak of is this: although I have never seen any one of the creatures, it is too certain that the mountains are inhabited by a race of Monkeys, whose cunning and mischievous talents exceed even the most incredible stories of their tribe. No human art or vigilance seems of avail; we have planned ambuscades, and watched night after night, but no attempt has been made; yet the moment the guard was relaxed, we were stripped without mercy. I am convinced they must have had spies night and day on our motions, yet so secretly and cautiously, that no glimpse of one has yet been seen by any of our people. Our last crop was cut and carried off, with the precision of an English Harvesting. Our spirit stores—(you will be amazed to hear that these creatures pick locks with the dexterity of London burglars)—have been broken open and ransacked, though half the establishment were on the watch; and the brutes have been off to their mountains, five miles distant, without even the dogs giving an alarm. I could almost persuade myself at times, such are their supernatural knowledge, swiftness, and invisibility, that we have to contend with evil spirits. I long for your advice, to refer to on this subject, and am, Dear Philip, Your loving brother, AMBROSE MAWE.

P.S. Since writing the above, you will be concerned to hear the body of poor Diggory has been found, horribly mangled by wild beasts. The fate of Chippendale, Gregory, and Mudge, is no longer doubtful. The old Lion has brought the Lioness, and the sheep being all gone, they have made a joint attack upon the Bullock-house. The Mudiboo has overflowed, and Squampash Flatts are a swamp. I have just discovered that the Monkeys are my own rascals, that I brought out from England. We are coming back as fast as we can.

SONNET ON STEAM.

BY AN UNDER-OSTLER.

I WISH I livd a Thowsen year Ago
 Wurking for Sober six and Seven milers
 And dubble Stages runnen safe and slo
 The Orsis cum in Them days to the Bilers
 But Now by meens of Powers of Steem forces
 A-turning Coches into Smoakey Kettels
 The Bilers seam a Cumming to the Orses
 And Helps and naggs Will sune be out of Vittels
 Poor Bruits I wunder How we bee to Liv
 When sutch a change of Orses is our Faits
 No nothink need Be sifted in a Siv
 May them Blowd ingins all Blow up their Grates
 And Theaves of Oalers crib the Coles and Giv
 Their blackgard Hannimuls a Feed of Slaits!



SOAP-ORIFICE AND SUD-ORIFICE.

A REPORT FROM BELOW !

“ Blow high, blow low.”—SEA SONG.

As Mister B. and Mistress B.
 One night were sitting down to tea,
 With toast and muffins hot—
 They heard a loud and sudden bounce,
 That made the very china flounce,
 They could not for a time pronounce
 If they were safe or shot—
 For Memory brought a deed to match
 At Deptford done by night—
 Before one eye appeared a Patch
 In t'other eye a Blight !

To be belabour'd out of life,
 Without some small attempt at strife,
 Our nature will not grovel ;
 One impulse mov'd both man and dame,
 He seized the tongs—she did the same.
 Leaving the ruffian, if he came,
 The poker and the shovel.

Suppose the couple standing so,
 When rushing footsteps from below
 Made pulses fast and fervent,
 And first burst in the frantic cat,
 All steaming like a brewer's rat,
 And then—as white as my cravat—
 Poor Mary May, the servant!

Lord, how the couple's teeth did chatter,
 Master and Mistress both flew at her,
 "Speak! Fire? or Murder? What's the matter?"
 Till Mary getting breath,
 Upon her tale began to touch
 With rapid tongue, full trotting, such
 As if she thought she had too much
 To tell before her death:—

"We was both, Ma'am, in the wash-house, Ma'am, a-standing at our tubs,
 And Mrs. Round was seconding what little things I rubs;
 'Mary,' says she to me, 'I say'—and there she stops for coughin',
 'That dratted copper flue has took to smokin' very often,
 But please the pigs,'—for that's her way of swearing in a passion,
 'I'll blow it up, and not be set a coughin' in this fashion!'
 Well, down she takes my master's horn—I mean his horn for loading,
 And empties every grain alive for to set the flue exploding.
 Lawk, Mrs. Round! says I, and stares, that quantum is unproper.
 I'm sartin sure it can't not take a pound to sky a copper;
 You'll powder both our heads off, so I tells you, with its puff,
 But she only dried her fingers, and she takes a pinch of snuff.
 Well, when the pinch is over—'Teach your grandmother to suck
 A powder horn,' says she—Well, says I, I wish you luck.
 Them words sets up her back, so with her hands upon her hips,
 'Come,' says she, quite in a huff, 'come, keep your tongue inside
 your lips;

Afore ever you was born, I was well used to things like these;
 I shall put it in the grate, and let it burn up by degrees.
 So in it goes, and Bounce—O Lord! it gives us such a rattle,
 I thought we both were cannonized, like Sogers in a battle!
 Up goes the copper like a squib, and us on both our backs,
 And bless the tubs, they bundled off, and split all into cracks.
 Well, there I fainted dead away, and might have been cut shorter,
 But Providence was kind, and brought me to with scalding water.
 I first looks round for Mrs. Round, and sees her at a distance,
 As stiff as starch, and looked as dead as any thing in existence;
 All scorched and grimed, and more than that, I sees the copper slap
 Right on her head, for all the world like a percussion copper cap.
 Well, I crooks her little fingers, and crumps them well up together,
 As humanity pints out, and burnt her nostrums with a feather;

But for all as I can do, to restore her to her mortality,
 She never gives a sign of a return to sensuality.
 Thinks I, well there she lies, as dead as my own late departed mother.
 Well, she'll wash no more in this world, whatever she does in t'other.
 So I gives myself to scramble up the linens for a minute,
 Lawk, sich a shirt! thinks I, it's well my master wasn't in it;
 Oh! I never, never, never, never, never, see a sight so shockin';
 Here lays a leg, and there a leg—I mean, you know, a stocking—
 Bodies all slit and torn to rags, and many a tattered skirt,
 And arms burnt off, and sides and backs all scotched and black with dirt;
 But as nobody was in 'em—none but—nobody was hurt!
 Well, there I am, a-scrambling up the things, all in a lump,
 When, mercy on us! such a groan as makes my heart to jump.
 And there she is, a-lying with a crazy sort of eye,
 A-staring at the wash-house roof, laid open to the sky:
 Then she beckons with a finger, and so down to her I reaches,
 And puts my ear agin her mouth to hear her dying speeches,
 For, poor soul! she has a husband and young orphans, as I knew;
 Well, Ma'am, you won't believe it, but it's Gospel fact and true,
 But these words is all she whispered—'Why, where is the powder blew?'



"BEYING A COPPER."



"IF THE COACH GOES AT SIX, PRAY WHAT TIME GOES THE BASKET?"

THE LAST SHILLING.

HE was evidently a foreigner, and poor. As I sat at the opposite corner of the Southgate stage, I took a mental inventory of his wardrobe. A military cloak much the worse for wear,—a blue coat, the worse for tear,—a napless hat—a shirt neither white nor brown—a pair of mud-colour gloves, open at each thumb—grey trousers too short for his legs—and brown boots too long for his feet.

From some words he dropt, I found that he had come direct from Paris, to undertake the duties of French teacher, at an English academy; and his companion, the English classical usher, had been sent to London, to meet and conduct him to his suburban destination.

Poor devil, thought I, thou art going into a bitter bad line of business; and the hundredth share which I had taken in the boyish persecutions of my own French master—an emigré of the old noblesse—smote violently on my conscience. At Edmonton the coach stopped. The coachman alighted, pulled the bell of a mansion inscribed in large letters, *Vespasian House*; and deposited the foreigner's trunks and boxes on the footpath. The English classical usher stepped briskly out, and deposited a shilling in the coachman's anticipatory hand. Monsieur followed the example, and with some precipitation prepared to enter the gate of the fore-garden, but the driver stood in the way.

"I want another shilling," said the coachman.

"You agreed to take a shilling a-head," said the English master.

"You said you would take one shilling for my head," said the French master.

"It's for the luggage," said the coachman.

The Frenchman seemed thunderstruck ; but there was no help for it. He pulled out a small weazle-bellied, brown silk purse, but there was nothing in it save a medal of Napoleon. Then he felt his breast-pockets, then his side-pockets, and then his waistcoat-pockets ; but they were all empty, excepting a metal snuffbox, and that was empty too. Lastly he felt the pockets in the flaps of his coat, taking out a meagre would-be white handkerchief, and shaking it ; but not a dump. I rather suspect he anticipated the result—but he went thro' the operations *seriatim*, with the true French gravity. At last he turned to his companion, with a "Mistare Barbriere, be as good to lend me one shelling."

Mr. Barber thus appealed to, went through something of the same ceremony. Like a blue-bottle cleaning itself, he passed his hands over his breast—round his hips, and down the outside of his thighs,—but the sense of feeling could detect nothing like a coin.

"You agreed for a shilling, and you shall have no more," said the man with empty pockets.

"No—no—no—you shall have no mor," said the moneyless Frenchman.

By this time the housemaid of Vespasian House, tired of standing with the door in her hand, had come down to the garden-gate, and, willing to make herself generally useful, laid her hand on one of the Foreigner's trunks.

"It shan't go till I'm paid my shilling," said the coachman, taking hold of the handle at the other end.

The good-natured housemaid instantly let go of the trunk, and seemed suddenly to be bent double by a violent cramp, or stitch, in her right side,—while her hand groped busily under her gown. But it was in vain. There was nothing in that pocket but some curl-papers, and a brass thimble.

The stitch or cramp then seemed to attack her other side ; again she stooped and fumbled, while Hope and Doubt struggled together on her rosy face. At last Hope triumphed,—from the extremest corner of the huge dimity pouch she fished up a solitary coin, and thrust it exultingly into the obdurate palm.

"It won't do," said the coachman, casting a wary eye on the metal, and holding out for the inspection of the trio a silver-washed coronation medal, which had been purchased of a Jew for twopence the year before.

The poor girl quietly set down the trunk which she had again taken up, and restored the deceitful medal to her pocket. In the meantime the arithmetical usher had arrived at the gate in his way out, but was stopped by the embargo on the luggage. "What's the matter now ?" asked the man of figures.

"If you please, Sir," said the housemaid, dropping a low curtsy, "it's this impudent fellow of a coachman will stand here for his rights."

"He wants a shilling more than his fare," said Mr. Barber.

"He does want more than his fare shilling," reiterated the Frenchman.

"Coachman! what the devil are we waiting here for?" shouted a stentorian voice from the rear of the stage.

"Bless me, John, are we to stay here all day?" cried a shrill voice from the stage's interior.

"If you don't get up shortly I shall get down," bellowed a voice from the box.

At this crisis the English usher drew his fellow-tutor aside, and whispered something in his ear that made him go through the old manual exercise. He slapped his pantaloons—flapped his coat tails—and felt about his bosom—"I haven't got one," said he, and with a shake of the head and a hurried bow, he set off at the pace of a twopenny postman.

"I a'n't going to stand here all day," said the coachman, getting out of all reasonable patience.

"You're an infernal scoundrelly villain," said Mr. Barber, getting out of all classical English.

"You are a—what Mr. Barber says," said the Foreigner.

"Thank God and his goodness," ejaculated the housemaid, "here comes the Doctor;" and the portly figure of the pedagogue himself came striding pompously down the gravel-walk. He had two thick lips and a double chin, which all began wagging together.

"Well, well; what's all this argumentative elocution? I command taciturnity!"

"I'm a shilling short," said the coachman.

"He says he has got one short shilling," said the Foreigner.

"Poo—poo—poo," said the thick-lips and double-chin. "Pay the fellow his superfluous claim, and appeal to magisterial authority."

"It's what we mean to do, Sir," said the English usher, "but"—and he laid his lips mysteriously to the Doctor's ear.

"A pecuniary bagatelle," said the Doctor. "It's palpable extortion,—but I'll disburse it,—and you have a legislative remedy for his avaricious demands." As the man of pomp said this, he thrust his fore-finger into an empty waistcoat-pocket—then into its fellow—and then into every pocket he had—but without any other product than a bunch of keys, two ginger lozenges, and the French mark.

"It's very peculiar," said the Doctor, "I had a prepossession of having currency to that amount. The coachman must call to-morrow for it at *Vespasian House*—or stay—I perceive my housekeeper. Mrs. Plummer! pray just step hither and liquidate this little commercial obligation."

Now, whether Mrs. Plummer had or had not a shilling, Mrs. Plummer only knows; for she did not condescend to make any search

for it,—and if she had none, she was right not to take the trouble. However, she attempted to carry the point by a *coup de main*. Snatching up one of the boxes, she motioned the housemaid to do the like, exclaiming in a shrill treble key,—“Here’s a pretty work indeed, about a paltry shilling! If it’s worth having, it’s worth calling again for,—and I suppose Vespasian House is not going to run away!”

“But may be *I* am,” said the inflexible coachman, seizing a trunk with each hand.

“John, I insist on being let out,” screamed the lady in the coach. “I shall be too late for dinner,” roared the Thunderer in the dickey. As for the passenger on the box, he had made off during the latter part of the altercation.

“What shall we do?” said the English Classical Usher.

“God and his goodness only knows!” said the housemaid.

“I am a stranger in this country,” said the Frenchman.

“You must pay the money,” said the coachman.

“And here it is, you brute,” said Mrs. Plummer, who had made a trip to the house in the mean time; but whether she had coined it, or raised it by a subscription among the pupils, I know no more than



THE MAN IN THE MOON.



FANCY PORTRAIT :—M. BRUNEL.

ODE TO M. BRUNEL.

" Well, said, old Mole ! canst work i' the dark so fast ? a worthy pioneer !—HAMLET.

WELL !—Monsieur Brunel,
 How prospers now thy mighty undertaking,
 To join by a hollow way the Bankside friends
 Of Rotherhithe, and Wapping,—
 Never be stopping,
 But poking, groping, in the dark keep making
 An archway, underneath the Dabs and Gudgeons,
 For Collier men and pitchy old Curmudgeons,
 To cross the water in inverse proportion,
 Walk under steam-boats under the keel's ridge,
 To keep down all extortion,
 And without sculls to diddle London Bridge !
 In a fresh hunt, a new Great Bore to worry,
 Thou didst to earth thy human terriers follow,
 Hopeful at last from Middlesex to Surrey,
 To give us the " View hollow."
 In short it was thy aim, right north and south,
 To put a pipe into old Thames's mouth ;
 Alas ! half-way thou hadst proceeded, when
 Old Thames, through roof, not water-proof,
 Came, like " a tide in the affairs of men ;"
 And with a mighty stormy kind of roar,
 Reproachful of thy wrong,
 Burst out in that old song
 Of Incedon's, beginning " Cease, rude Bore"—

Sad is it, worthy of one's tears,
 Just when one seems the most successful,
 To find one's self o'er head and ears
 In difficulties most distressful!
 Other great speculations have been nursed,
 Till want of proceeds laid them on a shelf;
 But thy concern was at the worst,
 When it began to *liquidate* itself!
 But now Dame Fortune has her false face hidden,
 And languishes thy Tunnel,—so to paint,
 Under a slow incurable complaint,
 Bed-ridden!
 Why, when thus Thames—bed-bother'd—why repine!
 Do try a spare bed at the Serpentine!
 Yet let none think thee daz'd, or craz'd, or stupid;
 And sunk beneath thy own and Thames's craft;
 Let them not style thee some Mechanic Cupid
 Pining and pouting o'er a broken shaft!
 I'll tell thee with thy tunnel what to do;
 Light up thy boxes, build a bin or two,
 The wine does better than such water trades:
 Stick up a sign—the sign of the Bore's Head;
 I've drawn it ready for thee in black lead,
 And make thy cellar subterranean,—Thy Shades!



THE BROKEN SHAFT.

THE DEATH OF THE DOMINIE.

"Take him up, says the master."—OLD SPELLING BOOK.

My old Schoolmaster is dead. He "died of a stroke;" and I wonder none of his pupils have ever done the same. I have been flogged by many masters, but his rod, like Aaron's, swallowed up all the rest. We have often wished that he whipped on the principle of Italian penmanship,—up strokes heavy and down strokes light; but he did it in English round hand, and we used to think with a very hard pen. Such was his love of flogging, that for some failure in English composition, after having been well corrected I have been ordered to be revised. I have heard of a road to learning, and he did justice to it; we certainly never went a stage in education without being well horsed. The mantle of Dr. Busby descended on his shoulders, and on ours. There was but one tree in the play-ground—a birch, but it never had a twig or leaf upon it. Spring or summer it always looked as bare as if the weather had been cutting at the latter end of the year. Pictures they say are incentives to learning, and certainly we never got through a page without cuts; for instance, I do not recollect a Latin article without a tail-piece. All the Latin at that school might be comprised in one line—

"Arma virumque cano."

An arm, a man, and a cane. It was Englished to me one day in school hours, when I was studying Robinson Crusoe instead of Virgil, by a storm of bamboo that really carried on the illusion, and made me think for the time that I was assaulted by a set of savages. He seemed to consider a boy as a bear's cub, and set himself literally to lick him into shape. He was so particularly fond of striking us with a leather strap on the flats of our hands that he never allowed them a day's rest. There was no such thing as a Palm Sunday in our calendar. In one word, he was disinterestedly cruel, and used as industriously to strike for nothing as other workmen strike for wages. Some of the elder boys, who had read Smollett, christened him Roderick, from his often hitting like Random, and being so partial to Strap.

His death was characteristic. After making his will he sent for Mr. Taddy, the head usher, and addressed him as follows: "It is all over, Mr. Taddy—I am sinking fast—I am going from the terrestrial globe—to the celestial—and have promised Tomkins a flogging—mind he has it—and don't let him pick off the buds—I have asked Aristotle"—(here his head wandered)—"and he says I cannot live an hour—I don't like that black horse grinning at me—caned him soundly for not knowing his verbs—*Castigo te, non quod odio habeam*—Oh, Mr. Taddy, it's breaking up with me—the vacation's coming—There is that black horse again—*Dulcis moriens reminiscitur*—we are short of canes

—Mr. Taddy, don't let the school get into disorder when I am gone—I'm afraid, through my illness—the boys have gone back in their flogging—I feel a strange feeling all over me—Is the new pupil come?—I trust I have done my duty—and have made my will—and left all"—(here his head wandered again)—"to Mr. Souter, the school bookseller—Mr. Taddy, I invite you to my funeral—make the boys walk in good order—and take care of the crossings.—My sight is getting dim—write to Mrs. B. at Margate—and inform her—we break up on the 21st.—The school-door is left open—I am very cold—where is my ruler gone—I will make him feel—John, light the school lamps—I cannot see a line—O Mr. Taddy—venit hora—my hour is come—I am dying—thou art dying—he is dying.—We—are—dying—you—are—dy"—The voice ceased. He made a feeble motion with his hands, as if in the act of ruling a copy-book—"the *ruling* passion strong in death"—and expired.

An epitaph, composed by himself, was discovered in his desk,—with an unpublished pamphlet against Tom Paine. The Epitaph was so stuffed with quotations from Homer and Virgil, and almost every Greek or Latin author beside, that the mason who was consulted by the Widow declined to lithograph it under a Hundred Pounds. The Dominie consequently reposes under no more Latin than *HIC JACET*;—and without a single particle of Greek, though he is himself a Long Homer.



"IT MAY BE MY OWN CASE TO-MORROW."



OVER THE WAY.

OVER THE WAY

"I sat over against a window where there stood a pot with very pretty flowers; and I had my eyes fixed on it, when on a sudden the window opened, and a young lady appeared whose beauty struck me."—ARABIAN NIGHTS.

ALAS! the flames of an unhappy lover
About my heart and on my vitals prey;
I've caught a fever that I can't get over,
Over the way!

Oh! why are eyes of hazel? noses Grecian!
I've lost my rest by night, my peace by day,
For want of some brown Holland or Venetian,
Over the way.

I've gazed too often, till my heart's as lost
As any needle in a stack of hay:
Crosses belong to love, and mine is crossed
Over the way!

I cannot read or write, or thoughts relax—
Of what avail Lord Althorp or Earl Grey?
They cannot ease me of *my* window-tax
Over the way!

Even on Sunday my devotions vary,
 And from St. Bennet Fink they go astray
 To dear St. Mary Overy—the Mary
 Over the way!

Oh! if my godmother were but a fairy,
 With magic wand, how I would beg and pray
 That she would change me into that canary
 Over the way!

I envy every thing that's near Miss Lindo,
 A pug, a poll, a squirrel or a jay—
 Blest blue-bottles! that buz about the window
 Over the way!

Even at even, for there be no shutters,
 I see her reading on, from grave to gay,
 Some tale or poem, till the candle gutters
 Over the way!

And then—oh! then—while the clear waxen taper
 Emits, two stories high, a starlike ray,
 I see twelve auburn curls put into paper
 Over the way!

But how breathe unto her my deep regards,
 Or ask her for a whispered ay or nay,—
 Or offer her my hand, some thirty yards
 Over the way?

Cold as the pole she is to my adoring;—
 Like Captain Lyon, at Repulse's Bay,
 I meet an icy end to my exploring
 Over the way!

Each dirty little Savoyard that dances
 She looks on—Punch—or chimney-sweeps in May;
 Zounds! wherefore cannot I attract her glances
 Over the way?

Half out she leans to watch a tumbling brat,
 Or yelping cur, run over by a dray;
 But I'm in love—she never pities that!
 Over the way!

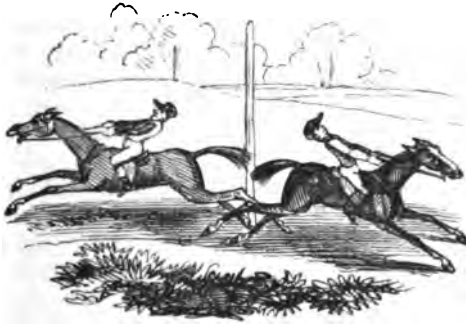
I go to the same church—a love-lost labour;
 Haunt all her walks, and dodge her at the play;
 She does not seem to know she has a neighbour
 Over the way!

At private theatres she never acts;
 No Crown-and-Anchor balls her fancy sway;
 She never visits gentlemen with tracts
 Over the way!

Oh ! happy man—above all kings in glory,
 Whoever in her ear may say his say,
 And add a tale of love to that one story
 Over the way !

Nabob of Arcot—Despot of Japan—
 Sultan of Persia—Emperor of Cathay—
 Much rather would I be the happy man
 Over the way !

With such a lot my heart would be in clover—
 But what—O horror !—what do I survey !
 Postilions and white favours !—all is over
 Over the way !



A RUNAWAY MATCH.

A PLAN FOR WRITING BLANK VERSE IN RHYME.

IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

RESPECTED SIR,

In a morning paper justly celebrated for the acuteness of its reporters, and their almost prophetic insight into character and motives—the Rhodian length of their leaps towards results, and the magnitude of their inferences, beyond the drawing of Meux's dray-horses,—there appeared, a few days since, the following paragraph.

“Mansion House. Yesterday, a tall emaciated being, in a brown coat, indicating his age to be about forty-five, and the raggedness of which gave a great air of mental ingenuity and intelligence to his countenance, was introduced by the officers to the Lord Mayor. It was evident from his preliminary bow that he had made some disco-

veries in the art of poetry, which he wished to lay before his Lordship, but the Lord Mayor perceiving by his accent that he had already submitted his project to several of the leading Publishers, referred him back to the same jurisdiction, and the unfortunate Votary of the Muses withdrew, declaring by another bow, that he should offer his plan to the Editor of the Comic Annual."

The unfortunate, above referred to, Sir, is myself, and with regard to the Muses, indeed a votary, though not a 10% one, if the qualification depends on my pocket—but for the idea of addressing myself to the Editor of the Comic Annual, I am indebted solely to the assumption of the gentlemen of the Press. That I have made a discovery is true, in common with Hervey, and Herschell, and Galileo, and Roger Bacon, or rather, I should say, with Columbus,—my invention concerning a whole hemisphere, as it were, in the world of poetry—in short, the whole continent of blank verse. To an immense number of readers this literary land has been hitherto a complete *terra incognita*, and from one sole reason,—the want of that harmony which makes the close of one line chime with the end of another. They have no relish for numbers that turn up blank, and wonder accordingly at the epithet of "Prize," prefixed to Poems of the kind which emanate in—I was going to say from—the University of Oxford. Thus many very worthy members of society are unable to appreciate the *Paradise Lost*, the *Task*, the *Chase*, or the *Seasons*,—the *Winter* especially—without rhyme. Others, again, can read the Poems in question, but with a limited enjoyment; as certain persons can admire the architectural beauties of Salisbury steeple, but would like it better with a ring of bells. For either of these tastes my discovery will provide, without affronting the palate of any other; for although the lover of rhyme will find in it a prodigality hitherto unknown, the heroic character of blank verse will not suffer in the least, but each line will "do as it likes with its own," and sound as independently of the next as, "milkmaid," and "water-carrier." I have the honour to subjoin a specimen—and if, through your publicity, Mr. Murray should be induced to make me an offer for an Edition of *Paradise Lost* on this principle, for the Family Library, it will be an eternal obligation on,

Respected Sir, your most obliged, and humble servant,

* * * * *

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,—
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;—
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span;

Or in the small Olympic Pit, sit split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung ;
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets and take up Pall-Mal Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But frighten'd by Policeman B. 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, "No go !"

Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble—"Drat that cat !"
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.



A-LAD-IN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly ;—
But Nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-press'd,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,

And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's banns
 And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice :
 White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
 That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes !



WHITE FAVOURS.

A LETTER FROM A MARKET GARDENER TO THE SECRETARY OF THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

SIR,

The Satiety having Bean pleas'd to Complement Me before I beg Leaf to lie before Them agin as follow in particullers witch I hop They will luck upon with a Sowth Aspic.

Sir—last year I paid my Atentions to a Tater & the Satiety was pleas'd to be gratifid at the Innlargement of my Kidnis. This ear I have turnd my Eyes to Gozberrie.—I am happy to Say I have allmost sucksidid in Making them too Big for Bottlin. I beg to Present sum of itch kind—Pleas obsarve a Green Goose is larger in Siz then a Red Goosebry. Sir as to Cherris my atention has Bean cheafly occupid by the Black Arts. Sum of them are as big as Crickt Balls as will be seen I send a Sample tyed on a Wauking-stick. I send lickwise a Potle of stray berris witch I hop will reach. They air so large as to object to iay more nor too in a Bed. Also a Potle of Hobbies and one of my new Pins, of a remarkably sharp flaviour. I hop they will cum to Hand in time to be at your Feat. Respective Black red & White Currency I have growd equely Large, so as one Bunch is not to be Put into a Galley Pot without jamming. My Pitches has not ben Strong, and their is no Show on My Walls of the Plumb line. Damsins will Be moor Plentifile & their is no Want of common Bullies about Lunnon. Please inform if propper to classify the Slow with the creepers. Concerning Graps I have bin recommanded by mixing Wines with Warter Mellons, the later is improved in its juice—but have douts of

the sack. Of the Patgonian Pickleing Cucumber, I hav maid Trial of, and have hops of Growing one up to Markit by sitting one End agin my front dore. On account of its Proggressiveness I propos calling it Pickleus Perriginatus if Aproved of.

Sir, about Improving the common Stocks.—Of Haws I have some hops but am disponding about my Hyps. I have quite faled in cultivating them into Cramberris. I have allso atempted to Mull Blackberis, but am satisfid them & the Mulberris is of diferent Genius. Pleas observe of Aples I have found a Graft of the common Crab from its Straglin sideways of use to Hispalliers. I should lick to be in-fournd weather Scotch Granite is a variety of the Pom Granite & weather as sum say so pore a frute, and Nothing but Stone

Sir,—My Engine Corn has been all eat up by the Burds namely Rocks and Ravines. In like manner I had a full Shew of Peees but was distroyd by the Sparers. There as bean grate Mischef dun beside by Entymollogy—in some parts a complet Patch of Blight. Their has bean a grate Deal too of Robin by boys and men picking and stealing but their has bean so many axidents by Steel Traps I don't like setting on 'em.

Sir I partickly wish the Satiety to be called to consider the Case what follows, as I think mite be maid Transaxtionable in the next Reports.—

My Wif had a Tomb Cat that dyd. Being a torture Shell and a Grate feverit, we had Him berrid in the Guardian, and for the sake of inrichment of the Mould I had the carks deposited under the roots of a Gosberry Bush. The Frute being up till then of the smooth kind. But the next Seson's Frute after the Cat was berrid, the Gozberris was all hairy.—

& moor Remarkable the Catpilars of the same bush, was All of the same hairy Discription. I am Sir Your humble servant

THOMAS FROST.



"TOM HO!"



"TOM'S A-COLD!"

DOMESTIC ASIDES; OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.

"I really take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner!
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)"

"Your daughters, too, what loves of
girls—
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here and kiss the infant, dears,—
(And give it p'rhaps the measles!)"

"Your charming boys I see are home
From Reverend Mr. Russels;
'Twas very kind to bring them both,—
(What boots for my new Brussels!)"

"What! little Clara left at home?
Well now I call that shabby:
I should have lov'd to kiss her so,—
(A flabby, dabby, babby!)"

"And Mr. S., I hope he's well,
Ah! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup,—
(The better for our brandy!)"

"Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You're come of course to spend the
day!—
(Thank Heav'n, I hear the carriage!)"

"What! must you go? next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)"

"Good-bye! good-bye! remember all,
Next time you'll take your dinners!
(Now, David, mind I'm not at home
In future to the Skinners!)"



A MODERATE INCOME.

BLACK, WHITE, AND BROWN.

ALL at once Miss Morbid left off sugar.

She did not resign it as some persons lay down their carriage, the full-bodied family-coach dwindling into a chariot, next into a fly, and then into a sedan-chair. She did not shade it off artistically, like certain household economists, from white to whitey brown, brown, dark-brown, and so on, to none at all.—She left it off, as one might leave off walking on the top of a house, or on a slide, or on a plank with a further end to it, that is to say, slapdash, all at once, without

a moment's warning. She gave it up, to speak appropriately, in the lump. She dropped it,—as Corporal Trim let fall his hat,—dab. It vanished, as the French say, *tout sweet*. From the 30th of November, 1830, not an ounce of sugar, to use Miss Morbid's own expression, ever "darkened her doors."

The truth was she had been present the day before at an Anti-Slavery Meeting; and had listened to a lecturing Abolitionist, who had drawn her sweet tooth, root and branch, out of her head. Thenceforth sugar, or as she called it "shugger," was no longer white, or brown, in her eyes, but red, blood-red—an abomination, to indulge in which would convert a professing Christian into a practical Cannibal. Accordingly she made a vow, under the influence of moist eyes and refined feelings, that the sanguinary article should never more enter her lips or her house; and this petty parody of the famous Berlin Decree against our Colonial produce was rigidly enforced. However others might countenance the practice of the Slave Owners by consuming "shugger," she was resolved for her own part, that "no suffering sable son of Africa should ever rise up against her out of a cup of Tea!"

In the mean time, the cook and housemaid grumbled in concert at the prohibition: they naturally thought it very hard to be deprived of a luxury which they enjoyed at their own proper cost; and at last only consented to remain in the service, on condition that the privation should be handsomely considered in their wages. With a hope of being similarly remembered in her will, the poor relations of Miss Morbid continued to drink the "warm without," which she administered to them every Sunday, under the name of Tea: and Hogarth would have desired no better subject for a picture than was presented by their physiognomies. Some pursed up their lips, as if resolved that the nauseous beverage should never enter them; others compressed their mouths, as if to prevent it from rushing out again. One took it mincingly, in sips,—another gulped it down in desperation,—a third, in a fit of absence, continued to stir very superfluously with his spoon; and there was one shrewd old gentleman, who by a little dexterous by-play, used to bestow the favour of his small souchong on a sick geranium. Now and then an astonished Stranger would retain a half cupful of the black dose in his mouth, and stare round at his fellow guests, as if tacitly putting to them the very question of Mathews's Yorkshireman in the mail coach—"Coompany!—oop or doon?"

The greatest sufferers, however, were Miss Morbid's two nephews, still in the morning of their youth, and boy-like, far more inclined to "sip the sweets" than to "hail the dawn." They had formerly looked on their Aunt's house as peculiarly a Dulce Domum. Prior to her sudden conversion she had been famous for the manufacture of a sort of hard bake, commonly called Toffy or Taffy,—but now, alas! "Taffy was not at home," and there was nothing else to invite a call. Currant tart is tart indeed without sugar; and as for the green

gooseberries, they always tasted, as the young gentlemen affirmed, "like a quart of berries sharpened to a pint." In short it always required six pennyworth of lollipops and bulls'eyes, a lick of honey, a dip of treacle, and a pick at a grocer's hogshead, to sweeten a visit at Aunt Morbid's.

To tell the truth, her own temper soured a little under the prohibition. She could not persuade the Sugar-eaters that they were Vampyres;—instead of practising, or even admiring her self-denial, they laughed at it; and one wicked wag even compared her, in allusion to her acerbity and her privation, to a crab without *the nippers*. She persevered notwithstanding in her system; and to the constancy of a martyr added something of the wilfulness of a bigot:—indeed, it was hinted by patrons and patronesses of white charities, that European objects had not their *fair* share in her benevolence. She was pre-eminently the friend of the blacks. Howbeit, for all her sacrifices, not a lash was averted from their sable backs. She had raised discontent in the kitchen, she had disgusted her acquaintance, sickened her friends, and given her own dear little nephews the stomach-ache, without saving Quashy from one cut of the driver's whip, or diverting a single kick from the shins of Sambo. Her grocer complained loudly of being called a dealer in human gore, yet not one hogshead the less was imported from the Plantations. By an error common to all her class she mistook a negative for a positive principle; and persuaded herself that by *not* preserving damsons, she preserved the Niggers; that by *not* sweetening her own cup, she was dulcifying the lot of all her sable brethren in bondage. She persevered accordingly in setting her face against sugar instead of slavery; against the plant instead of the planter; and had actually abstained for six months from the forbidden article, when a circumstance occurred that roused her sympathies into more active exertions. It pleased an American lady to import with her a black female servant, whom she rather abruptly dismissed, on her arrival in England. The case was considered by the Hampshire Telegraph of that day, as one of GREAT HARDSHIP; the paragraph went the round of the papers—and in due time attracted the notice of Miss Morbid. It was precisely addressed to her sensibilities, and there was a "Try Warren" tone about it that proved irresistible. She read—and wrote,—and in the course of one little week, her domestic establishment was maliciously but truly described as consisting of "two white Slaves and a black Companion."

The adopted protégée was, in reality, a strapping clumsy Negress, as ugly as sin, and with no other merit than that of being of the same colour as the crow. She was artful, sullen, gluttonous, and above all so intolerably indolent, that if she had been literally "carved in ebony," as old Fuller says, she could scarcely have been of less service to her protectress. Her notion of Free Labour seemed to translate it into laziness, and taking liberties; and, as she seriously added to the work of her fellow-servants, without at all contributing to their comfort, they soon looked upon her as a complete nuisance. The house-

maid dubbed her "a Divil,"—the cook roundly compared her to "a mischivus beast, as runs out on a herd o' black cattle;"—and both concurred in the policy of laying all household sins upon the sooty shouldrs—just as slatterns select a colour that hides the dirt. It is certain that shortly after the instalment of the negress in the family a moral disease broke out with considerable violence, and justly or not, the odium was attributed to the new comer. Its name was theft. First, there was a shilling short in some loose change—next, a missing half-crown from the mantel-piece—then there was a stir with a tea-spoon—anon, a piece of work about a thimble. Things went, nobody knew how—the "Divil" of course excepted. The Cook *could*, the Housemaid *would*, and Diana *should*, and *ought* to take an oath, declaratory of innocence, before the mayor; but as Diana did not volunteer an affidavit like the others, there was no doubt of her guilt in the kitchen

Miss Morbid, however, came to a very different conclusion. She thought that whites who could eat sugar, were capable of any atrocity, and had not forgotten the stand which had been made by the "pale faces," in favour of the obnoxious article. The cook especially incurred suspicion; for she had been notorious aforetime for a lavish hand in sweetening, and was accordingly quite equal to the double turpitude of stealing and bearing false witness. In fact the mistress had arrived at the determination of giving both her white hussies their month's warning, when unexpectedly the thief was taken, as the lawyers say, "in the manner," and with the goods upon the person. In a word the ungrateful black was detected, in the very act of levying what might be called her "Black Mail."

The horror of Emilia, on discovering that the Moor had murdered her mistress, was scarcely greater than that of Miss Morbid! She hardly, she said, believed her own senses. You might have knocked her down with a feather! She did not know whether she stood on her head or her heels. She was rooted to the spot! and her hair, if it had been her own, would have stood upright upon her head! There was no doubt in the case. She saw the transfer of a portion of her own bank stock, from her escritoire into the right-hand pocket of her protégée—she heard it chink as it dropped downwards,—she was petrified!—dumbfounded!—thunderbolted!—"annilliated!" She was as white as a sheet, but she felt as if all the blacks in the world had just blown in her face.

Her first impulse was to rush upon the robber, and insist on restitution—her second was to sit down and weep,—and her third was to talk. The opening as usual was a mere torrent of ejaculations intermixed with vituperation—but she gradually fell into a lecture with many heads. First, she described all that she had done for the Blacks and then, alas! all that the Blacks had done for her. Next she insisted on the enormity of the crime, and, anon, she enlarged on the nature of its punishment. It was here that she was most eloquent. She traced the course of human justice, from detection to conviction, and thence to execution, liberally throwing dissection into the bargain:

and then descending with Dante into the unmentionable regions, she painted its terrors and tortures with all the circumstantial fidelity that certain very Old Masters have displayed on the same subject.

"And now, you black wretch," she concluded, having just given the finishing touch to a portrait of Satan himself; "and now, you black wretch, I insist on knowing what I was robbed for. Come, tell me what tempted you! I'm determined to hear it! I insist, I say, on knowing what was to be done with the wages of iniquity!"

She insisted, however, in vain. The black wretch had seriously inclined her ear to the whole lecture, grinning and blubbing by turns. The Judge with his black cap, the Counsel and their wigs, the twelve men in a box, and Jack Ketch himself—whom she associated with that pleasant West Indian personage, John Canoe—had amused, nay tickled her fancy; the press-room, the irons, the rope, and the Ordinary, whom she mistook for an overseer, had raised her curiosity, and excited her fears; but the spiritualities, without any reference to Obeah, had simply mystified and disgusted her, and she was now in a fit of the sulks. Her mistress, however, persisted in her question; and not the less pertinaciously, perhaps, from expecting a new peg whereon to hang a fresh lecture. She was determined to learn the destination of the stolen money; and by dint of insisting, cajoling, and, above all, threatening—for instance, with the whole *Posse Comitatis*—she finally carried her point.

"Cus him money! Here's a fuss!" exclaimed the culprit, quite worn out at last by the persecution. "Cus him money! here's a fuss! What me 'teal him for? What me do wid him? What any body 'teal him for? Why, for sure, *to buy sugar!*"



"AWH! HOW THE BLACKS ARE FALLING



SHORT OF BAIT.—GIVE ME A WORM.

EPIGRAMS.

COMPOSED ON READING A DIARY LATELY PUBLISHED.

THAT flesh is grass is now as clear as day,
To any but the merest purblind pup,
Death cuts it down, and then, to make her hay,
My Lady B—— comes and rakes it up.

THE LAST WISH.

WHEN I resign this world so briary,
To have across the Styx my ferrying,
O, may I die without a DIARY!
And be interr'd without a BURY-ing!

THE poor dear dead have been laid out in vain,
Turn'd into cash, they are laid out again!

■

THE DEVIL'S ALBUM.

It will seem an odd whim
 For a Spirit so grim
 As the Devil to take a delight in ;
 But by common renown
 He has come up to town,
 With an Album for people to write in !

On a handsomer book
 Mortal never did look,
 Of a flame-colour silk is the binding,
 With a border superb,
 Where through flowret and herb,
 The old Serpent goes brilliantly winding !

By gilded grotesques,
 And emboss'd arabesques,
 The whole cover, in fact, is pervaded ;
 But, alas ! in a taste
 That betrays they were traced
 At the will of a Spirit degraded !

As for paper—the best,
 But extremely hot-pressed,
 Courts the pen to luxuriate upon it,
 And against ev'ry blank
 There's a note on the Bank,
 As a bribe for a sketch or a sonnet.

Who will care to appear
 In the Fiend's Souvenir,
 Is a question to morals most vital ;
 But the very first leaf,
 It's the public belief,
 Will be fill'd by a Lady of Title !

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

I ONCE, for a very short time indeed, had the honour of being a schoolmaster, and was invested with the important office of "rearing the tender thought," and "teaching the young idea how to shoot;" of educating in the principles of the established Church, and bestowing the strictest attention to morals. The case was this; my young friend G——, a graduate of Oxford, and an ingenious and worthy man, thought proper, some months back, to establish, or endeavour to establish, an academy for young gentlemen, in my immediate vicinity. He had already procured nine day-pupils to begin with, whom he himself taught,—prudence as yet prohibiting the employment of ushers,—when he was summoned hastily to attend upon a dying relative in Hampshire, from whom he had some expectations. This was a dilemma to poor G——, who had no one to leave in charge of his three classes; and he could not bear the idea of playing truant himself so soon after commencing business. In his extremity he applied to me as his forlorn hope, and one forlorn enough; for it is well known among my friends, that I have little Latin, and less Greek, and am, on every account, a worse accountant. I urged these objections to G——, but in vain, for he had no "friend in need," learned or unlearned, within any reasonable distance, and, as he said to comfort me, "in three or four days merely the boys could not *unlearn* much of any thing."

At last I gave way to his importunity. On Thursday night, he started from the tree of knowledge by a branch coach; and at nine on Friday morning, I found myself sitting at his desk in the novel character of pedagogue. I am sorry to say, not one of the boys played truant, or was confined at home with a violent illness. —There they were, nine little mischievous wretches, goggling, titling, pointing, winking, grimacing, and mocking at authority, in a way



A BRANCH COACH.

enough to invoke two Elisha bears out of Southgate Wood. To put a stop to this indecorum, I put on my spectacles, stuck my cane upright in the desk, with the fool's-cap stop—but they inspired little terror; worn out at last, I seized the cane, and rushing from my dais, well flogged—I believe it is called flogging—the boy, a Creole, nearest me; who, though far from the biggest, was much more daring and impertinent than the rest. So far my random selection was judicious; but it appeared afterwards, that I had chastised an only son, whose mother had expressly stipulated for him an exemption from all punishment. I suspect, with the moral prudence of fond mothers, she had informed the little imp of the circumstance, for this Indian-Pickle fought and kicked his preceptor as unceremoniously as he would have scuffled with Black Diana or Agamemnon. My first move, however, had a salutary effect; the urchins settled, or made believe to settle, to their tasks; but I soon perceived that the genuine industry and application belonged to one, a clever-looking boy, who, with pen and paper before him, was sitting at the further end of a long desk, as great a contrast to the others, as the Good, to the Bad Apprentice in Hogarth. I could see his tongue even at work at one corner of his mouth,—a very common sign of boyish assiduity,—and his eyes never left his task but occasionally to glance towards his master, as if in anticipation of the approving smile, to which he looked forward as the prize of industry. I had already selected him inwardly for a favourite, and resolved to devote my best abilities to his instruction, when I saw him hand the paper, with a sly glance, to his neighbour, from whom it passed rapidly down the desk, accompanied by a running titter, and sidelong looks, that convinced me the supposed copy was, indeed, a copy not of "Obey your superiors," or "Age commands respect," but of the head of the college, and, as a glimpse showed, a head with very ludicrous features. Being somewhat fatigued with my last execution, I suffered the cane of justice to sleep, and inflicted the fool's-cap—literally the fool's—for no clown in pantomime, the great Grimaldi not excepted, could have made a more laughter-stirring use of the costume. The little enornities, who only tittered before, now shouted outright, and nothing but the enchanted wand of bamboo could flap them into solemnity. Order was restored, for they saw I was, like Earl Grey, resolved to "stand by my order;" and while I was deliberating in some perplexity, how to begin business, the two biggest boys came forward voluntarily, and standing as much as they could in a circle, presented themselves, and began to read as the first Greek class. Mr. Irving may boast of his prophets as much as he will; but in proportion to the numbers of our congregations, I had far more reason to be proud of my gabblers in an unknown tongue. I, of course, discovered no lapsus lingui in the performance, and after a due course of gibberish, the first class dismissed itself, with a brace of bows and an evident degree of self-satisfaction at being so perfect in the present, after being so imperfect in the past. I own this first act of our solemn farce made me rather nervous against the next, which proved to be the

Latin class, and I have no doubt to an adept would have seemed as much a Latin comedy as those performed at the Westminster school. We got through the second course quite correct, as before, and I found with some satisfaction, that the third was a dish of English Syntax, where I *was* able to detect flaws, and the heaps of errors that I had to arrest made me thoroughly sensible of the bliss of ignorance in the Greek and Latin. A general lesson in English reading ensued, through which we glided smoothly enough, till we came to a sand-bank in the shape of a Latin quotation, which I was requested to English. It was something like this:—"nemo mortalius omnibus horas apit," which I rendered, "no mortal knows at what hour the omnibus starts"—and with this translation the whole school was perfectly satisfied. Nine more bows.



A SECOND COURSE.

My horror now approached: I saw the little wretches lug out their slates, and begin to cuff out the old sums, a sight that made me wish all the slates at the roof of the house. I knew very well that when the army of nine attacked my Bonny-castle, it would not long hold out. Unluckily, from inexperience, I gave them all the same question to work, and the consequence was, each brought up a different result—nor would my practical knowledge of Practice allow me to judge of their merits. I had no resource but, Lavater-like, to go by Physiognomy, and accordingly selected the solution of the most mathematical-looking boy. But Lavater betrayed me. Master White, a chowder-headed lout of a lad, as dull as a pig of lead, and as mulishly obstinate as Muley Abdallah, persisted that his answer was correct, and at last appealed to the superior authority of a Tutor's Key, that he had kept by stealth in his desk. From this instant my importance declined, and the urchins evidently began to question, with some justice, what right I had to rule nine, who was not competent to the Rule of Three. By way of a diversion, I invited my pupils to a walk; but I wish G—— had been more circumstantial in his instructions before he left. Two of the boys pleaded sick head-aches to remain behind; and I led the rest, through my arithmetical failure, under very slender government, by the most unfortunate route I could have chosen,—in fact, past the very windows of their parents, who complained afterwards, that they walked more like bears than boys, and that if Mr. G—— had

drawn lots for one at a raffle, he could not have been more unfortunate in his new usher.

To avoid observation, which I did not court, I led them aside into a meadow, and pulling out a volume of *Paradise Lost*, left the boys to amuse themselves as they pleased. They pleased, accordingly, to get up a little boxing match, à-la-Crib and Molineux—between Master White and the little Creole, of which I was informed only by a final shout and a stream of blood that trickled, or treacled, from the flat nose of the child of colour. Luckily,

as I thought, he was near home, whither I sent him for washing and consolation, and in return for which, in the course of a quarter of an hour, while still in the field, a black footman, in powder blue turned up with yellow, brought me the following note:—



DRAWING LOTS.

“ Mrs. Col. Christopher informs Mr. G——’s Usher, that as the vulgar practice of pugilism is allowed at Spring Grove Academy, Master Adolphus Ferdinand Christopher will in future be educated at home; particularly as she understands Master C. was punished in the morning, in a way that only becomes blacks and slaves.—To the new Usher at Mr. G——’s.”

Irritated at this event and its commentary, I resolved to punish Master White, but Master White was no where to be found, having expelled himself and run away home, where he complained to his parents of the new usher’s deficiencies, and told the whole story of the sum in Practice, begging earnestly to be removed from a school where, as he said, it was impossible for him to improve himself. The prayer of the petition was heard, and on the morrow, Mr. White’s son was minus at Spring Grove Academy. Calling in the remainder, I ordered a march homewards, where I arrived just in time to hear the sham head-aches of the two invalids go off with an alarming explosion—for they had thus concerted an opportunity for playing with gunpowder and prohibited arms. Here was another discharge from the school, for no parents think that their children look the better without eyebrows, and accordingly, when they went home for the night, the fathers and mothers resolved to send them to some other school, where no powder

was allowed, except upon the head of the master. I was too much hurt to resume schooling after the boys' bad behaviour, and so gave them a half-holiday; and never, oh never did I so estimate the blessing of sleep, as on that night when I closed my eyelids on all my pupils! But, alas! sleep brought its sorrows:—I saw boys fighting, flourishing slates, and brandishing squibs and crackers in my visions; and through all,—such is the transparency of dreams,—I beheld the stern shadow of G—— looking unutterable reproaches.



"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

The next morning, with many painful recollections, brought one of pleasure; I remembered that it was the King's Birthday, and in a fit of very sincere loyalty, gave the whole school, alas! reduced by one half, a whole holiday. Thus I got over the end of the week, and Sunday, literally a day of rest, was spent by the urchins at their own homes. It may seem sinful to wish for the death of a fellow-creature, but I could not help thinking of G——'s relative along with what is called a happy release; and he really was so kind, as we learned by an express from G——, as to break up just after his arrival, and that G—— consequently would return in time to resume his scholastic duties on the Monday morning. With infinite pleasure I heard this good bad news from Mrs. G——, who never interfered in the classical part of the house, and was consequently all unconscious of the reduction in the Spring Grove Establishment. I forged an excuse for immediately leaving off school; "resigned I kissed the rod" that I resigned, and as I departed, no master but my own, was overwhelmed by a torrent of grateful acknowledgments of the service I had done the school, which, as Mrs. G—— protested, could never have got on without me. How it got on I left G—— to discover, and I am told he behaved rather like Macduff at the loss of his "little ones"—but luckily, I had given myself warning before his arrival, and escaped from one porch of the Academy at that nick of time when the Archodidasculus was entering by another, perfectly convinced that, however adapted to "to live and learn," I should never be able to live and teach.

THE LOST HEIR.

"Oh where, and oh where
Is my bonny laddie gone?"—Old Sowa.

One day, as I was going by
That part of Holborn christened High,
I heard a loud and sudden cry
That chill'd my very blood ;
And lo ! from out a dirty alley,
Where pigs and Irish went to rally,
I saw a crazy woman sally,
Bedaub'd with grease and mud.
She turn'd her East, she turn'd her West,
Staring like Pythoness possest,
With streaming hair and heaving breast.
As one stark mad with grief.
This way and that she wildly ran,
Jostling with woman and with man—
Her right hand held a frying pan,
The left a lump of beef.
At last her frenzy seem'd to reach
A point just capable of speech,
And with a tone almost a screech,
As wild as ocean birds,
Or female Ranter mov'd to preach,
She gave her "sorrow words."



A LOST CHILD ITS OWN CRYER.

" O Lord ! O dear, my heart will break, I shall go stick stark staring
 wild !
 Has ever a one seen any thing about the streets like a crying lost-
 looking child ?
 Lawk help me, I don't know where to look, or to run, if I only knew
 which way—
 A Child as is lost about London streets, and especially Seven Dials, is
 a needle in a bottle of hay.
 I am all in a quiver—get out of my sight, do, you wretch, you little
 Kitty M'Nab !
 You promised to have half an eye to him, you know you did, you
 dirty deceitful young drab.
 The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was with my own blessed
 Motherly eyes,
 Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a playing at making little dirt
 pies.
 I wonder he left the court where he was better off than all the other
 young boys,
 With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells, and a dead kitten by
 way of toys.
 When his Father comes home, and he always comes home as sure as
 ever the clock strikes one,
 He'll be rampant, he will, at his child being lost ; and the beef and
 the ignuns not done !
 La bless you, good folks, mind your own consarns, and don't be
 making a mob in the street ;
 O serjeant M'Farlane ! you have not come across my poor little boy,
 have you, in your beat ?
 Do, good people, move on ! don't stand staring at me like a parcel of
 stupid stuck pigs ;
 Saints forbid ! but he's p'raps been inviggled away up a court for the
 sake of his clothes by the prigs ;
 He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought it myself for a
 shilling one day in Rag Fair ;
 And his trowsers considering not very much patch'd, and red plush,
 they was once his Father's best pair.
 His shirt, it's very lucky I'd got washing in the tub, or that might
 have gone with the rest ;
 But he'd got on a very good pinafore with only two slits and a burn
 on the breast.
 He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sew'd in, and not quite so
 much jagg'd at the brim.
 With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and not a fit, and
 you'll know by that if it's him.
 Except being so well dress'd, my mind would misgive, some old
 beggar woman in want of an orphan,
 Had borrow'd the child to go a begging with, but I'd rather see him
 laid out in his coffin !

Du, good people, move on, such a rabble of boys! I'll break every bone
 of 'em I come near,
 Go home—you're spilling the porter—go home—Tommy Jones, go
 along home with your beer.
 This day is the sorrowfullest day of my life, ever since my name was
 Betty Morgan,
 Them vile Savoyards! they lost him once before all along of following
 a Monkey and an Organ:
 O my Billy—my head will turn right round—if he's got kiddynapp'd
 with them Italians,
 They'll make him a plaster parish image boy, they will, the outlandish
 tatterdemalions.
 Billy—where are you, Billy?—I'm as hoarse as a crow, with screaming
 for ye, you young sorrow!
 And shan't have half a voice, no more I shan't, for crying fresh herrings
 to-morrow.
 O Billy, you're bursting my heart in two, and my life won't be of no
 more vally,
 If I'm to see other folks darlins, and none of mine, playing like angels
 in our alley,
 And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when I looks at the old
 three-legged chair
 As Billy used to make coach and horses of, and there a'n't no Billy there!
 I would run all the wide world over to find him, if I only know'd
 where to run,
 Little Murphy, now I remember, was once lost for a month through
 stealing a penny bun,—



A MONSTER OF INIQUITY.

The Lord forbid of any child of mine! I think it would kill me
 raily,
 To find my Bill holdin' up his little innocent hand at the Old Bailey.
 For though I say it as oughtn't, yet I will say, you may search for
 miles and mileses
 And not find one better brought up, and more pretty behaved, from
 one end to t'other of St. Giles's.
 And if I called him a beauty, it's no lie, but only as a Mother ought
 to speak;
 You never set eyes on a more handsomer face, only it hasn't been
 washed for a week;
 As for hair, tho' its red, its the most nicest hair when I've time to just
 show it the comb;
 I'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing besides, as will only bring him
 safe and sound home.
 He's blue eyes, and not to be call'd a squint, though a little cast he's
 certainly got;
 And his nose is still a good un, tho' the bridge is broke, by his falling
 on a pewter pint pot;
 He's got the most elegant wide mouth in the world, and very large
 teeth for his age;
 And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdockson's child to play Cupid on the
 Drury Lane Stage.
 And then he has got such dear winning ways—but O I never never
 shall see him no more!
 O dear! to think of losing him just after nussing him back from
 death's door!
 Only the very last month when the windfalls, hang 'em, was at twenty
 a penny!
 And the threepence he'd got by grottoing was spent in plums, and
 sixty for a child is too many.
 And the Cholera man came and whitewash'd us all and, drat him,
 made a seize of our hog.—
 It's no use to send the Cryer to cry him about, he's such a blunderin'
 drunken old dog;
 The last time he was fetched to find a lost child, he was guzzling with
 his bell at the Crown,
 And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a distracted Mother
 and Father about Town.
 Billy—where are you, Billy, I say? come Billy, come home, to your
 best of Mothers!
 I'm scared when I think of them Cabroleys, they drive so, they'd run
 over their own Sisters and Brothers.
 Or may be he's stole by some chimbly sweeping wretch, to stick fast
 in narrow flues and what not,
 And be pok'd up behind with a picked pointed pole, when the soot has
 ketch'd, and the chimbly's red hot.

Oh I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine, to clap my
 two longin' eyes on his face.
 For he's my darlin' of darlins, and if he don't soon come back, you'll
 see me drop stone dead on the place.
 I only wish I'd got him safe in these two Motherly arms, and wouldn't
 I hug him and kiss him !
 Lank ! I never knew what a precious he was—but a child don't not
 feel like a child till you miss him.
 Why there he is ! Punch and Judy hunting, the young wretch, it's
 that Billy as sartin as sin !
 But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and I'm blest
 if he shall have a whole bone in his skin !



POTTED SHRIMPS.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

THE OBSERVER.

"It's very strange," said the coachman,—looking at me over his left shoulder—"I never see it afore—But I've made three observations through life."

Bat—so called for shortness, though in feet and inches he was rather an Upper Benjamin—was any thing but what Othello denominates "a puny whipster." He had brandished the whip for full thirty years, at an average of as many miles a day ; the product of which, calculated according to Cocker, appears in a respectable sum total of six figures deep.

Now an experience picked up in a progress of some three hundred thousand miles is not to be slighted ; so I leaned with my best ear over the coachman's shoulder, in order to catch every syllable.

"I have set on the box, man and boy," said Bat, looking straight a-head between his leaders, "a matter of full thirty year, and what's more, never missing a day—barring the Friday I was married; and one of my remarks is—I never see a sailor in top-boots."

"Now I think of it, Bat," said I, a little disconcerted at my wind-fall from the tree of knowledge, "I have had some experience in travelling myself, and certainly do not recollect such a phenomenon."

"I'll take my oath you haven't," said Bat, giving the near leader a little switch of self-satisfaction, "I once driv the Phenomenon myself. There's no such thing in nature. And I'll tell you another remarkable remark I've made through life—I never yet see a Jew Pedlar with a Newfoundland dog."

"As for that, Bat," said I, perhaps willing to retort upon him a little of my own disappointment, "though I cannot call such a sight to mind—I will not undertake to say I have never met with such an association."

"If you have, you're a lucky man," said Bat, somewhat sharply, and with a smart cut on the wheeler; "I belong to an association too, and we've none of us seen it. There's a hundred members, and I've inquired of every man of 'em, for it's my remark. But some people see a deal more than their fellows. Mayhap you've seen the other thing I've observed through life, and that's this—I've never observed a black man driving a long stage."

"Never, Bat," said I, desiring to conciliate him, "never in the whole course of my stage practice; and for many years of my life I was a daily visitant to Richmond."

"And no one else has ever seen it," said Bat. "That's a correct remark, anyhow. As for Richmond, he never drove a team in his life, for I asked him the question myself, just after his fight with Shelton"

THE CONTRAST.

"I HOPE the Leviathan is outward-bound," I ejaculated, half aloud, as I beheld the Kit-Kat portion of the Man-Mountain occupying the whole frame of the coach-window. But Hope deceived as usual; and in he came.

I ought rather to have said he essayed to come in,—for it was only after repeated experiments upon material substances, that he contrived to enter the vehicle edgeways,—if such blunt bodies may be said to have an edge at all. As I contemplated his bulk, I could not help thinking of the mighty Lambert, and was ready to exclaim with Gratiano, "a Daniel! a second Daniel!"

The Brobdignaggian had barely subsided in his seat, when the opposite door opened, and in stepped a Lilliputian! The conjunction was whimsical. Yonder, thought I, is the Irish Giant, and the other is the dwarf, Count Borulawski. This coach is their travelling caravan—and as for myself, I am no doubt the showman.

I was amusing myself with this and kindred fancies, when a hand suddenly held up something at the coach window. "It's my luggage," said the Giant, with a small penny-trumpet of a pipe, and taking possession of a mere golden pippin of a bundle.

"The three large trunks and the biggest carpet-bag are *my* property," said the Dwarf, with a voice as unexpectedly stentorian.

"Warm day, Sir," squeaked the Giant, by way of small talk.

"Prodigious preponderance of caloric in the atmosphere," thundered the Dwarf, by way of big talk.

"Have you paid your fare, gentlemen?" asked the coachman, looking in at the door.

"I have paid half of mine," said the Stupendous, "and it's booked. My name is Lightfoot."

"Mine is Heavyside," said the Pigmy, "and I have disbursed the sum total."

The door slammed—the whip cracked—sixteen horse-shoes made a clatter, and away bowled the New Safety; but had barely rolled two hundred yards, when it gave an alarming bound over some loose paving stones, followed by a very critical swing. The Dwarf, in a tone louder than ever, gave vent to a prodigious oath; the Giant said, "Dear me!"

There will something come of this, said I to myself; so, feigning sleep, I leaned back in a corner, with a wary ear to their conversation. The Gog had been that morning to the Exhibition of Fleas, in Regent-street, and thought them "prodigious!" The Runtling had visited the Great Whale at Charing-Cross, and "thought little of it." The Goliath spoke with wonder of the "vast extent of view from the top of the Monument." The David was "disappointed by the prospect from Plinlimmon." The Hurlothrumbo was "amazed by the grandeur of St. Paul's." The Tom Thumb spoke slightly of St. Peter's at Rome. In theatricals their taste held the same mathematical proportion. Gog "must say he liked the Minors best." The "Wee Thing" declared for the Majors. The Man-Mountain's favourite was Miss *Foots* = twelve inches. The Manikin preferred Miss *Cubitt* = eighteen.

The conversation, and the contrast, flourished in full flower through several stages, till we stopped to dine at the Salisbury Arms, and then—



THE GREAT MAIL CONTRACTOR.

The Folio took a chair at the ordinary—
 The Duodecimo required "a room to himself."
 The Puppet bespoke a leg of mutton—
 The Colossus ordered a mutton-chop.
 The Imp rang the bell for "the loaf"—
 The Monster called for a roll.
 A magnum of port was decanted for the Minimum.
 A short pint of sherry was set before the Maximum.
 We heard the Mite bellowing by himself, "The Sea! the Sea! the
 open Sea!"
 The Mammoth hummed "The Streamlet."
 The Tiny, we learned, was bound to Plimpton Magna.
 The Huge, we found, was going to Plimpton Parva.
 A hundred other circumstances have escaped from Memory through
 the holes that time has made in her sieve: but I remember distinctly,
 as we passed the bar in our passage outwards, that while
 The Pigmy bussed the landlady—a buxom widow, fat, fair, and forty—
 The Giant kissed her daughter—a child ten years old, and remark-
 ably small for her age.



THE GREAT DESERT—HALT OF THE CARAVAN.

JOHN DAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"A Day after the Fair."—OLD PROVERB.

JOHN DAY he was the biggest man
 Of all the coachman-kind,
 With back too broad to be conceiv'd
 By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight
 When he was in the rear,
 And wish'd his box a Christmas-box
 To come but once a year.

Alas! against the shafts of love,
 What armour can avail?
 Soon Cupid sent an arrow through
 His scarlet coat of mail.

The bar-maid of the Crown he lov'd
 From whom he never ranged,
 For tho' he changed his horses there,
 His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of all fares,
So fondly love prefers ;
And often, among twelve outsides,
Deemed no outside like hers.

One day as she was sitting down
Beside the porter-pump—
He came, and knelt with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

Said she, my taste will never learn
To like so buge a man,
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can.

But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs, and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart, altho'
He drove the Dart for years.

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued ;
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on his way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town,
The course of love was never smooth,
So his went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin ;
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

Oh Mary, view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf ;
Tho' I have never had a wife,
I've lost my better half.

Alas, in vain he still assail'd,
Her heart withstood the dint ;
Though he had carried sixteen stone
He could not move a flint.

Worn out, at last he made a vow
To break his being's link ;
For he was so reduced in size
At nothing he could shrink.

Now some will talk in water's praise
And waste a deal of breath,
But John, tho' he drank nothing else—
He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid that caused his love,
Found out the fatal close,
For looking in the butt, she saw,
The butt-end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown,
But that is only talk—
For after riding all his life,
His ghost objects to walk.



THE BOX SEAT.



THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS.

THE PARISH REVOLUTION

"From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step."

*Alarming news from the country—awful insurrection at Stoke Pogis—
The Military called out—Flight of the Mayor.*

WE are concerned to state, that accounts were received in town at a late hour last night, of an alarming state of things at Stoke Pogis. Nothing private is yet made public ; but report speaks of very serious occurrences. The number of killed is not known, as no despatches have been received.

Further Particulars.

Nothing is known yet ; papers have been received down to the 4th of November, but they are not up to anything.

Further further Particulars. (Private Letter.)

It is scarcely possible for you, my dear Charles, to conceive the difficulties and anarchical manifestations of turbulence, which threaten and disturb your old birth-place, poor Stoke Pogis. To the reflecting mind, the circumstances which hourly transpire afford ample food for speculation and moral reasoning. To see the constituted authorities of a place, however mistaken or misguided by erring benevolence, plunging into a fearful struggle with an irritated, infuriated, and I may say,

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armed populace, is a sight which opens a field for terrified conjecture. I look around me with doubt, agitation, and dismay ; because, whilst I venerate those to whom the sway of a part of a state may be said to be intrusted, I cannot but yield to the conviction that the abuse of power must be felt to be an overstep of authority in the best intentioned of the Magistracy. This even you will allow. Being on the spot, my dear Charles, an eye-witness of these fearful scenes, I feel how impossible it is for me to give you any idea of the prospects which surround me. To say that I think all will end well, is to trespass beyond the confines of hope ; but whilst I admit that there is strong ground for apprehending the worst, I cannot shut my eyes to the conviction, that if firm measures, tempered with concession, be resorted to, it is far from being out of the pale of probability that serenity may be re-established. In hazarding this conclusion, however, you must not consider me as at all forgetting the responsibilities which attach to a decidedly formed opinion. Oh, Charles ! you who are in the quiet of London, can little dream of the conflicting elements which form the storm of this devoted village. I fear you will be wearied with all these details ; but I thought at this distance, at which you are from me, you would wish me to run the risk of wearying you rather than omit any of the interesting circumstances. Let Edward read this ; his heart, which I know beats for the Parish, will bleed for us.

I am, &c.

H. J. P.

P.S.—Nothing further has yet occurred, but you shall hear from me again to-morrow.

Another account.

Symptoms of disunion have for some time past prevailed between the authorities of Stoke Pogis, and a part of the inhabitants. The primum mobile or first mobbing, originated in an order of the Mayor's, that all tavern doors should shut at eleven. Many complied, and shut, but the door of the Rampant Lion openly resisted the order. A more recent notice has produced a new and more dangerous irritation on our too combustible population. A proclamation against Guy Fauxes and Fireworks was understood to be in preparation, by command of the chief Magistrate. If his Worship had listened to the earnest and prudential advice of the rest of the bench, the obnoxious placard would not have been issued till the 6th, but he had it posted up on the 4th, and by his precipitation has plunged Stoke Pogis into a convulsion, that nothing but Time's soothing syrup can alleviate.

From another quarter.

We are all here in the greatest alarm ! a general rising of the inhabitants took place this morning, and they have continued in a disturbed state ever since. Everybody is in a bustle and indicating some popular movement. Seditious cries are heard ! the bell-man is going his rounds, and on repeating "God save the King !" is saluted

with "Hang the crier!" Organized bands of boys are going about collecting sticks, &c., whether for barricades or bonfires is not known; many of them singing the famous Gunpowder Hymn, "Pray remember," &c. These are features that remind us of the most inflammable times. Several strangers of suspicious gentility arrived here last night, and privately engaged a barn; they are now busily distributing hand-bills amongst the crowd: surely some horrible tragedy is in preparation!

A later account.

The alarm increases. Several families have taken flight by the waggon, and the office of Mr. Stewart, the overseer, is besieged by persons desirous of being passed to their own parish. He seems embarrassed and irresolute, and returns evasive answers. The worst fears are entertaining.

Fresh Intelligence.

The cause of the overseer's hesitation has transpired. The pass-cart and horse have been lent to a tradesman, for a day's pleasure, and are not returned. Nothing can exceed the indignation of the paupers! they are all pouring towards the poor-house, headed by Timothy Gubbins, a desperate drunken character, but the idol of the Workhouse. The constables are retiring before this formidable body. The following notice is said to be posted up at the Town-hall: "Stick No Bills."

Eleven o'clock.

The mob have proceeded to outrage—the poor poor-house has not a whole pane of glass in its whole frame! The Magistrates, with Mr. Higginbottom at their head, have agreed to call out the military; and he has sent word that he will come as soon as he has put on his uniform.

A terrific column of little boys has just run down the High street, it is said to see a fight at the Green Dragon. There is an immense crowd in the Market-Place. Some of the leading shopkeepers have had a conference with the Mayor, and the people are now being informed by a placard of the result. Gracious heaven! how opposite is it to the hopes of all moderate men—"The Mare is Hobstinate—He is at the Roes and Crown—But refuses to treat."

Twelve o'clock

The military has arrived, and is placed under his own command. He has marched himself in a body to the market-place, and is now drawn up one deep in front of the Pound. The mob are in possession of the walls, and have chalked upon them the following proclamation: "Stokian Pogians be firm! stick up for bonfires! stand to your squibs!"

Quarter past Twelve.

Mr. Wigsby, the Master of the Free School, has declared on the side of Liberty, and has obtained an audience of the Mayor. He is to return in fifteen minutes for his Worship's decision.

Half past Twelve.

During the interval, the Mayor has sworn in two special constables, and will concede nothing. When the excitement of the mob was represented to him by Mr. Wigsby, he pointed to a truncheon on a table, and answered, "They may do their worst." The exasperation is awful—the most frightful cries are uttered, "Huzza for Guys! Gubbins for ever! and no Higginbottom!" The military has been ordered to clear the streets, but his lock is not flinty enough, and his gun refuses to fire on the people.

The constables have just obtained a slight advantage, they made a charge altogether, and almost upset a Guy. On the left-hand side of the way they have been less successful; Mr. Huggins the beadle attempted to take possession of an important street post, but was repulsed by a boy with a cracker. At the same moment Mr. Blogg the churchwarden, was defeated in a desperate attempt to force a passage up a court.

One o'clock.

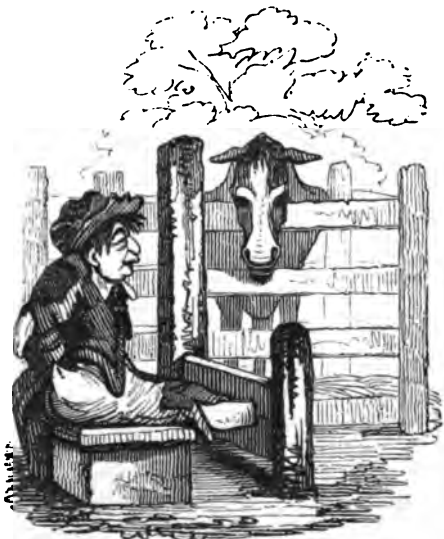
The military always dines at one, and has retreated to the Pig and Puncheon. There is a report that the head constable is taken with all his staff.

Two o'clock.

A flying watchman has just informed us that the police are victorious on all points, and the same has been confirmed by a retreating constable. He states that the Pound is full—Gubbins in the stocks, and Dobbs in the cage. That the whole mob would have been routed, but for a very corpulent man, who rallied them on running away.

Half-past Three.

The check sustained by the mob, proves to have been a reverse, the constables are the sufferers. The cage is chopped to faggots, we hav'nt a pound, and the stocks are rapidly falling. Mr. Wigsby has gone again to the Mayor with overtures, the people demand the release of Dobbs and Gubbins, and the demolition of the stocks, the pound, and the cage. As these are already destroyed, and



GOOD ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND HORSE.

Gubbins and Dobbs are at large, it is confidently hoped by all moderate men, that his Worship will accede to the terms.

Four o'clock.

The Mayor has rejected the terms. It is confidently affirmed that after this decision, he secretly ordered a post-chaise, and has set off with a pair of post horses as fast as they can't gallop. A meeting of the principal tradesmen has taken place, and the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the cheesemonger, and the publican, have agreed to compose a Provisional Government. In the mean time the mob are loud in their joy,—they are letting off squibs and crackers, and rockets, and devils, in all directions, and quiet is completely restored.

We subjoin two documents,—one containing the articles drawn up by the Provisional Government and Mr. Wigsby; the other, the genuine narrative of a spectator.

DEAR CHARLES,

The events of the last few hours, since I closed my minute narration, are pregnant with fate; and no words that I can utter on paper will give you an idea of their interest. Up to the hour at which I closed my sheet, anxiety regulated the movement of every watchful bosom; but since then, the approaches to tranquillity have met with barriers and interruptions. To the meditative mind, these popular paroxysms have their desolating deductions. Oh, my Charles, I myself am almost sunk into an Agitator—so much do we take the colour from the dye in which our reasoning faculties are steeped. I stop the press—yes, Charles—I stop the press of circumstances to say, that a dawn of the Pacific is gleaming over the Atlantic of our disturbances; and I am enabled, by the kindness of Constable Adams, to send you a Copy of the Preliminaries, which are pretty well agreed upon, and only wait to be ratified. I close my letter in haste. That peace may descend on the Olive Tree of Stoke Pogis, is the earnest prayer of, &c.

H. J. P.

P.S.—Show the Articles to Edward. He will, with his benevolence, at once see that they are indeed precious articles for Stoke Pogis.

CONDITIONS.

1. That for the future, widows in Stoke Pogis shall be allowed their thirds, and Novembers their fifths.
2. That the property of Guys shall be held inviolable, and their persons respected.
3. That no arson be allowed, but all bonfires shall be burnt by the common hangman.
4. That every rocket shall be allowed an hour to leave the place
5. That the freedom of Stoke Pogis be presented to Madame Hengler, in a cartridge-box.
6. That the military shall not be called out, uncalled for.
7. That the parish beadle, for the time being, be authorized to stand no nonsense.

8. That his Majesty's mail be permitted to pass on the night in question.

9. That all animosities be buried in oblivion, at the Parish expense.

10. That the ashes of old bonfires be never raked up.

(Signed) { WAGSTAFF, High Constable
WIGSBY.



AN ANTI-CLIMAX.

The Narration of a High Whiteness who seed every Think proceed out of a Back-winder up Fore Pears to Mrs. Humphris.

O Mrs. Humphris! Littel did I Dram, at my Tim of Life, to see Wat is before me. The hole Parrish is Throne into a pannikin! The Revelations has reached Stock Poggis—and the people is riz agin the Kings rain, and all the Pours that be. All this Blessed Mourning Mrs Griggs and Me as bean siting abscondingly at the tiptop of the Hows crying for lowness. We have lockd our too selves in the back Attical Rome, and nothing can come up to our Hanksiety. Some say it is like the French Plot—sum say sum thing moor arter the Dutch Patten is on the car-pit, and if so we shall Be flored like Brussels. Well, I never did like them Brown holland brum gals!

Our Winder overlooks all the High Street, xcept jest ware Mister Higgins jutts out Behind. What a prospectus!—All riotism and hubbub.—There is a lowd speechifying round the Gabble end of the Hows. The Mare is arranging the Populous from one of his own long winders.—Poor Man!—for all his fine goold Cheer, who wood Sit in his shews!

I hobserve Mr. Tuder's bauld Hed uncommon hactiv in the Mobb, and so is Mister Waggstaff the Constable, considering his rummatiz has only left one Harm disaffected to shew his loyalness with. He and his men air staving the mobbs Heds to make them Suppurate. They are trying to Custardise the Ringleders But as yet hav Captivated Noboddy. There is no end to accidence. Three unsensible boddis are Carrion over the way on Three Cheers, but weather Nayers or Gyes, is dubious. Master Gollop too, is jest gon By on one of his Ants Shuters, with a Bunch of exploded Squibs gone off in his Trowsirs. It makes Mrs. G. and Me tremble like Axle trees, for our Hone nevvies. Wile we ware at the open Winder they sliped out. With sich Broils in the Street who nose what Scraps they may git into. Mister J. is gon off with his muskitry to militate agin the mobb; and I fear without anny Sand Witches in his Cartrich Box. Mrs. Griggs is in the Sam state of Singularity as meself. Onely think, Mrs. H. of two Loan Wiming looken Down on such a Heifer-vescence, and as Hignorant as the unbiggotted Babe of the state of our Husbandry! to had to our Convexity, the Botcher has not Bean. No moor as the Backer and We shold here Nothing if Mister Higgins handn't hollowed up Fore Storys. What news he brakes! That wicked Wigsby as refused to Reed the Riot Ax, and the Town Clark is no Schollard! Isn't that a bad Herring!

O Mrs. Humphris! It is impossible to throe ones hies from one End of Stock Poggis to the other, without grate Pane. Nothing is seed but Wivs asking for Huzbinds — nothing is heard but childerin looking for Farthers. Mr. Hatband the Under-lacker as jist beansquibed and obligated for safeness

to inter his own Hows. Mr. Higgins blames the unflexable Stubbleness of the Mare and says a littel timely Concussion wood have been of Preventive Servis. Haven nose! For my Part I dont believe all the Concussion on Hearth wood hav prevented the Regolater bein scarified by a Squib and runnin agin the Rockit—or that it could unshatter Pore Master Gollop, or squentch Wider Welshis rix of Haze witch is now Flamming and smocking in two volumes. The ingins as been, ut could not Play for want of Pips witch is too often the Case with



BREAKING THE NEWS.

Parrish ingenuity. Wile affares are in this friteful Posture, thank Haven I have one grate comfit. Mr. J. is cum back on his legs from Twelve to won tired in the extreams with Being a Standing Army, and his Uniformity spatterdashed all over. He says his hone saving was onely thro leaving His retrenchments.

Pore Mr. Griggs has cum In after his Wif in a state of grate exaggeration. He says the Boys hav maid a Bone Fire of his garden fence and Pales upon Pales cant put it out. Severil Shells of a bombastic nater as been picked up in his Back Yard and the old Cro's nest as bean Perpetrated rite thro by a Rockit. We hav sent out the Def Shopmun to here wat he can and he says their is so Manny Crackers going he dont no witch report to Belive, but the Fishmongerers has Cotchd and with all his Stock compleatly Guttid. The Brazers next Dore is lickwise in Hashes,—but it is hopped he has assurance enuf to cover him All over.—

They say nothing can save the Dwellins adjourning. O Mrs. H. how greatful ought J and I to bee that our hone Premiss and propperty is next to nothing! The effex of the lit on Bildings is marvulous. The Turrit of St. Magnum Bonum is quit clear and you can tell wat Time it is by the Clock verry planely only it stands!

The noise is enuf to Drive won deleterious! Too Specious Conestabbles is persewing littl Tid-mash down the Hi Street und Sho grate fermness, out I trembel for the Pelisse. Peple drops in with

New News every Momentum. Sum say All is Lost—and the town Criad is missin. Mrs. Griggs is quite retched at herein five littl Boys is throwd off a spirituous Cob among the Catherend Weals. But I hope it wants cobbobboration. Another Yuth its sed has had his hies Blasted by sum blowd Gun Powder. You Mrs. H. are Patrimonial, and may suppose how these flying rummers Upsets a Mothers Sperrits.

O Mrs. Humphris how I envy you that is not tossing on the ragging bellows of these Flatulent Times, but living under a Mild Dispotic Govinment in such Sequestrated spots as Lonnon and Padington. May you never go thro such Transubstantiation as I have bean riting in! Things that stood for Sentries as bean removed in a Minuet—



THE EAGLE ASSURANCE.



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"Come down wid ye, Thady,"—the speaker was the old woman—"Come down now to your ould mother. Sure it's flog ye they will, and strip the flesh off the bones I giv ye. Come down, Thady, darlin'!"

"It's honour, mother," was the short reply of the soldier; and with clenched hands and set teeth he took a stiffer posture on the coach.

"Thady, come down—come down, ye fool of the world—come along down wid ye!" The tone of the present appeal was more impatient and peremptory than the last; and the answer was more promptly and sternly pronounced: "It's honour, brother!" and the body of the speaker rose more rigidly erect than ever on the roof.

"O Thady, come down! sure it's me, your own Kathleen, that bids ye. Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady, jewel; come down then!" The poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward, that had a visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before.

"It's honour, honour bright, Kathleen!" and, as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his look steadfastly in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus, with the same answer.

"Come down, Thady, honey!—Thady, ye fool, come down!—O Thady, come down to me!"

"It's honour, mother!—It's honour, brother!—Honour bright, my own Kathleen!"

Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public, that I did not hesitate to go down and inquire into the particulars of the distress. It appeared that he had been home, on Furlough, to visit his family,—and having exceeded as he thought the term of his leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment, and to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the Furlough expired.

"The first of March, your honour—bad luck to it of all the black days in the world,—and here it is, come sudden on me like a shot!"

"The first of March!—why, my good fellow, you have a day to spare then,—the first of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is Leap Year, and February has twenty-nine days."

The soldier was thunder-struck.—"Twenty-nine days is it?—You're sartin of that same!—Oh, Mother, Mother!—the Devil fly away wid yere ould Almanack—a base cratur of a book, to be deceaven one, afther living so long in the family of us!"

His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw up his cap, with a loud Hurrah!—His second, was to throw himself into the arms of his Kathleen, and the third, was to wring my hand off in acknowledgment.—

"It's a happy man I am, your Honour, for my word's saved, and all by your Honour's manes.—Long life to your Honour for the same!—May ye live a long hundred—and lape-years every one of them!"



SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

NUMBER ONE.

VERSIFIED FROM THE PROSE OF A YOUNG LADY.

It's very hard!—and so it is,
To live in such a row,—
And witness this that every Miss
But me, has got a Beau.—
For Love goes calling up and down,
But here he seems to shun ;
I'm sure he has been asked enough
To call at Number One !

I'm sick of all the double knocks
That come to Number Four !—
At Number Three, I often see
A Lover at the door ;—
And one in blue, at Number Two,
Calls daily like a dun,—
It's very hard they come so near
And not to Number One !

Miss Bell I hear has got a dear
Exactly to her mind,—
By sitting at the window pane
Without a bit of blind ;—
But I go in the balcony,
Which she has never done,
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five
Don't take at Number One !

'Tis hard with plenty in the street,
And plenty passing by,—
There's nice young men at Number
Ten,
But only rather shy ;—
And Mrs. Smith across the way
Has got a grown-up son,
But la ! he hardly seems to know
There is a Number One !

There's Mr. Wick at Number Nine
But he's intent on pelf,
And though he's pious will not love
His neighbour as himself.—
At Number Seven there was a sale—
The goods had quite a run !
And here I've got my single lot
On hand at Number One !

My mother often sits at work
And talks of props and stays,
And what a comfort I shall be
In her declining days :—
The very maids about the house
Have set me down a nun,
The sweethearts all belong to them
That call at Number One !

Once only when the flue took fire,
 One Friday afternoon,
 Young Mr. Long came kindly in
 And told me not to swoon :—
 Why can't he come again without
 The Phoenix and the Sun !—
 We cannot always have a flue
 On fire at Number One !

I am not old ! I am not plain !
 Nor awkward in my gait—
 I am not crooked, like the bride
 That went from Number Eight :—
 I'm sure white satin made her look
 As brown as any bun—
 But even beauty has no chance,
 I think, at Number One !

At Number Six they say Miss Rose
 Has slain a score of hearts,
 And Cupid, for her sake, has been
 Quite prodigal of darts.
 The Imp they show with bended bow,
 I wish he had a gun !—
 But if he had, he'd never deign
 To shoot with Number One.

It's very hard, and so it is
 To live in such a row !
 And here's a ballad singer come
 To aggravate my woe ;—
 O take away your foolish song
 And tones enough to stun—
 There is " Nae luck about the house,"
 I know, at Number One !



A DOUBLE KNOCK.

THE DROWNING DUCKS.

Amongst the sights that Mrs. Bond
 Enjoy'd yet grieved at more than
 others,
 Were little ducklings in a pond,
 Swimming about beside their mo-
 thers—
 Small things like living water lilies,
 But yellow as the daffo-dillies.

" It's very hard," she used to moan,
 " That other people have their
 ducklings
 To grace their waters—mine alone
 Have never any pretty chucklings."
 For why!—each little yellow navy
 Went down—all downy—to old
 Davy !

She had a lake—a pond I mean—
 Its wave was rather thick than
 pearly—

She had two ducks, their napes were
 green—
 She had a drake, his tail was
 curly,—
 Yet spite of drake, and ducks, and
 pond,
 No little ducks had Mrs. Bond !

The birds were both the best of mo-
 thers—
 The nests had eggs—the eggs had
 luck—
 The infant D.'s came forth like
 others—
 But there, alas ! the matter stuck !
 They might as well have all died
 addle,
 As die when they began to paddle !

For when, as native instinct taught her,
The mother set her brood afloat,
'They sank ere long right under water,
Like any over-loaded boat ;
They were web-footed too to see,
As ducks and spiders ought to be !

No peccant humour in a gander
Brought havoc on her little folks,—
No poaching cook—a frying pander
To appetite, — destroyed their
yolks,—
Beneath her very eyes, Od' rot 'em !
They went, like plummets, to the
bottom.

The thing was strange—a contradiction
It seem'd of nature and her works !
For little ducks, beyond conviction,
Should float without the help of
corks :
Great Johnson it bewildered him !
To hear of ducks that could not swim.

Poor Mrs. Bond ! what could she do
But change the breed—and she
tried divers
Which dived as all seemed born to do ;
No little ones were e'er survivors—
Like those that copy gems, I'm think-
ing,
They all were given to die-sinking !

In vain their downy coats were shorn ;
They flounder'd still !—Batch after
batch went !
The little fools seem'd only born
And hatch'd for nothing but a
hatchment !
Whene'er they launch'd—O sight of
wonder !
Like fires the water "got them under !"

No woman ever gave their lucks
A better chance than Mrs. Bond
did ;
At last quite out of heart and ducks,
She gave her pond up, and de-
sponded ;
For Death among the water-lilies,
Cried "*Duc ad me*" to all her dillies !

But though resolved to breed no more,
She brooded often on this riddle—
Alas ! 'twas darker than before !
At last about the summer's middle,
What Johnson, Mrs. Bond, or none
did,
To clear the matter up the Sun did !

The thirsty Sirius, dog-like drank
So deep, his furious tongue to cool,
The shallow waters sank and sank,
And lo, from out the wasted pool,
Too hot to hold them any longer,
There crawl'd some eels as big as
conger !

I wish all folks would look a bit,
In such a case below the surface ;
But when the eels were caught and
split
By Mrs. Bond, just think of *her* face,
In each inside at once to spy
A duckling turn'd to giblet-pie !

The sight at once explained the case,
Making the Dame look rather silly,
The tenants of that *Eely Place*
Had found the way to *Pick a dilly*,
And so by under-water suction,
Had wrought the little ducks' abduction.



A POACHER.



TOO COLD TO BEAR.

AN ASSENT TO THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT BLANK.

It was on the 1st of August,—I remember by my wags cumming dew, and I wanted to be riz,—that Me and master maid our minds up to the Mounting. I find Master as oppend an account with the Keep Sack—but as that is a cut abov, and rit in by only Lords and Laddies, I am redeuced to a Peer in the pagis of the Comick Anual—Mr H giving leaves.

Wile we waited at Sham Money, our minds sevrul tims misgiv, but considrring only twelve Gentelmen and never a footmun had bin up, we determind to make ourselves particler, and so highered gides to sho us up. For a long tim the whether was dout full weather—first it snew—then thew—and then friz—and that was most agreeabil for a tempting. The first thing I did was to change my blew and wite livry, as I guest we shoold hav enuf of blew and wite on the mounting—but put on a dred nort for fear of every thing—takin care to hav my pockets well cramd with sand witches, and, as proved arterwards, they broke my falls very much when I slipd on my bred and ams. The land Lord was so kind as lend me His green gaws tap room blind for my eyes, and I recumend no boddy to go up any Snowhill without green vales—for the hico dazls like winkin. Sum of the gides

wanted me to ware a sort of crimpt skaits,—but thought my feet would be the stifer for a cramp on—and declind binding any think xcept my list garters round my Shews. I did all this by advize of John Mary Cuthay the Chief Gide, who had bin 8 times up to every think. Thus a tired we sit out, on our feat, like Capting Paris, with our Nor poles in our hands,—Master in verry good sperrits, and has for me I was quit ellivatted to think what a figger the Summut of Mount Blank wood cut down the airys of Portland Plaice.

Arter slipping and slidding for ours, we cum to the first principle Glazier. To give a correct noshun, let any won suppose a man in fusions with a fraim and glass and puttey and a dimond pensel, and it's quit the revers of that. It's the sam with the Mare of Glass. If you dont think of a mare or any think maid of glass you have it xactly. We was three ours gitting over the Glazier, and then come to the Grand Mulleta, ware our beds was bespoak—that is, nothing but clean sheats of sno,—and never a warmin pan. To protect our heds we struck our poles agin the rock, with a cloath over them, but it looked like a verry litle tent to so much mounting. There we was,—all Sno with us Solitary figgers atop. Nothink can give the sublime idear of it but a twelf Cake.

The Gides pinte out from hear the Pick de Middy, but I was too cold to understand Frentch—and we see a real Shammy leeping, as Master sed, from scrag to scrag, and from pint to pint, for vittles and drink—but to me it looked like jumpin a bout to warm him self. His springs in the middel of Winter I realy beleave as uncredibile. Nothink else was muving xcept Havelaunches, witch is stupendus Sno balls in high situations, as leaves their plaices without warnin, and makes a deal of mischef in howses and families. We shot of our pistle, but has it maid litle or no noise, didnt ear the remarkably fine ekko.

We dind at the Grand Mulleta on cold foul and a shiver of am, with a litle O de Colon, agen stomical panes. Wat was moor cumfortble we found haf a bottel of brandey, left behind by sum one before, and by way of return we left behind a littel crewit of Chilly Viniger for the next cummer, whoever he mite be or not. After this repass'd we went to our sublime rests, I may say, in the World's garrits, up 150 pare of stares. As faling out of Bed was dangerus, we riz a wal of stons on each side. Knowing how comfortble Master sleeps at Home, I regretted his unaccommodation, and partickly as he was verry restless, and evry tim he stird kickd me about the Hed. I laid awack a good wile thinking how littel Farther, down in Summerset Sheer, thought I was up in Mount Blank Sheer; but at long and last I went of like a top, and dremt of Summuta. Won may sleep on wus pillers than Nap Sacks.

Next mornin we riz erly, having still a good deal to git up, and skrambled on agin, by crivises and crax as maid our flesh crawl on hands and nees to look at. Master wanted to desend in a crack, but as he mite not git up in a crack agin, his letting himself down was uurecomended. Arter menny ours works, we cum to the Grand Plato.

Master called it a vast Amphi-Theater; and so it is, except Du-Crow and the Horses and evry thing. Hear we brekfisted, but was surprizd as our stomicks not having moor hedges, Master only eting a Chickin wing, and me only eting all the rest. We had littel need to not eat,—the most uneasy part to go was to cum. In about too ours we cum to a Sno wall, up rite as high as St. Paul's; that maid us cum to an alt, and I cood not help saying out, Wat is only too human legs to 200 feet! Howsumever, after a bottel of Wine we was abel to proceed in a zig zag direxion,—the Gides axing the way, and cutting steps afore. After a deal of moor white Slavery, we succided in gitting up to the Mounting's top, and no body can hav a distant idea of it, but them as is there. Such Sno! And ice enuf to serve all the Fish Mungers, and the grate Routs till the end of the Wurld!

I regrets my joy at cumming to the top maid me forget all I ment to do at it; and in partickler to thro a tumble over hed and heals, as was my mane object in going up. Howsumever, I shall allways be abel to say Me and Master as bin to the Summut of Mount Blank, and so has a little butterfly. I ought to mension the curiousness of seeing one there, but we did not ketch it, as it was too far abov us.

We dissented down in much shorter time, and without anny axident xcept Masters sliding telliscope, witch roled of the ice. Wen we cum agin to Sham Money, the Land Lord askd our names to be rit in the book, as was dun, by Mr. W. in prose, but by me in poetry—

“Mount Blank is very hard to be cum at,
But Me and Master as bin to its Summut.”

“JOHN JONES”



FIGURING IN THE ALBUM OF MONT BLANK.



SEA CONSUMPTION—WASTING AWAY.

SALLY SIMPKIN'S LAMENT ; OR, JOHN JONES'S KIT-CAT-ASTROPHE.

"He left his body to the sea,
And made a shark his legatee."

BRYAN AND PERENNE.

"Oh! what is that comes gliding in,
And quite in middling haste?
It is the picture of my Jones,
And painted to the waist.

"It is not painted to the life,
For where's the trowsers blue?
Oh Jones, my dear!—Oh dear! my
Jones,
What is become of you?"

Oh! Sally dear, it is too true,—
The half that you remark
Is come to say my other half
Is bit off by a shark!

Oh! Sally, sharks do things by
halves,
Yet most completely do!
A bite in one place seems enough,
But I've been bit in two.

"You know I once was all your own
But now a shark must share!
But let that pass—for now to you
I'm neither here nor there.

"Alas! death has a strange divorce
Effectuated in the sea,
It has divided me from you,
And even me from me!

"Don't fear my ghost will walk
o'nights
To haunt, as people say;
My ghost *can't* walk, for, oh! my legs
Are many leagues away!

"Lord! think when I am swimming
round,
And looking where the boat is,
A shark just snaps away a *half*,
Without 'a *quarter's* notice.'

" One half is here, the other half
Is near Columbia placed ;
Oh ! Sally, I have got the whole
Atlantic for my waist.

" But now, adieu—a long adieu !
I've solved death's awful riddle,
And would say more, but I am
doomed
To break off in the middle ! "



NO BANKRUPT THOUGH I BREAKS.

A HORSE-DEALER

Is a double dealer, for he dealeth more in double meanings than your punster. When he giveth his word it signifieth little, howbeit it standeth for two significations. He putteth his promises like his colts, in a break. Over his mouth, Truth, like the turnpike-man, writeth up No Trust. Whenever he speaketh, his spoke hath more turns than the fore-wheel. He telleth lies, not white only, or black, but likewise grey, bay, chesnut-brown, cream, and roan—piebald and skewbald. He sweareth as many oaths out of court as any man, and more in ; for he will swear two ways about a horse's dam. If, by God's grace, he be something honest, it is only a dapple, for he can be fair and unfair at once. He hath much imagination, for he selleth a complete set of capital harness, of which there be no traces. He advertiseth a coach, warranted on its first wheels, and truly the hind pair are wanting to the bargain. A carriage that hath travelled twenty summers and winters, he describeth well-seasoned. He knocketh down machine-horses that have been knocked up on the road, but is so tender of heart to his animals, that he parteth with none for a fault ; " for," as he sayeth, " blindness or lameness be mis-

fortunes." A nag, proper only for dog's meat, he writeth down, but crieth up, "fit to go to any hounds;" or, as may be, "would suit a timid gentleman." String-halt he calleth "grand action," and kicking "lifting the feet well up." If a mare have the farcical disease, he nameth her "out of Comedy," and selleth Blackbird for a racer because he hath a running thrush. Horses that drink only water, he justly warranteth to be "temperate," and if dead lame, declareth them "good in all their paces," seeing that they can go but one. Roaring he calleth "sound," and a steed that high bloweth in running, he compareth to Eclipse, for he outstrippeth the wind. Another might be entered at a steeple chase, for why—he is as fast as a church. Thorough-pin with him is synonymous with "perfect leg." If a nag cougheth, 'tis "a clever hack." If his knees be fractured, he is "well broke for gig or saddle." If he reareth, he is "above sixteen hands high." If he hath drawn a tierce in a cart, he is a good fencer. If he biteth, he shows good courage; and he is playful merely, though he should play the devil. If he runneth away, he calleth him "off the Greta Road, and has been used to carry a lady." If a cob stumbleth, he considereth him a true goer, and addeth "The proprietor parteth from him to go abroad." Thus, without much profession of religion, yet is he truly Christian-like in practice, for he dealeth not in detraction, and would not disparage the character even of a brute. Like



REAR ADMIRAL.

unto Love, he is blind unto all blemishes, and seeth only a virtue, meanwhile he gazeth at a vice. He taketh the kick of a nag's hoof like a love token, saying only, before standers-by, "Poor fellow,—he knoweth me!"—and is content rather to pass as a bad rider, than that the horse should be held restive or over-mettlesome, which discharges him from its back. If it hath bitten him beside, and moreover bruised his limb against a coach-wheel, then, constantly returning good for evil, he giveth it but the better character, and recommendeth it before all the studs in his stable. In short, the worse a horse may be, the more he chanteth his praise, like a crow that croweth over Old Ball, whose lot it is on a common to meet with the Common Lot.



THE FALL OF ST. LAWRENCE.

THE FALL.

"Down, down, down, ten thousand fathoms deep."

COUNT FATNOM

Who does not know that dreadful gulf, where Niagara falls,
 Where eagle unto eagle screams, to vulture vulture calls;
 Where down beneath, Despair and Death in liquid darkness grope,
 And upward, on the foam there shines a rainbow without Hope;
 While, hung with clouds of Fear and Doubt, the unreturning wave
 Suddenly gives an awful plunge, like life into the grave;
 And many a hapless mortal there hath dived to bale or bliss;
 One—only one—hath ever lived to rise from that abyss!
 Oh, Heav'n! it turns me now to ice with chill of fear extreme,
 To think of my frail bark adrift on that tumultuous stream!
 In vain with desperate sinews, strung by love of life and light,
 I urged that coffin, my canoe, against the current's might:
 On—on—still on—direct for doom, the river rush'd in force,
 And fearfully the stream of Time raced with it in its course
 My eyes I closed—I dared not look the way towards the goal;
 But still I view'd the horrid close, and dreamt it in my soul.
 Plainly, as through transparent lids, I saw the fleeting shore,
 And lofty trees, like winged things, flit by for evermore;

Plainly,—but with no prophet sense—I heard the sullen sound,
 The torrent's voice—and felt the mist, like death-sweat gathering round.
 O agony! O life! My home! and those that made it sweet:
 Ere I could pray, the torrent lay beneath my very feet.
 With frightful whirl, more swift than thought, I passed the dizzy edge,
 Bound after bound, with hideous bruise, I dashed from ledge to ledge,
 From crag to crag,—in speechless pain,—from midnight deep to deep;
 I did not die,—but anguish stunn'd my senses into sleep.
 How long entranced, or whither dived, no clue I have to find:
 At last the gradual light of life came dawning o'er my mind;
 And through my brain there thrill'd a cry,—a cry as shrill as birds'
 Of vulture or of eagle kind, but this was set to words:—
 "It's Edgar Huntley in his cap and nightgown, I declares!
 He's been a walking in his sleep, and pitch'd all down the stairs!"



A CATARACT.

THE ILLUMINATI.

"Light, I say, light!"—OTHELLO.

THOSE who have peeped into the portfolios of Mr Geoffrey Crayon, will easily remember his graphic sketches of a locality called Little Britain—and his amusing portraits of its two leading families, the Lambs and the Trotters. I imagine the deserved popularity of the draughtsman made him much in request at routes, soirées, and conversazioni, or so acute an observer would not have failed to notice a nocturnal characteristic of the same neighbourhood,—I mean the frequent

and alarming glares of light that illuminate its firmament; but in spite of which, no parish engine rumbles down the steps of St. Botolph, the fire-ladders hang undisturbed in their chains, and the turn-cock smokes placidly in the tap-room of the Rose-and-Crown. For this remarkable apathy, my own more domestic habits enable me to account.

It is the fortune, or misfortune, of the house where I lodge, to confront that of Mr. Wix, "Wax and Tallow Chandler to his Majesty;" and certainly no individual ever burned so much to evince his loyalty. He and his windows are always framing an excuse for an illumination.

The kindling aptitude ascribed to Eupyrions, and Lucifers, and Chlorate Matches, is nothing to his. Contrary to Hoyle's rules for loo,—a single court card is sufficient with him for "a blaze." He knows and keeps the birthdays of all royal personages, and shows by tallow in tins how they wax in years. As sure as the Park guns go off in the morning, he fires his six-pounders in the evening—as sure as a newsman's horn is sounded in the street, it blows the same spark into a flame.—In some cases his inflammability was such, he has been known to ignite, and exhibit fire, where he should have shed water. He was once—it is still a local joke—within an ace of rejoicing at Marr's Murder.

During the long War he was really a nuisance, and what is worse, not indictable. For one not unused to the melting mood, he was strangely given to rejoicing. Other people were content to light up for the great victories, but he commemorated the slightest skirmishes. In civil events the same, whether favourable to whig or tory. Like the lover of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, he divided his flame between them.—He lighted when the administration of the Duke of Wellington came in, and he lighted when it went out,—in short, it seemed, as with the Roman Catholics, that candle-burning was a part of his religion, and that he had got his religion itself from an illuminated missal.

To aggravate this propensity, Mr. Sperm, the great oil merchant, lives nearly opposite to Mr. Wix, and his principle and his interest coincide exactly with those of his neighbour. Mr. Sperm possesses a very large star,—and, like certain managers, he brings it forward as often as he can. He is quite as lax in his political creed as the chandler, and will light up on the lightest occasions,—for instance, let there be but a peal of bells, and the Genius of the Ring directly invokes the Genius of the Lamp. In short, Mr. Wix and Mr. Sperm both resemble the same thing—a merchant-man getting rid of goods by means of lighters.

As the other inhabitants do not always choose to follow the example of these two—I have known our illuminations to be very select—the great oil and tallow establishments blazing all alone in their glory. On other occasions—for instance, the rejoicings for that Bill which Lord L. calls a Bill of Panes and Penalties—I have seen our street assume the motley appearance of a chessboard, alternately dark and bright—to say nothing of Mrs. Frampton's lodging-house, where every

tenant was of a different sentiment,—and the several floors afforded a striking example of the Clare Obecure.

Among general illuminations, I remember none more so than the one on the accession of his late Majesty—but what so universally brightened the Great Britain might be expected to light the Little one. It was in reality an unrivalled exhibition of its kind, and I propose therefore to give some account of it, the situation of my apartment having afforded unusual opportunities—for it is at the angle of a corner house—and thus while its easterly windows stare into those of the Rumbold family, its northern ones squint aside into the sashes of that elderly spinster Miss Winter.

It must have been an extreme fit of loyalty that put such a thought into the penurious mind of Miss W., but she resolved for once in her life to illuminate. I could see her at a large dining-table—so called by courtesy, for it never dined—reviewing a regiment of glass custard cups, so called also by courtesy, for they never held custard—and another division of tall jelly glasses, equally unknown to jellies. I might have thought that she meant for once to give a very light supper, had I not seen her fill them all with oil from a little tin can, and afterwards she furnished them with a floating wick. They were then ranged on the window-frame, alternately tall and short; and after this costly preparation, which, by the heaving of her neckerchief, she visibly sighed over, she folded her arms demurely before her, and, by the light of her solitary rush taper, sat down to await the extravagant call of “Light up!”

The elder Miss Rumbold—the parents were out of town—was not idle in the mean time. She packed all the little R.’s off to bed—(I did not see them have any supper)—and then, having got rid of the family branches, began on the tin ones. She had fixed her head quarters in the drawing-room, from whence I saw Caroline and Henry detached, with separate parcels of tins and candles, to do the same office for the floors above and below. But no such luck! After a while, the street door gently opened, and forth sneaked the two deserters, of course to see better illuminations than their own. At the slam of the door behind them Miss Rumbold comprehended the full calamity: first, she threw up her arms, then her eyes, then clenched her teeth and then her hands; going through all the pantomime for distress of mind—but she had no time for grieving, and indeed but little for rejoicing. Mr. Wix’s was beginning to glitter. Tearing up and down stairs like a lamplighter on his ladder, she furnished all the blank windows, and then returned to the drawing-room; and what was evidently her favourite fancy, she had completed and hung up two festoons of artificial flowers; but alas! her stock on hand fell short a whole foot of the third window—I am afraid for want of the very bouquet in Caroline’s bonnet. Removing the unfortunate garlands, she rushed out full speed, and the next moment I saw her in the story above, rapidly unpapering her curls, and making her-

self as fit as time allowed, to sit in state in the drawing-room, by the light of twenty-seven long sixes.

A violent uproar now recalled my attention to Number 29, where the mob had begun to call out to Miss Winter for her Northern Lights. Miss W. was at her post, and rushed with her rush to comply with the demand; but a sudden twitter of nervousness aggravating her old palsy, she could not persuade her wavering taper to alight on any one of the cottons. There was a deal of coquetting indeed between wick and wick, but nothing like a mutual flame.

In vain the thin lover-like candle kept hovering over its intended, and shedding tears of grease at every repulse; not a glimmer replied to its glance, till at last, weary of love and light, it fairly leaped out of its tin socket, and drowned its own twinkle in a tall jelly-glass. The patience of the mob, already of a thin texture, was torn to rags by this conclusion; they saw that if she would, Miss Winter never *could* illuminate: but as this was an unwelcome truth, they broke it to her with a volley of stones that destroyed her little Vauxhall in a moment, and in a twinkle left her nothing to twinkle with!

Shocked at this catastrophe, I turned with some anxiety to Miss Rumbold's, but with admirable presence of mind she had lighted every alternate candle in her windows, and was thus able to present a respectable front at a short notice. The mob, however, made as much uproar as at Miss Winter's, though the noise was different in character, and more resembled the boisterous merriment which attends upon Punch. In fact Miss Rumbold had a Fantoccini over head she little dreamt of. Awakened by the unusual light, the younger Rumbolds had rushed from bed to the window, where, exhilarated by childish spirits and the appearance of a gala, they had got up an extempore Juvenile Ball, and were dancing with all their might in their little night-caps and night-gowns. In vain the unconscious Matilda pointed



ALL AT SIXES AND SEVENS.

to her candles, and added her own private pair from the table to the centre window; in vain she wrung her hands, or squeezed them on her bosom: the more she protested in dumb show, the more the mob shouted; and the more the mob shouted, the wilder the imps jiggered about. At last Matilda seemed to take some hint; she vanished from the drawing-room like a Ghost, and re-appeared like a Fury in the nursery—a pair of large hands vigorously flourished and flogged—the heels of the Corps de Ballet flew up higher than their heads—the mob shouted louder than ever—and *exceunt omnes*.

This interlude being over, the rabble moved on to Mr. Wix's, whose every window, as usual, shone "like nine good deeds in a naughty world," and he obtained nine cheers for the display. Poor Mr. Sperm was not so fortunate. He had been struggling manfully with a sharp nor-wester to light up his star, but one obstinate limb persisted in showing which way the wind blew. It was a point not to be gained, and though far from red hot, it caused a hiss that reached even to Number 14, and frightened all the Flowerdews. Number 14, as the Clown expresses it in *Twelfth Night*, was "as lustrous as ebony." In vain Mrs. Flowerdew pleaded from one window, and Mr. Flowerdew harangued from the other, while Flowerdew junior hammered and tugged at the space between; the glaziers and their friends unglazed every thing; and I hope the worthy family, the next time they have a Crown and Anchor, will remember to have them the right side uppermost. Green and yellow lamps decline to hang upon hooks that are topsy-turvy, and the blue and red are just as particular.

I forgot to say that during the past proceedings, my eyes had frequently glanced towards Number 28. Its occupier, Mr. Brookbank, was in some remote way connected with the royal household, and had openly expressed his intention of surprising Little Britain. And in truth Little Britain was surprised enough, when it beheld at Mr. Brookbank's nothing but a few sorry flambeaux: he talked to the mob, indeed, of a transparency of Peace and Plenty, but as they could see no sign of either, and they had plenty of stones, they again broke the peace. I am sorry to say that in this instance the mob were wrong, for there *was* a transparency, but as it was lighted from the outer side, Mr. B.'s Peace and Plenty smiled on nobody but himself.

There was only one more disorder, and it occurred at the very house that I help to inhabit. Not that we were dim by any means, for we had been liberal customers to Mr. Sperm and to Mr. Wix: the tallow of one flared in all our panes, and the oil of the other fed a brilliant W P. Alas! it was these fiery initials, enigmatical as those at Belshazzar's banquet, that caused all our troubles. The million could make out the meaning of the W, but the other letter, divided in conjecture among them, was literally a split P. Curiosity increased to furiosity, and what might have happened nobody only knows, if my landlady had not proclaimed that her W had spent such a double allowance of lamps, that her R had been obliged to retrench.

To aid her oratory, the rabble were luckily attracted from our own display by a splendour greater even than usual at Number 9. The warehouseman of Mr. Wix—*like Master like Man*—had got up an illumination of his own, by leaving a firebrand among the tallow, that soon caused the breaking out of an Insurrection in Grease, and where candles had hitherto been lighted only by Retail, they were now ignited by Wholesale; or as my landlady said,—“All the fat was in the fire!”



IGNIS FATUUS.

I ventured to ask her when all was over, what she thought of the lighting-up, and she gave me her opinion in the following sentiment, in the prayer of which I most heartily concur. “Illuminations,” she said, “were very pretty things to look at, and no doubt new Kings ought to be illuminated; but what with the toil, and what with the oil, and what with the grease, and what with the mob, she hoped it would be long, very long, before we had a new King again!”

SONNET.

ALONG the Woodford road there comes a noise
Of wheels, and Mr. Rounding's neat postchaise
Struggles along, drawn by a pair of bays,
With Rev. Mr. Crow and six small Boys;
Who ever and anon declare their joys,
With trumping horns and juvenile huzzas,
At going home to spend their Christmas days,
And changing Learning's pains for Pleasure's toys.
Six weeks elapse, and down the Woodford way,
A heavy coach drags six more heavy souls,
But no glad urchins shout, no trumpets bray;
The carriage makes a halt, the gate-bell tolls,
And little Boys walk in as dull and mum
As six new scholars to the Deaf and Dumb.

THE STEAM SERVICE.

"Life is but a *little* cast."—BURNE.

THE time is not yet come—but come it will—when the masts of our Royal Navy shall be unshipped, and huge unsightly chimneys be erected in their place. The trident will be taken out of the hand of Neptune, and replaced by the effigy of a red hot poker; the Union Jack will look like a smoke-jack; and Lambtons, Russels, and Adairs, will be made Admirals of the Black; the forecastle will be called the Newcastle, and the cockpit will be termed the coal-pit; a man-of-war's tender will be nothing but a Shields' collier; first-lieutenants will have to attend lectures on the steam-engine, and midshipmen must take lessons as climbing boys in the art of sweeping flues. In short, the good old tune of "Rule Britannia," will give way to "Polly put the Kettle on;" while the Victory, the Majestic, and the Thunderer of Great Britain will "paddle in the burn," like the Harlequin, the Dart, and the Magnet of Margate.



THE JACK OF HEARTS.

It will be well for our song writers to bear a wary eye to the Fleet, if they would prosper as Marine Poets. Some sea Gurney may get a seat at the Admiralty Board, and then farewell, a long farewell, to the old ocean imagery; marine metaphor will require a new figure-head. Flowing sheets, snowy wings, and the old comparison of a ship to a bird, will become obsolete and out of date! Poetical topsails will be taken aback, and all such things as reefs and double reefs will be shaken out of song. For my own part, I cannot be sufficiently thankful that I have not sought a Helicon of salt water; or canvassed the Nine Muses as a writer for their Marine Library; or made Pegasus a sea-horse, when sea-horses as well as land-horses are equally likely to be superseded by steam. After such a consummation, when the sea service, like the tea service, will depend chiefly on boiling water, it is very doubtful whether the Fleet will be worthy of any thing but plain prose. I have tried to adapt some of our popular blue ballads to the boiler, and Dibdin certainly does not steam quite so well as a potatoe

However, if his Sea Songs are to be in immortal use, they will have to be revised and corrected in future editions thus :—

I *steamed* from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib how she *smoked* through the breeze
She's a vessel as tight to my fancy
As ever *boil'd* through the salt seas.

* * * *

When up the *flue* the sailor goes
And ventures on the *pot*,
The landsman, he no better knows,
But thinks hard is his lot.

Bold Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Weighs anchor, lights the log ;
Trims up the fire, picks out the slates,
And drinks his can of grog

* * * *

Go patter to lubbers and swabs do you see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like ;
But a *Boulton and Watt* and good *Wall's-end* give me ;
And it an't to a little I'll strike.

Though the tempest our *chimney* smack smooth shall down *suite*,
And shiver each *bundle* of wood ;
Clear the wreck, *stir the fire*, and stow every thing tight,
And *boiling a gallop* we'll scud.

I have cooked Stevens's, or rather Incledon's Storm in the same way ; but the pathos does not seem any the tenderer for *stewing*.

Hark, the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By shovel, tongs, and poker, stand ;
Down the scuttle quick be hauling,
Down your bellows, hand, boys, hand.
Now it freshens,—blow like blazes ;
Now unto the coal-hole go ;
Stir, boys, stir, don't mind black faces,
Up your ashes nimbly throw.

Ply your bellows, raise the wind, boys
See the valve is clear of course ;
Let the paddles spin, don't mind, boys.
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft a proper draft get,
Oil the engines, see all clear ;
Hands up, each a sack of coal get,
Man the boiler, cheer, lads, cheer

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
 Peal on peal contending clash ;
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes the paddles splash
 One wide water all around us,
 All above one smoke-black sky :
 Different deaths at once surround us ;
 Hark ! what means that dreadful cry.



ALL UP

The funnel's gone ! cries ev'ry tongue out
 The engineer's washed off the deck ;
 A leak beneath the coal-hole's sprung out,
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.
 Quick, some coal, some nubbly pieces ;
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold ;
 Plumb the boiler, speed decreases,
 Four feet water getting cold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives or children mourn ;
 Alas ! from hence there's no retreating ;
 Alas ! to them there's no return.
 The fire is out—we've burst the bellows,
 The tinder-box is swamped below ;
 Heaven have mercy on poor fellows,
 For only that can serve us now !

Devoutly do I hope that the kettle, though a great vocalist, will never thus appropriate the old Sea Songs of England. In the words of an old Greenwich pensioner—"Steamin and biling does very well for *Urn* Bay, and the likes;" but the craft does not look regular and shipshape to the eye of a tar who has sailed with Duncan, Howe, and Jarvis—and who would rather even go without *port* than have it through a *funnel*.



FOR COAL.

A LAY OF REAL LIFE.

"Some are born with a wooden spoon in their mouths, and some with a golden ladle."—GOLDSMITH.

"Some are born with tin rings in their noses, and some with silver on a."—SILVERSMITH.

Who ruined me ere I was born,
Sold every acre, grass or corn,
And left the next heir all forlorn?
My Grandfather.

Who said my mother was no nurse,
And physicked me and made me worse,
Till infancy became a curse?
My Grandmother.

Who left me in my seventh year,
A comfort to my mother dear,
And Mr. Pope, the overseer?
My Father

Who let me starve, to buy her gin,
Till all my bones came through my skin,
Then called me "ugly little sin?"

My Mother.

Who said my mother was a Turk
And took me home—and made me work,
But managed half my meals to shirk?

My Aunt.

Who "of all earthly things" would boast,
"He hated others' brats the most,"
And therefore made me feel my post?

My Uncle.

Who got in scrapes, an endless score,
And always laid them at my door,
Till many a bitter bang I bore?

My Cousin.

Who took me home when mother died,
Again with father to reside,
Black shoes, clean knives, run far and wide?

My Stepmother.

Who marred my stealthy urchin joys,
And when I played cried "What a noise!"—
Girls always hector over boys—

My Sister.

Who used to share in what was mine,
Or took it all, did he incline,
'Cause I was eight, and he was nine?

My Brother.

Who stroked my head, and said "Good lad,"
And gave me sixpence, "all he had;"
But at the stall the coin was bad?

My Godfather.

Who, gratis, shared my social glass,
But when misfortune came to pass,
Referr'd me to the pump? Alas!

My Friend.

Through all this weary world, in brief,
Who ever sympathised with grief,
Or shared my joy—my sole relief?

Myself.

A VALENTINE.

THE WEATHER. To P. MURPHY, Esq., M.N.S.

These, properly speaking, being esteemed the three arms of Meteoric action.

DEAR Murphy, to improve her charms,
 Your servant humbly begs ;
 She thanks you for her leash of arms,
 But wants a brace of legs.

Moreover, as you promise folks,
 On certain days a drizzle ;
 She thinks, in case she cannot rain,
 She should have means to *mizzle*.

Some lightning too may just fall due,
 When woods begin to moult ;
 And if she cannot "fork it out,"
 She'll wish to make a *bolt* !



WEATHER WISE.



BID MR DISCOURSE.

THE ELLAND MEETING.

Benedict. "Here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my lady Tongue."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

"Do you hear the rumour? They say the women are in insurrection, and mean to make a ——."—THE WOMAN'S PRIZE.

"Enter Rumour painted full of tongues."—K. HENRY IV.

"In a word, the Tartars came on."—ROBINSON CRUSOE.

In my M. S. days,—and like many bookish bachelors of the same standing,—I was a member of a private literary society, with a name whereof I only remember that it began in Greek and ended in English. This re-union was framed on the usual plan of such institutions; except that the gallantry of the founders had ruled that half the members might be of the female sex, and accordingly amongst our "intellectual legs," we numbered a fair proportion of the hose that are metaphorically blue. We assembled weekly at the house of some Fellow that had a house, where an original essay was first read by the author, and then submitted to discussion, much as a school-boy first spins his top and then lays it down to be pegged at by the rest of the company. The subjects, like Sir Roger de Coverley's picture, generally

left a great deal to be said on both sides, nor were there wanting choppers, not to say hackers of logic, to avail themselves of the circumstance; and as we possessed, amongst others, a brace of Irish barristers, a Quaker, a dissenter to every thing, an author who spoke volumes, a geologist who could find sermons in stones, and one old man eloquent, surnamed for his discursiveness the rambler, we had usually what Bubb Doddington has called "a multiplicity of talk."

It is worthy of record, however, and especially as running counter to the received opinion of the loquacity of the sex, that no female member was ever known to deliver or attempt to deliver a sentence on the subject in debate. Now and then, perchance, a short clearing cough would flatter us that we were going to benefit by feminine taste and delicacy of sentiment; but the expectation invariably fell to the ground, and we might as well have expected an opinion to transpire from the wax work of Mrs. Salmon or Madame Tussaud. I have since learned, it is true, from one of the maturest of the she fellows, that she did once actually contemplate a few words to the matter in hand, but that at the very first stitch she lost her needle, by which she meant her tongue, and then in seeking for her needle she lost the thread of her ideas, and so gave up the task, she said, as not being "woman's work."

It would seem, therefore, that a set discourse in company is altogether incompatible with the innate diffidence and shrinking timidity of the sex. Milton, indeed, makes this silent modesty a peculiar characteristic of perfect womanhood, as evinced in the demeanour of "accomplished Eve." To mark it the more strongly, he liberally endows our general mother with fluency of speech in her colloquies with Adam, so as even to "forget all time" in conversing with him; whereas in the presence of a third party,—the Angel Visitor for instance, whom she less bids than makes welcome to her dessert,—she seldom opens her lips. Nor is this an overstrained picture: the same matronly, or spinsterly reserve, having survived the Fall, and the confusion of Babel, and the more womanly of her daughters, however good at what the Scotch call "a two-handed crack," in a corner or behind a curtain will still evince a paradisaical hesitation, amounting to an impediment, in addressing the most limited audience. In fact up to a comparatively recent period, the Miltonic theory was practically acknowledged and acted upon, at the theatre, the female characters of the Drama being always represented by proxies of men or boys.

Even in the present age, the début of an actress, having so many "lengths" to deliver in public, is reckoned one of the severest ordeals that womanly modesty can undergo. The celebrated Mrs. Siddons described it as a "fiery trial,"—a "terrible moment,"—and any playgoer who has witnessed the first appearance of a young lady on any stage will easily give credit for its agonies. The late Mrs. ——— once described to me very vividly her sufferings on a like awful occasion:—"the voice that would not come, and the tremor that would not go—"

the frame inclining to sink, and the head determined to swim,—the distinct consciousness of the presence of the body, with the indistinct impression of the absence of the mind. Thank heaven," she concluded, "that I had not to 'extort' the people, as Mawworm calls it, out of my own head—that I had not to furnish the speech, as well as the courage to utter it; for I protest that I could not have put together a sentence of my own, for the saving of my life!"

With such experience and impressions of the inaptitude of the sex for popular orators, my profound amazement may be conceived when on lately glancing over the columns of a morning journal, my eye was arrested by the extraordinary heading of a



A FIRST APPEARANCE ON ANY STAGE.

Public Meeting of Women Against the Poor Laws.

In the first tumult of my agitation, I pitched my Morning Herald, where Parson Adams threw his *Æschylus*, namely, behind the fire; but the very next instant, with a vague notion that it would *blow* up, I snatched it out again. I am not certain,—being in weak health and spirits, and more than commonly nervous,—that I did not cry murder!—My first sensation, indeed, was a physical one, a complication of acuteness of ear-ache, with the numbness of lock-jaw:—and then came the moral consciousness of some stunning domestic calamity, that seemed dilating every instant from a family into a national visitation. In fact I recollect nothing at all approaching the first bodily shock, ~~except once~~, on the explosion of some neighbouring powder-mills, when a few highly condensed moments of intense silence were followed by the sudden burst of an imaginary peal, from a bell assembly of all the steeples in England; nor can I recall any experience equal to my mental horror afterwards, unless a certain delirious dream of being run away with by four grey mares, in the York mail!

It was a considerable time before I could muster resolution to peruse the speeches, the tone of which my prophetic soul forestalled as less resembling the notes of the feminine dulcimer, or piano, or hurdy-gurdy, than those of the masculine brazen trumpet. And should this seem a *harsh* anticipation, it must be remembered that I had been prepared by no previous rehearsals for such a burst of female oratory. If I had met with a paragraph hinting that certain females had been

observed in rough weather, mysteriously haunting the sea-beach, say of Scarborough for instance, and gesticulating, as if on speaking terms with the billows, my classical reminiscences might have recalled the system by which Demosthenes braced himself against the murmurs and roarings of a popular assembly—and I might have comprehended that the hoarse waves were resorted to as oratorical *breakers-in*. But there was no such warning; and consequently the report came upon me with all the startling suddenness and crash of a sempstress's splitting a piece of stout calico. There was something astounding in the bare idea of a female voice, so commonly requiring a high pressure to induce it to sing in private circles, volunteering in public assembly to spout! A maiden speech even in a man is apt to excite a maidenly fever of nervousness; and many a rough and tough old sea-commander, who would have returned a broadside without flinching, has been converted physiognomically into an admiral of the blue, white, and red, and has found a bung in his speaking-trumpet, on having to reply to a volley of thanks. The very subject, so steeped in party spirit,—for alas! it is undeniable that the woes and wants of the poor have become a party question—the very subject so steeped in party spirit, always a raw unrectified article, and at the present time distilled particularly above proof, seemed peculiarly unfit for womanly lips. In short I concluded *primâ facie*, that a female who could come forward, without a rehearsal all along shore, or practise on provincial boards, as a public orator, and on political topics, must needs be what some old writer calls “a mankind woman,”—and akin to the Hannah Snells and Mary Ann Talbots, that have heretofore enlisted in our army and navy. How far I was justified in these forebodings a few extracts will serve to show.

“Mrs. Susan Fearnley having been voted into the chair, opened the business of the meeting by exhorting the females present to *take the question of a repeal of this bill into their own hands*, and not to rely on the exertions of others, *least of all on the House of Commons*, but at once to assert *the dignity and equality of the sex*, and as the chief magistrate of the realm was now a female, to approach her *respectfully*, and lay their grievances before her; and, should their application be unsuccessful, she would then call upon them to resist the enforcement of this cruel law, *even unto the death*—(loud cheers). Mrs. Grasby said, the new poor law was not concocted by men, but by fiends in the shape of men; it had been hatched and bred in the bottomless pit—(cheers). She could wish the authors of this law to be sent to St. Helena, where Napoleon was sent to, and remain till their bodies were wet with the dew of heaven, and their hair as long as eagles' feathers. She would oppose that law, and she called upon her sisters now before her to follow her example—(tremendous cheering). Mrs. Hanson alluded to the personal disfiguration of the hair cutting off, which excited much disapprobation; this was followed by a description of the grogram gowns of shoddy and paste in which the inmates of the bastiles are attired.” The address said, “We approach your Majesty, and pray

that you will exercise your prerogative, and remove from your councils those heartless men who are attempting to place us under this horrible law. *We beg leave to remind your Majesty that allegiance is due only when protection is extended to the subject.*

"Signed on behalf of the Meeting,

"SUSAN FEARNLEY, *Chairwoman.*"

And the report said, "Thanks were then voted with loud cheering to Earl Stanhope, Mr. J. Fielden, to the Chairwoman, Mrs. Grasby, and Mrs. Hanson, for their eloquent speeches, and to the other females who had got up and managed the meeting. Three groans were then given for the Whigs, and all who support the poor law bill."

I have purposely omitted an astounding declaration of the wives and mothers in the address, about their daughters, hoping that it is only founded on local scandal;—and now, if such another merry meeting may be wished, what right-thinking Benedict or Bachelor but will join with me and Dogberry in a "God prohibit it?" When the Steam Washing Company was first established, there was a loud and shrill outcry against what were facetiously called the cock Laundresses, who were roundly accused of a shameful invasion of woman's provinces, and favoured with many sneering recommendations to wear mob caps, and go in stuff petticoats and pattens. But if Hercules with the distaff be but a sorry spectacle, surely Omphale with the club cuts scarcely a better figure. The he-creatures may now fairly retort, that it is as consistent with manhood to go out washing, as for womanhood to do chairing at a public meeting. If it be out of character for a fellow in a coat and continuations to be firsting and seconding linen, it is equally anomalous for a creature in petticoats to be firsting and seconding political resolutions; and for my own part, as a matter of taste, I would rather see a Gentleman blowing up a copper flue, than a Lady blowing up the foulness of the Poor Law.

In the mean time, there is reason to apprehend that the infection is gaining ground; the last post having brought me the following letter on the subject from a country correspondent.

To the Editor of Hood's Own, &c. &c.

HONOURED SIR,

I DON'T know whether you be married, or likely to be in the way of courting, but whether or not, most likely you have a mother, or sister, or aunt, or she-cousin, or some such connexion of the female sex. As such will be interested in the following, as a matter that concerns us all, and particularly men like myself of a quiet turn and domestic habits.

By station I am only a plain family man in the farming line, but to my misfortune, as turns out, I am locally situated in the county of York, and what's worse, a great deal too nigh Elland, and where the women got up the spouting meeting again the poor laws that made such a noise in the country. I'm not a political character myself, and as such have nothing to object for or against public meetings and speechifyings so long as it's confined to the male kind, but with as

good nerves as most men that can ride to hounds, nothing since incendiarism has given them such a shock as the breaking out of female elocution, for in course like the rick burnings and the influenza or any other new kick, it will go through the whole country. My own house has caught for one, and I will inform you the symptoms it begins with. The Elland Meeting, you see, was on a Tuesday, and between you and me and the post, it's my belief that my mistress was present, though she do say it were a visit to her mother. Otherwise I cannot think what could put her teeth into her head on the Wednesday for the first time, by which I mean to say her spelling for a new set, if it was not to assist her parts of speech. Agricultural distress has made gold much more scarce among farmers than formerly, and I don't mind saying it's more than I could afford comfortably at most times to lay out twenty guineas in ivory for the sake of a correct pronouncing. However I made no remark, except to myself, namely, that they wasn't wanted to keep her tongue between. For my own part I have always found she could speak plain enough, and particularly when I couldn't—by reason of dining at the ordinary on market days, and the like. Any way she always contrived to speak her mind, but ever since the meeting she seems to have had more mind to speak; for instance, a long confabbing with every beggar at the gate, instead of sending off as formerly with nothing but a flea in their ear, as the saying is. In short, many more things struck me as suspicious, and amongst the rest, her making an errand again to Elland for a piece of stuff and a little fustian—in pint of fact, that visit seemed to set her more agog than before, so as to start a new notion of going up to London about Betsy's impediment, and says she, I can kill two birds, and get my new teeth at the same time. If that don't look oratorical, thinks I to myself, then I don't know what does. However, last Sunday was a week let's the whole cat out of the bag, as the saying is, as near as may be as follow. It was just after dinner, and only our two selves quite domestically, Betsy being gone to grandmother's, and me going to take my first glass of wine, and so as usual, I nodded to my good woman, with a 'Here's to ye Kate!' according to custom—when lo! and behold, up jumps Madam regularly on her legs, opening like a hound that has just hit the scent, and begins a return thanks, and delivery of sentiments and so forth, before I knew where I was. Where she got the knack of it without practice, Lord knows, for it's more than ever I was competent to, as for instance, when I've been publickly drunk at our Coursing Club, and the like. However she was five good minutes long afore she broke down, or recollected herself, I don't know which, and I'm free to say, left me so dumb-founded in a mizmaze that I hadn't presence of mind to argue the point. However, before going to bed, I thought best to open gently on the subject, but as might be expected, the more we differed, the more we debated, which in course was just what Madam wanted, till at long and at last, seeing that I was only being practised upon, like Betsy's piano, I thought proper to adjourn myself off to roost, but

from the nature of my dreams, have reason to think she continued the argument in her sleep.

And now, honoured Sir, what is to be done to stop such a national calamity as hangs over us like a thundercloud, unless it's put down by the powerful voice of the public press? Not wishing to connect myself with politics, which all newspapers are more or less inclined to, and your periodical being mentioned to me by our doctor as an impartial vehicle, am induced to the liberty of this communication, to be made use of at your discretion. My own sentiments are very strong on the subject, but more than I can express by penmanship. We have a saying here in the north about a crowing hen, that seems quite pat to the case. And if you keep live stock, what can cut a foolisher figure than a great gawksome hen, leaving her eggs to addle in the nest, or her chicks, if so be, to the care of the kite, to go a spurring and sparring about the yard with her hackle up, and trying to crow like a cock of the walk? So it is with the mistress of a house leaving her helpless babes, or what is worse, her grown-up girls, to their own cares and looking after, to go ranting and itineranting all over the country, henpecking at the heads of the nation, and cackling up on tables, or in waggons, or on the hustings. It's my opinion nature intended the whole sex to be more backward in coming forward, let alone tattle at tea-drinkings, or gossiping at christenings, or laying-in, but to be totally unaccustomed to public speaking. As to state affairs, some do think there's more talking than doing already, and in course it will be no cure for it, to match the House of Lords with a House of Ladies. In the mean time, I don't mean to come down the money for the new teeth or the impediment, and hoping that the speeches at Elland may prove the last dying speeches of female elocution,

I remain, Honoured Sir,

Your very humble Servant to command,

RICHARD PAYNE PILGRIM.



AUDIENCE FIT, THOUGH FEW.



DISCOVERING THE POLE.

POEM,—FROM THE POLISH.

Some months since a young lady was much surprised at receiving, from the Captain of a Whaler, a blank sheet of paper, folded in the form of a letter, and duly sealed. At last, recollecting the nature of sympathetic ink, she placed the missive on a toasting-fork, and after holding it to the fire for a minute or two, succeeded in thawing out the following verses.

From seventy-two North latitude,
Dear Kitty, I indite ;
But first I'd have you understand
How hard it is to write.

The Polar cold is sharp enough
To freeze with icy gloss
The genial current of the soul,
E'en in a "Man of Ross."

Of thoughts that breathe and words
that burn,
My Kitty, do not think,—
Before I wrote these very lines,
I had to melt my ink.

Pope says that letters waft a sigh
From Indus to the Pole ;
But here I really wish the post
Would only "post the coal."

Of mutual flames and lover's warmth,
You must not be too nice ;
The sheet that I am writing on
Was once a sheet of ice !

So chilly is the Northern blast,
It blows me through and through
A ton of Wallsend in a note
Would be a billet-doux !

In such a frigid latitude
It scarce can be a sin,
Should Passion cool a little, where
A Fury was iced in.

I'm rather tired of endless snow,
And long for coals again ;
And would give up a Sea of Ice,
For some of Lambton's Main.

I'm sick of dazzling ice and snow,
The sun itself I hate ;
So very bright, so very cold,
Just like a summer grate.

For opodeldoc I would kneel,
My chilblains to anoint ;
O Kate, the needle of the north
Has got a freezing point.

Our food is solids,—ere we put
Our meat into our crops,
We take sledge-hammers to our steaks
And hatchets to our chops.

So very bitter is the blast,
So cutting is the air,
I never have been warm but once,
When hugging with a bear.

One thing I know you'll like to hear,
Th' effect of Polar snows,
I've left off snuff—one pinching day—
From leaving off my nose

I have no ear for music now ;
My ears both left together ;
And as for dancing, I have cut
My toes—it's cutting weather.

I've said that you should have my
hand,
Some happy day to come ;
But, Kate, you only now can wed
A finger and a thumb.

Don't fear that any Esquimaux
Can wean me from my own ;
The Girdle of the Queen of Love
Is not the Frozen Zone.

At wives with large estates of snow
My fancy does not bite ;
I like to see a Bride—but not
In such a deal of white.

Give me for home a house of brick.
The Kate I love at Kew !
A hand unchopped—a merry eye ;
And not a nose, of blue !

To think upon the Bridge of Kew,
To me a bridge of sighs ;
Oh, Kate, a pair of icicles
Are standing in my eyes !

God knows if I shall e'er return,
In comfort to be lull'd ;
But if I do get back to port,
Pray let me have it mull'd.



KATE BRIDGE.



A STEP-FATHER.

A STEP-FATHER.

"Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, me."—OLD SONG.

I know not what friend, or fiend, or both together, put such a folly into the head of my maternal parent ; but, like Hamlet's mother, she set her widow's cap at the sex, and re-married. A second marriage is seldom a favourable alteration of state ; it is like changing a sovereign twice over ; first into silver, and then into copper. My mother's step was of this description ! My first father was a plump, short, and rather Dutch-built little person ; but the most merry, good-humoured, and kind-hearted, yet withal the slowest goer of the human race. His successor was saturnine in spirit, and stern in temper, a tall bony figure, remarkable for the length of his nether limbs ; he was, to adopt a school-boy phrase, a Walker by name, and a walker by nature ; and the exercise of this propensity taught me painfully to appreciate the difference between my dear first Daddy and my Daddy-Long-legs.

My father Heavy-sides was what is called slow and sure : which means sure to be left behind. He had a solemn creak in his shoes, that declared how deliberately his toes turned on their hinges ; his movement through life was a minuet de la cour. My Step-father Walker's was a galopade. Considered as Foot Soldiers, or adverse parties of infantry, before one had well marched into his position, the other would have turned his right flank, cut off his left wing, charged

his centre, harassed his rear, and surrounded his whole body. They were, alas! literally the quick and the dead, causing between them a race of my toes against my tears, and, if anything, my toes ran the fastest and farthest.

There has been lately a good deal of speculation as to the ownership of a certain poem; but I feel assured that my Step-father was the practical author of the "Devil's Walk." The March of Mind might possibly have kept up with him, but no March of body could do it; least of all, such a body as mine, naturally heavy, and furnished with a pair of lower limbs, very different from those of the son of Scriblerus, who made his legs his compasses for measuring islands and continents. Strain them as I would in pursuit of my Step-father, I seemed to take nothing by my motion; those hopeless coat-flaps were always in front; like Doctor Johnson's great Shakspeare, with little Time at his heels, I panted after him in vain. The pace, as the jockeys say, was severe. It was literally a flight of steps, for he seemed to fly; if any gentleman could be in two places at once, like a bird, that man was my Step-father, or rather Fore-father, for he was always in front. His stride was that of the Colossus of Rhodes; like Robinson Crusoe, you could discern one foot-print in the sand, but the other was beyond discovery. My infatuated mother was nevertheless continually holding him out to me as an example, and recommending me to "tread in his steps;"—I wish I had been able! When his friends, or creditors, have been informed at the door, that he "had just stepped out," how little did they dream that it meant he was a mile off!

It was his pleasure, whenever my Step-father walked, that I should accompany him; such accompaniment as flute adagio is sometimes heard to give to piano prestissimo. He seemed to pride himself, like some pompous people, in constantly having a poor foot-boy trotting at his heels: often did I beg to be left at home; often, but vainly, address him in the language of old Capulet's domestic—"Good thou, save me a piece of *march-pane*." The descriptive phrase of "rocky fastnesses," was but too typical of his speed and temper; he had no more pity for me, than the great striding Ogre, in the Seven-leagued Boots, for little Hop-o'-my-Thumb.

The day of retribution at last came, for, according to the clown's doctrine, the whirligig of time always brings round its revenges. My poor mother died, and had a walking funeral, and my Step-father felt more for her than I had expected; but he suffered most in his legs and feet: the measured pace of the procession afflicted him beyond measure; he longed to give sorrow strides, but was forbidden; and he walked and grieved like a fiery horse upon the fret. The slow pace seemed as a slow poison: it has been affirmed that he caught cold upon the occasion; but whether he did or not,—from that day he took ill, went off rapidly, as he always did, in a galloping consumption, and died, leaving me, as usual, behind him. In compliance with his last wish, he was furnished with a walking funeral, and, as decency dictated, I followed him to the grave; though in truth it was sacri-

ficing the only opportunity I ever had in the world, of getting before him.

I have been told that, the evening of his decease, his apparition appeared to a first cousin at Penryn, and the same night to his brother at Appleby. I have no particular faith in Ghosts, but this I do most firmly believe, that if any Body had the Spirit to do the distance, in the time, it was the very Spirit of my Step-father Walker



FOUR INSIDE.

CONVEYANCING.

O, LONDON is the place for all
In love with loco-motion !
Still to and fro the people go
Like billows of the ocean ;
Machine or man, or caravan,
Can all be had for paying,
When great estates, or heavy weights,
Or bodies want conveying.

There's always hacks about in packs,
Wherein you may be shaken,
And Jarvis is not always *drunk*,
Tho' always *overtaken* ;
In racing tricks he'll never mix,
His nags are in their last days,
And *slow* to go, altho' they show
As if they had their *fast days* !

Then if you like a single horse,
This age is quite a *cab-age*,
A car not quite so small and light
As those of our Queen *Mab* age ;

The horses have been *broken well*,
All danger is rescinded,
For some have *broken both their knees*
And some are *broken winded*.

If you've a friend at Chelsea end,
The stages are worth knowing—
There is a sort, we call 'em short,
Although the longest going—
For some will stop at Hatchett's shop
Till you grow faint and sicky,
Perched up behind, at last to find,
Your dinner is all *dickey* !

Long stages run from every yard ;
But if you're wise and frugal,
You'll never go with any Guard
That plays upon the bugle,
" Ye banks and braes," and other lays
And duties everlasting,
Like miners going all your way,
With *boring* and with *blasting*.

Instead of *journeys*, people now
 May go upon a *Gurney*,
 With steam to do the horses' work,
 By *powers of attorney* ;
 Tho' with a load it may explode,
 And you may all be *un-done* !
 And find you're going *up to Heav'n*,
 Instead of *up to London* !

To speak of every kind of coach,
 It is not my intention ;
 But there is still one vehicle
 Deserves a little mention ;

The world a sage has call'd a stage,
 With all its living lumber,
 And Malthus swears it always bears
 Above the proper number.

The law will transfer house or land
 For ever and a day hence,
 For lighter things, watch, brooches,
 rings,
 You'll never want conveyance ;
 Ho ! stop the thief ! my handkerchief !
 It is no sight for laughter—
 Away it goes, and leaves my nose
 To join in running after !



VAN DEMON'S LAND.

A LETTER FROM A SETTLER FOR LIFE IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

To Mary, at No. 45 Mount Street Grosvenor Square.

Dear Mary

Littel did I Think wen I advertisd in the Tims for annother Plaice of taking wan in Vandemin's land. But so it his and hear I am amung Kangerooses and Savidges and other Forriners. But goverment offering to Yung Wimmin to Find them in Vittles and Drink

and Close and Husbands was turns not to be sneezed at, so I rit to the Outlandish Seckertary and he was so Kind as Grant.

Wen this cums to Hand go to Number 22 Pimpernel Plaice And mind and go betwixt Six and sevin For your own Sake cos then the fammilys Having Diner give my kind love to betty Housmad and Say I am safe of my Journey to Forrin parts And I hope master as never Mist the wine and brought Them into trubble on My accounts. But I did not Like to leav for Ever And Ever without treeting my Friends and feller servents and Drinking to all their fairwells. In my Flury wen the Bell rung I forgot to take My own Key out of missis Tekaddy but I hope sum wan had the thought And it is in Good hands but shall Be obleeged to no. Lickwise thro my Loness of Sperrits my lox of Hares quite went out of My Hed as was prommist to Be giv to Gorge and Willum and the too Futmen at the too Next dores But I hop and Trust betty pacifid them with lox of Her hone as I begd to Be dun wen I rit Her from dover. O Mary wen I furst see the dover Wite cliffs out of site wat with squemishnes and Felings I all most repentid givin England warning And had douts if I was goin to better my self. But the stewerd was verry kind tho I could make Him no returns xcept by Dustin the ship for Him And helpin to wash up his dishes. Their was 50 moor Young Wimmin of us and By way of passing tim We agreed to tell our Histris of our selves taken by Turns But they all turned out Alick we had All left on account of Testacious masters And crustacious Mississis and becos the Wurks was to much For our Strenths but betwixt yew and Me the reel truths was beeing Flirted with and unprommist by Perfidus yung men. With sich exampils befour there Minds I wunder sum of them was unprudent enuff to Lissen to the Salers whom are coverd with Pitch but famus for Not stiking to there Wurds. has for Me the Mate chose to be verry Partickler wan nite Setting on a Skane of Rops but I giv Him is Anser and lucky I did for Am infourmd he as Got too more Marred Wives in a state of Biggamy thank Goodness wan can marry in new Wurlds without mates. Since I have bean in My pressent Sitation I have had between too and three offers for My Hands and expex them Evry day to go to fisticufs about Me this is sum thing lick treeting Wimmin as Wimmin ought to be treetid Nun of your sarsy Buchers and Backers as brakes there Prommissis the sam as Pi Crust wen its maid Lite and shivvry And then laffs in Your face and say they can hav anny Gal they lick round the Square. I dont menshun nams but Eddard as drives the Fancy bred will no Wat I mean. As soon as ever the Botes rode to Land I dont agravate the Truth to say their was haf a duzzin Bows apeace to Hand us out to shoar and sum go so Far as say they was offered to thro Specking Trumpits afore they left the Shipside. Be that as it May or may Not I am tould We maid a Verry pritty site all Wauking too and too in our bridle wite Gownds with the Union Jacks afore Us to pay humbel Respex to kernel Arther who behaved verry Gentle-manny and Complementid us on our Hansom apearances and Pur-

litlely sed he Wisht us All in the United States. The Salers was so gallaunt as giv three chears wen We left there Ship and sed if so be they had not Bean without Canons they Wood have salutid as all round. Servents mite live Long enuff in Lonnon without Being sich persons of Distinkshun. For my hone Part, cumming amung strangers and Pig in Pokes, prudence Dicktatid not to be askt out At the verry furst cumming in howsumever All is setteld And the match is aproved off by Kernel Arther and the Brightish government, who as agreed to giv me away. thems wat I call Honners as we used to Say at wist. Wan thing in My favers was my voice and my noing the song of the Plane Gould Ring with the Van Demons had never Herd afore I wood recummend all as meens cumming to Bring as menny of the fashingable Songs and Ballets as they Can—and to get sum nolliges of music as fortunately for me I was Abel to by meens of praxtising on Missis Piney Forty wen the fammily Was at ramsagit. of Coarse you and betty Will xpect Me to indulge in Pearsonallitis about my intendid to tell Yew wat he is lick he is Not at All lick Eddard as driv the Fancy bred and Noboddy else yew No. I wood send yew His picter Dun by himself only its no more lick Him then Chork is to Cheas. In spit of the Short Tim for Lav to take Roots I am convinst he is verry Passionet of coarse As to his temper I cant Speek As yet as I hav not Tride it. O mary littel did I think too Munth ago of sending yew Brid Cake and Weddin favers wen I say this I am only Figgering in speach for Yew must Not look for sich Things from this Part of the Wurd I dont mean this by Way of discourridgement Wat I meen to say is this If so be Yung Wimmin prefers a state of Silly Bessy they Had better remane ware they was Born but as far as Reel down rite Coarting and no nonsens is concernd This is the Plaiice for my Munny a Gal has only to cum out hear And theirs duzzens will jump at her like Cox at Gusberrie. it will Be a reel kindnes to say as Much to Hannah at 48 and Hester Brown and Peggy Oldfield and partickler poor Charlotte they needent Fear about being Plane for Yew may tell Them in this land Faces dont make stumblin Blox and if the Hole cargo was as ugly As sin Lots wood git marrid. Deer Mary if so Be you feel disposed to cum Out of Your self I will aford evry Falicity towards your hapiness. I dont want to hurt your Felines but since the Cotchman as giv yew up I dont think Yew have annother String to your Bo to say nothink of Not being so young As yew was Ten Yeer ago and faces Will ware out as well as scrubbin brushes. theirs a verry nice yung man is quit a Willin to offer to Yew providid you cum the verry Next vessele for He has Maid up his mind not to Wait beyond the Kupid and Sikey. as the ship is on the Pint of Saling I cant rite Moor at pressent xcept for them has as shily shalying sweat harts to Thretten with cumming to Vandemins And witch will soon sho wether its Cubbard love or true Love I hav seen Enuff of Bows dropping in at supertime and falling out the next morning after borrowin Wans wags. Wen yew see anny Friends giv my Distant love to Them and say My being Gone to annother wurd dont impear

my Memmery but I often Thinks of Number 22 and the two Next
Dores. yew may Disclose my matterymonial Prospex to betty as we
hav always had a Deal of Confidens. And I remane with the Gratest
asurance Your affexionat Frend

Susan Gale—as his to be Simco.

P.S. Deer mary my Furst Match beeing broke off short hope Yew
will not take it Ill but I have Marrid the yung Man as was to Hav
waited for Yew but As yew hav never seen one Annother trusts yew
will Not take Him to hart or abraze by Return of Postesses he has
behaved Perfickly honnerable And has got a verry United frend of his
Hone to be atacht to Yew in lew of Him. adew.



RING-BOY.

SONNET.

Allegory.—A moral vehicle.—DICTIONARY.

I HAD a Gig-Horse, and I called him Pleasure,
Because on Sundays, for a little jaunt,
He was so fast and showy, quite a treasure ;
Although he sometimes kicked, and shied *salant*.
I had a Chaise, and christen'd it Enjoyment,
With yellow body, and the wheels of red,
Because 'twas only used for one employment,
Namely, to go wherever Pleasure led.
I had a wife, her nickname was Delight ;
A son called Frolic, who was never still :
Alas ! how often dark succeeds to bright !
Delight was thrown, and Frolic had a spilt,
Enjoyment was upset and shattered quite,
And Pleasure fell a splitter on *Paine's Hill* !

A SERIO-COMIC REMINISCENCE.

It seems but the other day—instead of nearly ten years ago—that my drawing-room door opened, and the female servant, with a very peculiar expression of countenance, announced a memorable visitor. Shakspeare has inquired “What is there in a name?” But most assuredly he would have withdrawn the question could he have seen the effect of a patronymic on our Sarah’s risible muscles. To render the phenomenon more striking, she was a maiden little addicted to the merry mood: on the contrary, she was rather more sedate than her age warranted. Her face was of a cast decidedly serious—quiet brow—steady eyes—sober nose—precise mouth, and solemn chin, which she doubled by drawing it in demurely against her neck. The habitual expression of her physiognomy was as grave, short of actual sadness, as human face could assume, reminding you of those set, solid, composed, very decorous visages, that indifferent persons put on for the day at a funeral: her very complexion was uniformly colourless—pale yet not clear—that *slack-baked* look which forbids the idea of levity. When she smiled, which was rarely, and in cases where most females of her years would have indulged in a titter, or excusable laugh, it was the faintest possible approach to hilarity—the corners of her mouth curving, if anything, a little downwards. Nothing, in fact, less than galvanism, which “sets corpses a-grinning,” seemed likely to shock her features into any broad demonstration of jocularity, and yet, lo! there she was, her face shortened by half its length—her mouth stretching from ear to ear, and hardly able, for a suppressed giggle, to articulate its brief announcement.

I have always considered the above physiological miracle—the lighting up of that seemingly impracticable countenance—as the best criticism I have ever *seen* of the performances of the great Pan of Pantomime:

—a most eloquent retrospective review of the triumphs of his genius.



PLEASE, SIR! HERE'S MR. GRIMALDI!!!!

It was a glorious illustration of the Pleasures of Memory, to behold that face so like the sea in a dead calm on a dull day burst suddenly into ripples and radiance, like the brook that laughs in the sun. What recollections of exquisite fooling must have rushed into her fancy to convert that Quakerly maiden, as by a stage metamorphosis, into a perfect figure of fun! What grotesque fantastic shapes must have come tumbling, rolling, crawling, dangling, dancing, prancing, floundering, flopping, striding, sliding, ambling, shambling, scrambling, stumbling, bundling, and trundling into her mind's eye, to so startle her features from their propriety! What face-making faces, with telegraphic brows—rolling, reeling, goggling, ogling, hard-winking, and soft-blinking eyes—and grinning, gaping, pinching, puckering mouths must have grimaced at her to put her steady countenance so out of countenance! What is there in a name? Why magic! A serious, quiet, decrepid man had but to announce himself, and Presto! Prestissimo! before an engineer could cry "Ease her! stop her! back her!" our Sarah had retraced her course up the stream of time to the bright wintry gallery nights at the Lane, or the Garden, or the Midsummer Night's Dream at the Wells. Talk of magnetizers! when did Baron Dupotet, or any of his sect, without pass or manipulation, thus throw a sedate orderly maiden, into an ecstasy, and set her looking through the back of her head at the pantomimical experiences of the past? Talk of Laughing Gas! when was there a facetious fluid so potent that the mere sight of the empty bottle—for such, alas! the ex-clown was become—could throw the ticklesome muscles into merry convulsions?

I have often speculated since on Sarah's deportment, when, having ushered "Mr. Grimaldi, alias Joe," into the drawing-room, she returned to her kitchen. Of course, in the first flutter and frisk of her animal spirits, she postponed all domestic duties; or, at best, obliviously broke the eggs into the flower-tub, popped the lump of butter into the oven, and secured the rolling-pin in the safe. More probably she dropped herself into the first chair that offered; and throwing her apron over her head to shut out the daylight, indulged in a lamplight vision of the drolleries of Mother Goose, or the Sleeping Beauty; when the frolics of funny Joe had cheated her for awhile of the sorrows of servitude, low wages, a crustaceous mistress, a *perfidus* young man, and a hard place, with perhaps the bodily pains of a recent scald, a bad bruise, and tight shoes. No doubt it had been one of her wishes, born of wonder and curiosity, to see the popular Motley off the stage "in his habit as he lived;" and lo! beyond her hope, she had met him face to face without his paint, and been on speaking terms with that marvelous voice, so sparingly heard, even on the stage.

For my own part, I confess to have been somewhat unsettled as well as the bewildered maid by pantomimical associations. Slowly and seriously as my visitor advanced, and with a decided stoop, I could not forget that I had seen the same personage come in with two odd eyebrows, a pair of right-and-left eyes, a wry nose, a crooked

mouth, two wrong arms, two left legs, and a free and easy body without a bone in it, or apparently any centre of gravity. I was half-prepared to hear that rare voice break forth smart as the smack of a waggoner's whip, or richly thick and chuckling, like the utterance of a boy laughing, talking, and eating custard, all at once, but a short interval sufficed to dispel the pleasant illusion, and convinced me that the Grimaldi was a total wreck.

"Alas! how changed from him,
The life of humour, and the soul of whim."

The lustre of his bright eye was gone—his eloquent face was passive and looked thrown out of work—and his frame was bowed down by no feigned decrepitude. His melancholy errand to me related to a Farewell Address, which at the invitation of his staunch friend Miss Kelly—for it did not require a request—I had undertaken to indite. He pleaded earnestly that it might be brief, being, he said, "a bad study," as well as distrustful of his bodily strength. Of his sufferings he spoke with a sad but resigned tone, expressed deep regret at quitting a profession he delighted in, and partly attributed the sudden breaking down of his health to the superior size of one particular stage which required of him a jump extra in getting off. That additional bound, like the bittock at the end of a Scotch mile, had, he thought, overtasked his strength. His whole deportment and conversation impressed me with the opinion that he was a simple, sensible, warm-hearted being, such indeed as he appears in his Memoirs—a Joseph after Parson Adams's own heart. We shook hands heartily, parted, and I never saw him again. He was a rare practical humorist, and I never look into Rabelais with its huge-mouthed Gargantua and his enormous appetite for "plenty of links, chitterlings, and puddings, in their season," without thinking that in Grimaldi and *his* pantomime I have lost my best set of illustrations of that literary extravaganza.

EPICUREAN REMINISCENCES OF A SENTIMENTALIST.

My Tables! Meat it is, I set it down!"—HAMLET.

I THINK it was Spring—but not certain I am—
When my passion began first to work;
But I know we were certainly looking for lamb,
And the season was over for pork.

'Twas at Christmas, I think, when I met with Miss Chase,
Yes,—for Morris had asked me to dine,—
And I thought I had never beheld such a face,
Or so noble a turkey and chine.

Placed close by her side, it made others quite wild,
With sheer envy to witness my luck ;
How she blushed as I gave her some turtle, and smil'd
As I afterwards offered some duck.

I looked and I languished, alas, to my cost,
Through three courses of dishes and meats ;
Getting deeper in love—but my heart was quite lost,
When it came to the trifle and sweets !

With a rent-roll that told of my houses and land,
To her parents I told my designs—
And then to herself I presented my hand,
With a very fine pottle of pines !

I asked her to have me for weal or for woe,
And she did not object in the least ;—
I can't tell the date—but we married, I know,
Just in time to have game at the feast.

We went to——, it certainly was the sea-side ;
For the next, the most blessed of morns,
I remember how fondly I gazed at my bride,
Sitting down to a plateful of prawns.

O never may mem'ry lose sight of that year,
But still hallow the time as it ought,
That season the "grass" was remarkably dear,
And the peas at a guinea a quart

So happy, like hours, all our days seem'd to haste,
A fond pair, such as poets have drawn,
So united in heart—so congenial in taste,
We were both of us partial to brawn !

A long life I looked for of bliss with my bride,
But then Death—I ne'er dreamt about that !
Oh there's nothing is certain in life, as I cried,
When my turbot eloped with the cat !

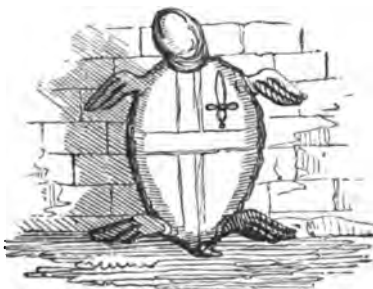
My dearest took ill at the turn of the year,
But the cause no physician could nab ;
But something it seem'd like consumption, I fear,
It was just after supping on crab.

In vain she was doctor'd, in vain she was dosed,
 Still her strength and her appetite pined ;
 She lost relish for what she had relish'd the most,
 Even salmon she deeply declin'd !

For months still I linger'd in hope and in doubt,
 While her form it grew wasted and thin ;
 But the last dying spark of existence went out,
 As the oysters were just coming in !

She died, and she left me the saddest of men
 To indulge in a widower's moan,
 Oh, I felt all the power of solitude then,
 As I ate my first natives alone !

But when I beheld Virtue's friends in their cloaks,
 And with sorrowful crape on their hats,
 O my grief poured a flood ! and the out-of-door folks
 Were all crying—I think it was sorats !



"THE CITY REMEMBRANCE."

SAINT MARK'S EVE.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

"THE Devil choke thee with un !"—as Master Giles the Yeoman said this, he banged down a hand, in size and colour like a ham, on the old-fashioned oak table ;—"I do say the Devil choke thee with un !"

The Dame made no reply :—she was choking with passion and a fowl's liver—the original cause of the dispute. A great deal has been said and sung of the advantage of congenial tastes amongst married people, but true it is, the variances of our Kentish couple arose from this very coincidence in gusto. They were both fond of the little

delicacy in question, but the Dame had managed to secure the morsel for herself, and this was sufficient to cause a storm of very high words,—which properly understood, signifies very low language. Their mealtimes seldom passed over without some contention of the sort,—as sure as the knives and forks clashed, so did they—being in fact equally greedy and disagreeed—and when they did pick a quarrel they picked it to the bone.

It was reported, that on some occasions they had not even contented themselves with hard speeches, but that they had come to scuffling—he taking to boxing, and she to pinching—though in a far less amicable manner than is practised by the takers of snuff. On the present difference, however, they were satisfied with “wishing each other dead with all their hearts—” and there seemed little doubt of the sincerity of the aspiration, on looking at their malignant faces,—for they made a horrible picture in this frame of mind.



BOXER AND PINCHER.

Now it happened that this quarrel took place on the morning of St. Mark,—a Saint who was supposed on that Festival to favour his Votaries with a peep into the Book of Fate. For it was the popular belief in those days, that if a person should keep watch towards midnight, beside the church, the apparitions of all those of the parish who were to be taken by Death before the next anniversary, would be seen entering the porch. The Yeoman, like his neighbours, believed most devoutly in this superstition—and in the very moment that he breathed the unseemly aspiration aforesaid, it occurred to him, that the Even was at hand, when by observing the rite of St. Mark, he might know to a certainty whether this unchristian wish was to be one of those that bear fruit. Accordingly, a little before midnight he stole quietly out of the house, and in something of a Sexton-like spirit set forth on his way to the Church.

In the mean time the Dame called to mind the same ceremonial; and having the like motive for curiosity with her husband, she also put on her cloak and calash, and set out, though by a different path, on the same errand.

The night of the Saint was as dark and chill as the mysteries he was supposed to reveal, the moon throwing but a short occasional glance, as the sluggish masses of cloud were driven slowly across her face. Thus it fell out that our two adventurers were quite unconscious

if being in company, till a sudden glimpse of moonlight showed them to each other, only a few yards apart; both, through a natural panic, as pale as Ghosts, and both making eagerly towards the church porch. Much as they had just wished for this vision, they could not help quaking and stopping on the spot, as if turned to a pair of tombstones, and in this position the dark again threw a sudden curtain over them, and they disappeared from each other.

It will be supposed the two came only to one conclusion, each conceiving that St. Mark had marked the other to himself. With this comfortable knowledge, the widow and widower elect hied home again by the roads they came; and as their custom was to sit apart after a quarrel, they repaired, each ignorant of the other's excursion, to separate chambers.



SECOND SIGHT

By and by, being called to supper, instead of sulking as aforetime, they came down together, each being secretly in the best humour, though mutually suspected of the worst: and amongst other things on the table, there was a calf's sweetbread, being one of those very dainties that had often set them together by the ears. The Dame looked and longed, but she refrained from its appropriation, thinking within herself that she could give up sweetbreads *for one year*: and the Farmer made a similar reflection. After pushing the dish to and fro several times, by a common impulse they divided the treat; and then, having supped, they retired amicably to rest, whereas until then, they had never gone to bed without falling out. The truth was, each looked upon the other, as being already in the church-yard mould, or quite "moulded to their wish."

On the morrow, which happened to be the Dame's birth-day, the Farmer was the first to wake, and *knowing what he knew*, and having besides but just roused himself out of a dream strictly confirmatory of the late vigil, he did not scruple to salute his wife, and wish her many happy returns of the day. The wife, *who knew as much as he*, very readily wished him the same, having in truth but just rubbed out of her eyes the pattern of a widow's bonnet, that had been submitted to

her in her sleep. She took care, however, to give the fowl's liver at dinner to the doom'd man, considering that when he was dead and gone, she could have them, if she pleased, seven days in the week ; and the Farmer, on his part, took care to help her to many tid-bits. Their feeling towards each other was that of an impatient host with regard to an unwelcome guest, showing scarcely a bare civility while in expectation of his stay, but overloading him with hospitality, when made certain of his departure.

In this manner they went on for some six months, and though without any addition of love between them, and as much selfishness as ever, yet living in a subservience to the comforts and inclinations of each other, sometimes not to be found even amongst couples of sincerer affections.

There were as many causes for quarrel as ever, but every day it became less worth while to quarrel ; so letting by-gones be by-gones, they were indifferent to the present, and thought only of the future, considering each other (to adopt a common phrase) "*as good as dead.*"

Ten months wore away, and the Farmer's birth-day arrived in its turn. The Dame, who had passed an uncomfortable night, having dreamt, in truth, that she did not much like herself in mourning, saluted him as soon as the day dawned, and with a sigh wished him many years to come. The Farmer repaid her in kind, the sigh included ; his own visions having been of the painful sort, for he had dreamt of having a headache from wearing a black hatband, and the malady still clung to him when awake. The whole morning was spent in silent meditation and melancholy on both sides, and when dinner came, although the most favourite dishes were upon the table, they could not eat. The Farmer, resting his elbows upon the board, with his face between his hands, gazed wistfully on his wife,—scooping her eyes, as it were, out of their sockets, stripping the flesh off her cheeks, and in fancy converting her whole head into a mere *Caput Mortuum*. The Dame, leaning back in her high arm-chair, regarded the Yeoman quite as ruefully,—by the same process of imagination picking his sturdy bones, and bleaching his ruddy visage to the com-



"LET BY-GONES BE BY-GONES."

plexion of a plaster cast. Their minds travelling in the same direction, and at an equal rate, arrived together at the same reflection ; but the Farmer was the first to give it utterance :

"Thee'd be miss'd, Dame, if thee were to die!"

The Dame started. Although she had nothing but Death at that moment before her eyes, she was far from dreaming of her own exit, and at this rebound of her thoughts against herself, she felt as if an extra cold coffin-plate had been suddenly nailed on her chest ; recovering, however, from the first shock, her thoughts flowed into their old channel, and she retorted in the same spirit :—"I wish, Master, thee may live so long as I!"

The Farmer, in his own mind, wished to live rather longer ; for, at the utmost, he considered that his wife's bill of mortality had but two months to run. The calculation made him sorrowful ; during the last few months she had consulted his appetite, bent to his humour, and dove-tailed her own inclinations into his, in a manner that could never be supplied ; and he thought of her, if not in the language, at least in the spirit of the Lady in Lalla Rookh—

"I never taught a bright Gazelle
To watch me with its dark black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!"

His wife, from being at first useful to him, had become agreeable, and at last dear ; and as he contemplated her approaching fate, he could not help thinking out audibly, "that he should be a lonesome man when she was gone." The Dame, this time, heard the survivorship foreboded without starting ; but she marvelled much at what she thought the infatuation of a doom'd man. So perfect was her faith in the infallibility of St. Mark, that she had even seen the symptoms of mortal disease, as palpable as plague spots, on the devoted Yeoman. Giving his body up, therefore, for lost, a strong sense of duty persuaded her, that it was imperative on her, as a Christian, to warn the unsuspecting Farmer of his dissolution. Accordingly, with a solemnity adapted to the subject, a tenderness of recent growth, and a Memento Mori face, she broached the matter in the following question—"Master, how bee'st?"

"As hearty, Dame, as a buck,"—the Dame shook her head,—"*and I wish thee the like,*"—at which he shook his head himself.

A dead silence ensued :—the Farmer was as unprepared as ever.—There is a great fancy for breaking the truth by dropping it gently,—an experiment which has never answered any more than with Iron-stone China. The Dame felt this, and thinking it better to throw the news at her husband at once, she told him in as many words, that he was a dead man.

It was now the Yeoman's turn to be staggered. By a parallel course of reasoning, he had just wrought himself up to a similar disclosure, and the Dame's death-warrant was just ready upon his tongue, when he met with his own despatch, signed, sealed, and delivered.

Conscience instantly pointed out the oracle from which she had derived the omen, and he turned as pale as "the pale of society"—the colourless complexion of late hours.

St. Martin had numbered his years ; and the remainder days seemed discounted by St. Thomas. Like a criminal cast to die, he doubted if the die was cast, and appealed to his wife :—

"Thee hast watch'd, Dame, at the church porch, then?"

"Ay, Master."

"And thee didst see me spirituously?"

"In the brown wrap, with the boot hose. Thee were coming to the church, by Fairthorn Gap ; in the while I were coming by the Holly Hedge."—For a minute the Farmer paused—but the next, he burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter ;—peal after peal—and each higher than the last,—according to the hysterical gamut of the hyæna. The poor woman had but one explanation for this phenomenon—she thought it a delirium—a lightening before death, and was beginning to wring her hands, and lament, when she was checked by the merry Yeoman :—

"Dame, thee bee'st a fool. It was I myself thee seed at the Church porch. I seed thee too,—with a notice to quit upon thy face—but, thanks to God, thee beest a-living, and that is more than I cared to say of thee this day ten-month!"

The Dame made no answer. Her heart was too full to speak, but throwing her arms round her husband, she showed that she shared in his sentiment. And from that hour, by practising a careful abstinence from offence, or a temperate sufferance of its appearance, they became the most united couple in the county,—but it must be said, that their comfort was not complete till they had seen each other, in safety, over the perilous anniversary of St. Mark's Eve.



BEAR AND FOR-BEAR.

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

"Double, single, and the rub."—HOMER.

"This, this is Solitude."—BYRON.

I.

WELL, I confess, I did not guess
A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all womenkind
Such unkind women now!
They need not, sure, as *distant* be
As Java or Japan,—
Yet every Miss reminds me this—
I'm not a single man!

II.

Once they made choice of my bass
voice
To share in each duett;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
To stand in every set:
They now declare I cannot sing,
And dance on Bruin's plan;
Me draw—me paint!—meanwhile!—
I'm not a single man!

III.

Once I was asked advice, and task'd
What works to buy or not,
And "would I read that passage out
I so admired in Scott?"
They then could bear to hear one read,
But if I now began,
How they would snub, "My pretty
page,"
I'm not a single man!

IV.

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hemmed a frill;
I had more purses netted then
Than I could hold to fill.
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can—
My buttons then were Bachelor's,—
I'm not a single man!

V.

Oh how they hated politics
Thrust on me by papa:
But now my chat—they all leave that
To entertain mama.
Mama, who praises her own self,
Instead of Jane or Ann,
And lays "her girls" upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man!

VI.

Ah me, how strange it is the charge,
In parlour and in hall,
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call
If they had hair in papers once,
Bolt up the stairs they ran;
They now sit still in dishabille—
I'm not a single man!

VII.

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond
Of Romans and of Greeks;
She daily sought my cabinet,
To study my antiques.
Well, now she doesn't care a dump
For ancient pot or pan,
Her taste at once is modernized—
I'm not a single man!

VIII.

My spouse is fond of homely life,
And all that sort of thing;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring:
And yet each Miss to whom I come,
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign, I can't divine,—
I'm not a single man!

IX.

Go where I will, I but intrude,
I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
Or Hervey at his Tombs.
From head to heel, they make me feel,
Of quite another clan;
Compelled to own, though left alone,
I'm not a single man!

X.

Miss Towne the toast, though she can
boast
A nose of Roman line,
Will turn up even that in scorn
Of compliments of mine:
She should have seen that I have been
Her sex's partisan,
And really married all I could—
I'm not a single man!

XI.

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
 Whilst I rejected stand,—
 Will no one take my arm because
 They cannot have my hand?
 Miss Parry, that for some would go
 A trip to Hindostan,
 With me don't care to mount a stair—
 I'm not a single man!

XII.

Some change, of course, should be in
 force,
 But, surely, not so much—
 There may be hands I may not squeeze,
 But must I never touch?—
 Must I forbear to hand a chair
 And not pick up a fan?
 But I have been myself picked up—
 I'm not a single man!

XIII.

Others may hint a lady's tint
 Is purest red and white—
 May say her eyes are like the skies,
 So very blue and bright,—
 I must not say that she *has eyes*
 Or if I so began,
 I have my fears about my ears,—
 I'm not a single man!

XIV.

I must confess I did not guess
 A simple marriage vow,
 Would make me find all women-kind
 Such unkind women now;—
 I might be hash'd to death, or smash'd,
 By Mr. Pickford's van,
 Without, I fear, a single tear
 I'm not a single man!



A BACHELOR OF HEARTS.

A GREENWICH PENSIONER

Is a sort of stranded marine animal, that the receding tide of life has left high and dry on the shore. He pines for his element like a Sea Bear, and misses his briny washings and wettings. What the ocean could not do, the land does, for it makes him sick: he cannot digest properly unless his body is rolled and tumbled about like a barrel-churn. Terra firma is good enough he thinks to touch at for wood and water, but nothing more. There is no wind he swears ashore—every day of his life is a dead calm,—a thing above all others

he detests—he would like it better for an occasional earthquake. Walk he cannot, the ground being so still and steady that he is puzzled to keep his legs; and ride he will not, for he disdains a craft whose rudder is forward and not astern.

Inland scenery is his especial aversion. He despises a tree “before the mast,” and would give all the singing birds of Creation for a Boatswain’s whistle. He hates prospects, but enjoys retrospects. An old boat, a stray anchor, or decayed mooring ring, will set him dreaming for hours. He splices sea and land ideas together. He reads of “shooting off a tie at Battersea,” and it reminds him of a ball carrying away his own pigtail. “Canvassing for a situation,” recalls running with all sails set for a station at Aboukir. He has the advantage of our Economists as to the “Standard of Value,” knowing it to be the British ensign. The announcement of “an arrival of foreign vessels, with our ports open,” claps him into a Paradise of prize money, with Poll of the *Pint*. He wonders sometimes at “petitions to be discharged from the Fleet,” but sympathises with those in the Marshalsea Court, as subject to a Sea Court Martial. Finally, try him even in the learned languages, by asking him for the meaning of “Georgius Rex,” and he will answer, without hesitation, “The wrecks of the Royal George.”



A GREENWICH PENSIONER.



ENJOYING THE "TAILS OF MY LANDLORD."

THE BURNING OF THE LOVE LETTER.

"Sometimes they were put to the proof, by what was called the *Fiery Ordeal*."—
HIST. ENG.

No morning ever seemed so long!—
I tried to read with all my might!
In my left hand "My Landlord's
Tales,"
And threepence ready in my right.

'Twas twelve at last—my heart beat
high!—
The Postman rattled at the door!—
And just upon her road to church,
I dropt the "Bride of Lammermoor!"

I seized the note—I flew up stairs—
Flung—to the door, and lock'd me in—

With panting haste I tore the seal—
And kiss'd the B in Benjamin!

'Twas full of love—to rhyme with
dove—
And all that tender sort of thing—
Of sweet and meet—and heart and
dart—
But not a word about a ring!—

In doubt I cast it in the flame,
And stood to watch the latest spark—
And saw the love all end in smoke—
Without a Parson and a Clerk!

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

THE DILEMMA.

Read! it's very easy to say read.—THE BURGOMASTER.

I have trusted to a read.—OLD PROVERB.

"How!—Cotch!—Co-ach!—Coachy!—Coachee!—hullo!—hulloo.—woh!—wo-hoay!—wough-hoaciouy!"—for the last cry was a waterman's, and went all through the vowels.

The Portsmouth Rocket pulled up, and a middle-aged, domestic-looking woman, just handsome enough for a plain cook at an ordinary, was deposited on the dickey; two trunks, three handboxes, a bundle, and a hand-basket, were stowed in the hind boot. "This is where I'm to go to," she said to the guard, putting into his hand a slip of paper. The guard took the paper, looked hard at it, right side upwards, then upside down, and then he looked at the back; he in the mean time seemed to examine the consistency of the fabric between his finger and thumb; he approached it to his nose as if to smell out its meaning; I even thought that he was going to try the sense of it by tasting, when, by a sudden jerk, he gave the label with its direction to the winds, and snatching up his key-bugle began to play "O where, and O where," with all his breath.

I defy the metaphysicians to explain by what vehicle I travelled to the conclusion that the guard could not read, but I felt as morally sure of it as if I had examined him in his a—b—ab. It was a prejudice not very liberal; but yet it clung to me, and fancy persisted in sticking a dunce's cap on his head. Shakspeare says that "he who runs may read," and I had seen him run a good shilling's worth after an umbrella that dropped from the coach; it was a presumptuous opinion therefore to form, but I formed it notwithstanding—that he was a perfect stranger to all those booking-offices where the clerks are schoolmasters. Morally speaking, I had no earthly right to clap an ideal Saracen's Head on his shoulders; but, for the life of me, I could not persuade myself that he had more to do with literature than the Blue Boar.

Women are naturally communicative: after a little while the female in the dicky brought up, as a military man would say, her reserve, and entered into recitative with the guard during the pauses of the key-bugle. She informed him in the course of conversation, or rather dicky gossip, that she was an invaluable servant, and, as such, had been bequeathed by a deceased master to the care of one of his relatives at Putney, to exert her vigilance as a housekeeper, and to overlook every thing for fifty pounds a year. "Such places," she remarked, "is not to be found every day in the year."

The last sentence was prophetic!

"If it's Putney," said the guard, "it's the very place we're going

through. Hold hard, Tom, the young woman wants to get down." Tom immediately pulled up; the young woman did get down, and her two trunks, three handboxes, her bundle, and her hand-basket, were ranged round her. "I've had a very pleasant ride," she said, giving the fare with a smirk and a curtsy to the coachman, "and am very much obliged,"—dropping a second curtsy to the guard,—“for other civilities. The boxes and things is quite correct, and won't give further trouble, Mr. Guard, except to be as good as pint out the house I'm going to.” The guard thus appealed to, for a moment stood all aghast; but at last his wits came to his aid, and he gave the following lesson in geography.

“You're all right—ourn a'n't a short stage, and can't go round setting people down at their own doors; but you're safe enough at Putney—don't be alarmed, my dear—you can't go out of it. It's all Putney, from the bridge we've just come over, to that windmill you almost can't see t'other side of the common.”

“But, Mr. Guard, I've never been in Putney before, and it seems a scrambling sort of a place. If the coach can't go round with me to the house, can't you stretch a pint and set me down in sight of it?”

“It's impossible—that's the sum total; this coach is timed to a minute, and can't do more for outsiders if they was all Kings of England.”

“I see how it is,” said the female, bridling up, while the coachman, out of patience, prepared to do quite the reverse; “some people are very civil, while some people are setting beside 'em in dickies; but give me the paper again, and I'll find my own ways.”

“It's chucked away,” said the guard, as the coach got into motion; “but just ask the first man you meet—anybody will tell you.”

“But I don't know who or where to ask for,” screamed the lost woman after the flying Rocket; “I can't read; but it was all down in the paper as is chucked away.”

A loud flourish of the bugle to the tune of “My Lodging is on the Cold Ground” was the only reply: and as long as the road remained straight, I could see “the Bewildered Maid” standing in the midst of her baggage, as forlorn as Eve, when, according to Milton,

“The world was all before her, where to choose
Her place—”



THE OPENING OF MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.



THE MOON IS ON THE WAIN.

THE APPARITION.

In the dead of the night, when, from beds that are turfy,
The spirits rise up on old cronies to call,
Came a shade from the Shades on a visit to Murphy,
Who had not foreseen such a visit at all.

“Don’t shiver and shake,” said the mild Apparition,
“I’m come to your bed with no evil design;
I’m the Spirit of Moore, Francis Moore the Physician,
Once great like yourself in the Almanack line.

Like you I was once a great prophet on weather,
And deem’d to possess a more prescient knack
Than dogs, frogs, pigs, cattle, or cats, all together,
The donkeys that bray, and the dillies that quack.

With joy, then, as ashes retain former passion,
I saw my old mantle lugg’d out from the shelf,
Turn’d, trimmed, and brush’d up, and again brought in fashion,
I seem’d to be almost reviving myself!

But, oh! from my joys there was soon a sad cantle—
As too many cooks make a mull of the broth—
To find that two Prophets were under my mantle,
And pulling two ways at the risk of the cloth.

Unless you would meet with an awkwardish tumble,
Oh! join like the Siamese twins in your jumps;
Just fancy if Faith on her Prophets should stumble,
The one in his clogs, and the other in pumps!

But think how the people would worship and wonder,
To find you "hail fellows, well met," in your hail,
In one tune with your rain, and your wind, and your thunder,
"Fore God," they would cry, "they are both in a tale!"

Consider the hint.



RATHER OUT IN THE WEATHER.

THE DISCOVERY.

"It's a nasty evening," said Mr. Dornton, the stockbroker, as he settled himself in the last inside place of the last Fulham coach, driven by our old friend Mat—an especial friend in need, be it remembered, to the fair sex.

"I wouldn't be outside," said Mr. Jones, another stockbroker, "for a trifle."

"Nor I, as a speculation in options," said Mr. Parsons, another frequenter of the Alley

"I wonder what Mat is waiting for," said Mr. Tidwell, "for we are full, inside and out."

Mr. Tidwell's doubt was soon solved,—the coach-door opened, and Mat somewhat ostentatiously inquired, what indeed he very well knew—"I believe every place is took up inside?"

"We're all here," answered Mr. Jones, on behalf of the usual complement of old stagers.

"I told you so, Ma'am," said Mat, to a female who stood beside him, but still leaving the door open to an invitation from within. However, nobody spoke—on the contrary, I felt Mr. Hindmarsh, my next neighbour, dilating himself like the frog in the fable.

"I don't know what I shall do," exclaimed the woman; "I've no where to go to, and it's raining cats and dogs!"

"You'd better not hang about, anyhow," said Mat, "for you may catch your death,—and I'm the last coach,—an't I, Mr. Jones?"

"To be sure you are," said Mr. Jones, rather impatiently; "shut the door."

"I told the lady the gentlemen couldn't make room for her," answered Mat, in a tone of apology,—*"I'm very sorry, my dear"* (turning towards the female), "you should have *my* seat, if you could hold the ribbons—but such a pretty one as you ought to have a coach of her own."

He began slowly closing the door.

"Stop, Mat, stop!" cried Mr. Dornton, and the door quickly unclosed again; "I can't give up my place, for I'm expected home to dinner; but if the lady wouldn't object to sit on my knees—"

"Not the least in the world," answered Mat, eagerly; "you won't object, will you, ma'am, for once in a way, with a married gentleman, and a wet night, and the last coach on the road?"

"If I thought I shouldn't uncommode," said the lady, precipitately furling her wet umbrella, which she handed in to one gentleman, whilst she favoured another with her muddy pattens. She then followed herself, Mat shutting the door behind her, in such a manner as to help her in. "I'm sure I'm obliged for the favour," she said, looking round; "but which gentleman was so kind?"

"It was I who had the pleasure of proposing, Madam," said Mr. Dornton; and before he pronounced the last word she was in his lap, with an assurance that she would sit as lightsome as she could. Both parties seemed very well pleased with the arrangement; but to judge according to the rules of Lavater, the rest of the company were but ill at ease. For my own part, I candidly confess I was equally out of humour with myself and the person who had set me such an example of gallantry. I, who had read the lays of the Troubadours—the awards of the old "Courts of Love,"—the lives of the "preux chevaliers"—the history of Sir Charles Grandison—to be outdone in courtesy to the sex by a married stockbroker! How I grudged him the honour she conferred upon him—how I envied his feelings!

I did not stand alone, I suspect, in this unjustifiable jealousy; Messrs. Jones, Hindmarsh, Tidwell, and Parsons, seemed equally disinclined to

forgive the chivalrous act which had, as true knights, lowered all our crests and blotted our scutcheons, and cut off our spurs. Many an unfair jibe was launched at the champion of the fair, and when he attempted to enter into conversation with the lady, he was interrupted by incessant questions of "What is stirring in the Alley?"—"What is doing in Dutch?"—"How are the Rentes?"

To all these questions Mr. Dornton incontinently returned business-like answers, according to the last Stock Exchange quotations; and he was in the middle of an elaborate enumeration, that so and so was very firm, and so and so very low, and this rather brisk, and that getting up, and operations, and fluctuations, and so forth, when somebody inquired about Spanish Bonds.

"They are looking up, *my dear*," answered Mr. Dornton, somewhat abstractedly; and before the other stockbrokers had done tittering the stage stopped. A bell was rung, and whilst Mat stood beside the open coach-door, a staid female in a calash and clogs, with a lantern in her hand, came clattering pompously down a front garden.

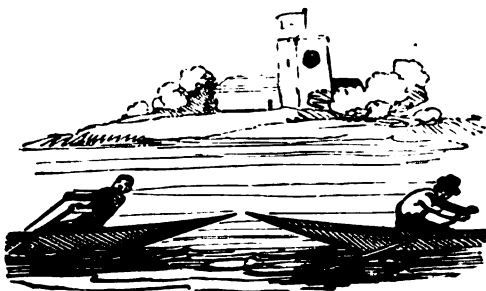
"Is Susan Pegge come?" inquired a shrill voice.

"Yes, I be," replied the lady who had been dry-nursed from town;—"are you, ma'am, number ten, Grove Place?"

"This is Mr. Dornton's," said the dignified woman in the hood, advancing her lantern,—“and—mercy on us! you're in master's lap!”

A shout of laughter from five of the inside passengers corroborated the assertion, and like a literal cat out of the bag, the *ci-devant* lady, forgetting her umbrella and her pattens, bolted out of the coach, and with feline celerity rushed up the garden, and down the area, of number ten.

"Renounce the woman!" said Mr. Dornton, as he scuttled out of the stage—"Why the devil didn't she tell me she was the new cook?"



AN UNEXPECTED MEETING



A DAY'S SPORT ON THE MOORS.

LITTLE O' P.—AN AFRICAN FACT.

It was July the First, and the great hill of Howth
 Was bearing by compass sow-west and by south,
 And the name of the ship was the Peggy of Cork,
 Well freighted with bacon and butter and pork
 Now, this ship had a captain, Macmorris by name,
 And little O'Patrick was mate of the same ;
 For Bristol they sail'd, but by nautical scope,
 They contrived to be lost by the Cape of Good Hope.
 Of all the Cork boys that the vessel could boast,
 Only little O'P. made a swim to the coast ;
 And when he revived from a sort of a trance,
 He saw a big Black with a very long lance.
 Says the savage, says he, in some Hottentot tongue,
 " Bash Kuku my gimmell bo gumborry bung ! "
 Then blew a long shell, to the fright of our elf,
 And down came a hundred as black as himself.
 They brought with them *guattul*, and pieces of *klam*,
 The first was like beef, and the second like lamb ;
 " Don't I know," said O'P., what the wretches are at ?
 " They're intending to eat me as soon as I'm fat ! "

In terror of coming to pan, spit, or pot,
 His rations of *jarbul* he suffer'd to rot ;
 He would not touch *purry* or *doolberry-lik*,
 But kept himself *growing* as thin as a stick.
 Though broiling the climate, and parching with drouth,
 He would not let *choberry* enter his mouth,
 But kick'd down the *krug* shell, tho' sweeten'd with *natt*,—
 " I an't to be pison'd the likes of a rat ! "
 At last the great *Joddry* got quite in a rage,
 And cried, " O mi pitticum dambally nage !
 The *choberry* take, and put back on the shelf,
 Or give me the *krug* shell, I'll drink it myself !
 The *doolberry-lik* is the best to be had,
 And the *purry* (I chew'd it myself) is not bad ;
 The *jarbul* is fresh, for I saw it cut out,
 And the *Bok* that it came from is grazing about.
 My *jumbo* ! but run off to Billery Nang,
 And tell her to put on her *jigger* and *tang*,
 And go with the *Bloss* to the man of the sea,
 And say that she comes as his *Wulwoul* from me."
 Now Billery Nang was as Black as a sweep,
 With thick curly hair like the wool of a sheep,
 And the moment he spied her, said little O'P.,
 " Sure the Divil is dead, and his Widow's at me ! "
 But when, in the blaze of her Hottentot charms,
 She came to accept him for life in her arms,
 And stretch'd her thick lips to a broad grin of love,
 A Raven preparing to bill like a Dove,
 With a soul full of dread he declined the grim bliss,
 Stopped her Molyneux arms, and eluded her kiss ;
 At last, fairly foiled, she gave up the attack,
 And *Joddry* began to look blacker than black ;
 " By Mumbo ! by Jumbo !—why here is a man,
 That won't be made happy do all that I can ;
 He will not be married, lodged, clad, and well fed,
 Let the *Rham* take his *shangwang* and chop off his head ! "

THE DEBUTANTE.

" INSIDE or out, ma'am ? " asked the coachman, as he stood civilly with the door in his hand.

" If you please, I'll try *in* first," answered the woman, poking in an umbrella before her, and then a pair of pattens,— " I'm not used to coaching, and don't think I could keep myself on the top."

In she came, and after some floundering, having first tried two gentlemen's laps, she found herself in the centre of the front seat, where

she composed herself, with something of the air of a Catherine Hayes, getting into a sledge for a trip to Tyburn. Except for her fear, which literally made a fright of her, I should have called her a pretty-looking woman,—but the faces she pulled were horrible. As the cad enclosed her luggage in the hind-boot with a smart slam, her features underwent an actual spasm; and I heard her whisper to herself, “something broke.” As she spoke thus, she started on her feet, and the horses doing the same thing at the same moment, the timid female found herself suddenly hugging the strange gentleman opposite, for which she excused herself by saying, “she wasn’t accustomed to be so carried away.”

Down she plumped again in her old place, but her physiognomy didn’t improve. She seemed in torture, as if broken, not upon one wheel, but upon four. Her eyes rolled, her eyebrows worked up and down, as if trying to pump out tears that wouldn’t come,—her lips kept going like a rabbit’s, though she had nothing to eat, and I fancied I could hear her grinding her teeth. Her hands, meanwhile, convulsively grasped a bundle on her lap, till something like orange-juice squeezed out between her fingers. When the coach went on one side, she clutched the arm of whichever of her neighbours sat highest, and at a *pinch* she laid hold of both. At last she suddenly turned pale, and somewhat hastily I suggested that she perhaps did not prefer to ride backwards.

“If it’s all the same to *you*, Sir, I should really be glad to change seats.”

The removal was effected, not without some difficulty, for she contrived to tread on all our feet, and hang on all our necks, before she could subside. It was managed, however, and there we sat again, vis-a-vis, if such a phrase may be used where one visage was opposed to visages innumerable; for if her face was her fortune, she screwed as much out of it as she could. She hardly needed to speak, but she did so after a short interval.

“I hope you’ll excuse, but I can’t ride forrards neither.”

“The air’s what you want, Ma’am,” said a stout gentleman in the corner.

“Yes, I think that *would* revive me,” said the female, with what the musicians call a veil’d voice, through her handkerchief.

“Let the lady out!” squealed a little man, who sat on her left, whilst a stout gentleman on her right, after looking in vain for a check-string, gave a pull at the corner of the skirt of a great-coat that hung over the window, almost pulling the owner off the roof. The Chronometer stopped.

“It’s the lady,” said the little man to the coachman, as the latter appeared at the door; “she wants to be inside out.”

“It’s as the gentleman says,” added the female; “I an’t quite myself, but I don’t want to affect the fare. You shan’t be any loser, for I’ll discharge in full.”

“There’s the whole dickey to yourself, Ma’am,” said the coachman, with something like a wink, and after some scuffling and scam

bling, we felt her seating herself on the "backgammon board" as if she never meant to be taken up.

"It seems ungallant," said the little man, as we got into motion again; "but I think women oughtn't to travel, particularly in what are called short stages, for they're certain to make them long ones. First of all, they have been told to make sure of the right coach, and they spell it all over, from 'Horne and Co.,' and 'licensed to carry,' to No. nine thousand, fourteen hundred and nine. Then they never believe the cads. If one cries 'Hackney,' they say 'that means Camberwell,' and I've had enough of getting into wrong stages. Then they have to ascertain it's the first coach, and when it will start exactly, and when they're sure of both points, they're to be hunted for in a pastry-cook's shop, and out of that into a fruiterer's. At last you think you have 'em,—but no such thing. All the luggage is to be put in under their own eyes,—there's a wrangle, of course, about that,—and when they're all ready, with one foot on the step, they've been told to make their bargain with the coachman before they get in."

"My own mother to a T," exclaimed the fat man; "she agreed with a fly-man, at Brighton, to convey her to the Devil's Dyke for twelve shillings; but when it came to setting off, she couldn't resist the spirit of haggling. Says she, 'What'll you take me to the Devil for, without the Dyke?'"

A loud scream interrupted any further illustration of female travelling, and again the Chronometer stopped, losing at the rate of ten miles in the hour. We all had a shrewd guess at the cause, but the little man nevertheless thought proper to pop his little head out of the window, and inquire with a big voice "What the plague we were stopping for?"

"It's the *lady* agin, Sir," said the coachman, in a dissatisfied tone. "She says the dickey shakes so, she's sure it will come off: but it's all right now—I've got her in front."

"It's very well," said the little man, "but if I travel with a woman again in a stage——"

"Poo! poo!—consider your own wife," said the stout man; "women can't be stuck in garden-pots and tied to sticks; they must come up to London now and then. She'll be very comfortable in front."

"I wish she may," said the little man, rather tartly, "but it's hard to suit the sex;"—and, as if to confirm the sentence, the coach, after proceeding about a mile, came again to a full stop.

"I'm very sorry, gentlemen," said the coachman, with a touch of his hat, as he looked in at the window, "but she won't do in front!"

"Just like 'em!" muttered the little man, "the devil himself can't please a woman."

"I should think," suggested the stout man, "if you were to give her the box seat, with your arm well round her waist."

"No, I've tried that," said the coachman, shaking his head; "it did pretty well over the level, but we're coming on a hill, and she can't face it."

"Set her down at once, bag and baggage," said the little man; "I've an appointment at one."

"And for my part," said a gentleman in black, "if there's any delay, I give you legal notice I shall hire a chaise at the expense of the coach proprietors."

"That's just it, curse her," said the perplexed coachman, deliberately taking off his hat, that he might have a scratch at his head; "she's had her pick, outside and in, back and front, and its no use of course to propose to her to sit astride on the pole."

"Oh Eve! Eve! Eve!" exclaimed the little man, who seemed to owe the sex some peculiar grudge.

The man in black looked at his watch.

The coachman pulled out a handful of silver, and began to count out a portion, preparatory to offering to return the woman her fare if she would get down—when a cheering voice hailed him from above.

"It's all right, Tom—jump up—the lady's creeped into the boot."

"She won't like that, I guess," muttered Tom to himself, but in a second the money jingled back into his pocket, and he was on his box in the twinkling of an eye. Away went the coach over the brow of the hill, and began to spin down the descent with an impetus increasing at every yard. The wheels rattled—the chains jingled—the horse-shoes clattered—and the maid in the boot shrieked like a maid in Bedlam.

"Poor thing!" ejaculated the stout gentleman.

The little man grinned—villanously like an ape.

The man in black pretended to be asleep.

Meanwhile her screams increased in volume, and ascended in pitch—interrupted only by an occasional "oh Lord!" and equivalent ejaculations. It was piteous to hear her; but there was no help for it. To stop the coach was impossible; it had pressed upon the horses till, in spite of all the coachman's exertions, they broke into a gallop, and it required his utmost efforts to keep them together. An attempt to pull up would have upset us, as sure as fate; luckily for us all Tom did not make the experiment, and the Chronometer, after running down one hill and half way up another, was stopped without accident.

"How's the lady?" asked the stout man, anxiously thrusting his head and shoulders out at one window, whilst I acted the same part at the other; and, as the sufferer got down on my side of the coach, my curiosity was first gratified. Never was figure more forlorn: her face was as pale as ashes, and her hair hung about it in all directions through heat and fright—her eyes as crazy as her hair, and her mouth wide open.

"How's the lady?" repeated the stout gentleman.

As for her straw bonnet, it was like Milton's Death, of no particular shape at all, flat where it should have been full, square where it ought to have been round, turned up instead of down, and down instead of up—it had as many corners and nubbles about it as a crusty loaf. Her shawl or scarf had twisted round and round her like a snake, and

her pelisse showed as ruffled and rumpled and all awry as if she had just rolled down Greenwich Hill.

"How's the lady? I say," bellowed the big man.

One of her shoes had preferred to remain with the boot, and as the road was muddy, she stood like a Numidian crane, posturing and balancing on one leg; whilst Tom, hunting after the missing article, which declined to turn up till everything else had been taken out of "the leathern conveniency," and as it was one of the old-fashioned boots it held plenty of luggage.

"How is the lady?" was shouted again with no better success.

It was evident she had not escaped with the fright merely; her hands wandered from her ribs to the small of her back, and then she rubbed each knee. It was some time before she could fetch her breath freely, but at last she mustered enough for a short exclamation.

"Oh them trunks!"

"How's the lady!" shouted the fat man for the last time; for finding that it obtained no answer, he opened the door and bolted out, just in time to have the gratification of putting on the woman's one shoe, whilst she clung with both her arms round his short neck.

"There, my dear," he said, with a finishing slap on the sole. "Bless my heart, though, it's a distressing situation! Coachman, how far is she from London?"

"A good nine mile," answered Tom.

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the stout man. "She can't *do* it!"

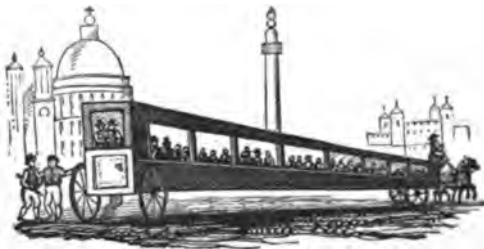
"It's only nine mile," said the woman, with a sort of hysterical giggle;—"and I'm fond of walking."

"Give her her luggage then at once," cried the little man from the coach.

The dark man held out his watch. A passenger on the top swore horribly, and threatened to get down; and Tom himself, as well as his horses, were on the fret. "There is no remedy," sighed the fat man, as he resumed his old seat in the corner of the coach. The whip smacked—I leaned out for a parting look.

There she stood, nursing three bundles, each as big as a baby, and as we rolled off I heard her last words in this soliloquy:

"How *ham* I to *hever* to get to York by the mail?"



THE "SHORT STAGE" A MILE END OMNIBUS.



GENTLE AND SIMPLE.

THE ANGLER'S FAREWELL.

"Resign'd, I kissed the rod."

WELL ! I think it is time to put up !
For it does not accord with my notions,
Wrist, elbow, and chine,
Stiff from throwing the line,
To take nothing at last by my motions !

I ground-bait my way as I go,
And dip in at each watery dimple ;
But however I wish
To inveigle the fish,
To my *gentle* they will not play *simple* !

Though my float goes so swimmingly on,
My bad luck never seems to diminish ;
It would seem that the Bream
Must be scarce in the stream,
And the *Chub*, tho' it's chubby, be *thin-ish* !

Not a Trout there can be in the place,
Not a Grayling or Rud worth the mention,
And although at my hook
With *attention* I look,
I can ne'er see my hook with a
Tench on !

At a brandling once Gudgeon would gape,
But they seem upon different terms now ;
Have they taken advice
Of the "*Council of Nice*,"
And rejected their "*Diet of Worms*," now ?

In vain my live minnow I spin,
Not a Pike seems to think it worth snatching ;
For the gut I have brought,
I had better have bought
A good *rope* that was used to *Jack-ketching* !

Not a nibble has ruffled my cork,
It is vain in this river to search then ;
I may wait till it's night,
Without any bite,
And at *roost-time* have never a *P perch* then !

No Roach can I meet with—no Bleak,
Save what in the air is so sharp now ;
Not a Dace have I got,
And I fear it is not
"*Carpe diem*," a day for the Carp now !

Oh! there is not a one pound prize
To be got in this fresh-water lottery!
What then can I deem
Of so fishless a stream
But that 'tis—like St. Mary's—*Ottery!*

For an Eel I have learn'd how to try,
By a method of Walton's own showing,—
But a fisherman feels
Little prospect of Eels,
In a path that's devoted to towing!

I have tried all the water for miles,
Till I'm weary of dipping and casting
And hungry and faint,—
Let the Fancy just paint
What it is, *without Fish*, to be *Fasting!*

And the rain drizzles down very fast,
While my dinner-time sounds from a
far bell,—
So, wet to the skin,
I'll e'en back to my Inn,
Where at least I am sure of a *Bar-bell!*

POPPING THE QUESTION.

My friend Walker is a great story-teller. He reminds me of the professional tale-bearers in the East, who, without being particularly requested by the company, begin reciting the adventures of Sinbad, or the life, death, and resurrection of Little Hunchback. No sooner does conversation flag for a few minutes, than W. strikes up, with some such prelude as, "I told you about the Flying Fish affair before,—but as you wish me to refresh your memory, you shall have it again." He then deliberately fills his glass, and furnishes himself with a cork, a bit of orange-peel, or an apple-paring, to be shredded and sub-shredded during the course of narration. Many Scotchmen, by the way, and most Canadians, are given to the same manual propensity. A lady located towards the Back Settlements informed me, that at a party she gave, the mantel-shelf, chairs, tables, and every wooden article of furniture, was nicked and



FISHING—A RISE.

notched by the knives of her guests, like the tallies of our Exchequer. It is most probably an Indian peculiarity, and derived by intercourse or intermixture with the Chipaways—but to return to W. The other day, after dinner, with a select few of my friends, there occurred one

of those sudden silences, those verbal armistices, or suspensions of words, which frequently provoke an irresistible allusion to a Quaker's meeting. Of this pause W. of course availed himself.

"You were going, Sir," addressing the gentleman opposite, "to ask me about the Pop business,—but I ought first to tell you how I came to be carrying ginger-beer in my pocket."

The gentleman thus appealed to, a straight-forward old drysalter, who had never seen W. in his life before, naturally stared at such a bold anticipation of his thoughts; but before he could find words to reply, W. had helped himself to a dozen almonds, which he began mincing, while he set off at a steady pace in his story.

"The way I came to have ginger-beer in my pocket, was this. I don't know whether you are acquainted with Hopkins, Sir, of the Queen's Arms in the Poultry," the drysalter shook his head, "it's the house I frequent, and a very civil obliging sort of fellow he is—that is to say, was, two summers ago. The season was very sultry, and says I, Hopkins, I wonder you don't keep ginger pop—it's a pleasant refreshing beverage at this season, and particularly wholesome. Well, Hopkins was very thankful for the hint, for he likes to have every thing that can be called for, and he was for sending off an order at once to the ginger-beer manufactory, but I persuaded him better. None of their wholesale trash, said I, but make your own. I'll give you a recipe for it—the best ever bottled. But I couldn't gain my point. Hopkins hum'd and haw'd, and thought nobody could make it but the makers. There was no setting him right, so at last I determined to put him to the proof. I'll tell you what, Hopkins, said I, you don't like the trouble, or I'd soon convince you that a man who isn't a maker can make it as well as any one—perhaps better. You shall have a sample of mine—I've got a few bottles at my counting-house, and it's only a step. Of course, Hopkins was very much obliged, and off I went. In confidence between you and me, Sir,—though I never had the pleasure of seeing you before—I wanted to introduce ginger-beer at the Queen's Arms as a public benefit."

"I am sure, Sir—I'm very much obliged," stammered the drysalter, at a loss what to say. "Ginger-beer, I've no doubt, is very efficacious, and particularly after fruit or lobsters, for I observe you always see them at the same shops."

"The best drink in the dog-days all to nothing," returned W., "but ought to be amazingly well corked and wired down,—and I'll tell you why—it will get vapid and may-be worse. Well, I'd got it in my coat pocket, and was walking back, just by Bow Church, no more thinking of green silk pelisses than you are, Sir, at this moment—upon my honour I wasn't—when something gave a pop and a splash, and I heard a female scream. I was afraid to look round—and when I did, you might have knocked me down with a straw. You know Tom, (addressing me,) I'm not made of brass,—for the minute I felt more like melted lead—heavy and hot. Two full kettles seemed poured over me—one warm within, and the other cold without. You

never saw such an object! There she stood, winking and gasping, and all over froth and foam, like a lady just emerged out of the sea—only they don't bathe in green silk pelisses and satin bonnets. You might have knocked me down with a hair. What I did or said at first I don't know, I only remember that I attempted to wipe her face with my handkerchief, but she preferred her own. To make things worse, the passengers made a ring round us, as if we had been going to fight about it, and a good many of 'em set up a laugh. I would rather have been surrounded by banditti. I don't tell a lie if I say I would gladly have been tossed out of the circle by a mad bull. How I longed to jump like a Harlequin into a twopenny-post-box, or to slip down a plug like an eel!"

"Very distressing, indeed," said the dry-salter.

"I don't think," resumed W., "I felt as much when my poor mother died—I don't, upon my soul! *She* was expected for years, but the lady in green came like a thunder-bolt!—When I saw the ginger-beer weltering down her, I would almost as soon have seen blood. I felt little short of a murderer. How I got her into Tweedie's shop, Heaven knows! I suppose I pulled her in, for I cannot remember one word of persuasion. However, I got her into Tweedie's, and had just sense enough to seat her in a chair, and to beg for a few dry cloths. To do the dear creature justice, she bore it all angelically,—but every smile, every syllable making light of her calamity, went to my heart. You don't know my original old friend, Charles Mathews, do you, Sir?"

The dry-salter signified dissent.

"No matter—his theory is right all over—it is as true as gospel!" exclaimed W., with an asseverating thump upon the table. "There is an infernal, malicious, aggravating, little demon, hovers up aloft about us, wherever we go, ready to magnify any mischief, and deepen every disaster. Sure I am he hovered about me! The cloths came—but as soon as I began to wipe briskly, bang again went 't'other bottle, and uncorked itself before it was called for. I shall never



BANDITTI SEIZING BOOTY.

forget the sound ! Pop, whiz, fiz, whish—ish—slish—slosh—alush—guggle, guggle, guggle : I'd rather have been at the exploding of the Dartford Powder Mills ! At the first report I turned hastily round, but by so doing, I only diverted the *jet* from the open cases on the counter, to the show-trays in the shop window, filled with Tweedie's choicest cutlery ; and as I completed the pirouette, I favoured Tweedie himself with the tail of the spout !”

“Very unpleasant, indeed,” said the drysalter, with a hard wink, as if the fussy fluid had flown in his own face.

“Unpleasant !” ejaculated W., “it was unendurable ! I could have cut my throat with one of the wet razors—I could have stabbed myself with a pair of the splashed scissors ! The mess was frightful—bright steel buckles, buttons, clasps, rings, all cut and polished—I saw Tweedie himself shake his head as he looked at the chains and some of the delicate articles. It wasn't a time to stand upon words, and I believe I cursed and swore like a trooper. I know I stamped about, for I went on the lady's foot, and that made me worse than ever. Tweedie says I raved ; and I do remember I cursed myself for talking of ginger-beer, as well as Hopkins for not keeping it in his house. At last I got so rampant, that even the lady began to console me, and as she had a particularly sweet voice and manner, and Tweedie, too, trying to make things comfortable, I began to hear reason : but if ever I carry ginger-beer again in my pocket, along Cheapside—”

“Till you're a widower,” said I.

“I was coming to that, Sir,” continued W., still addressing the drysalter. “I insisted on putting the lady into a coach, and by that means obtained her address, and as common politeness dictated, I afterwards called and was well received. A new green silk dress was graciously accepted, and a white one afterwards met with the same kind indulgence, when the lady condescended to be Mrs. Walker. Our fortunes, Sir, in this world, hinge frequently on trifles. Through an explosion of pop I thus popped into a partner with a pretty fortune ; but for all that, I would not have any man, like the Persian in Hajji Baba, mistake a mere accident for the custom of the country. For Cœlebs in Search of a Wife to walk up and down Cheapside with a bottle of ginger-beer in his pocket, would be Quixotic in the extreme.”



SEA SONG.

AFTER DIDDIN.

PURE water it plays a good part in
 The swabbing the decks and all that—
 And it finds its own level for sartin—
 For it sartinly drinks very flat :—
 For my part a drop of the creatur
 I never could think was a fault,
 For if Tars should swig water by natu,
 The sea would have never been salt!—
 Then off with it into a jorum
 And make it strong, sharpish, or sweet
 For if I've any sense of decorum
 It never was meant to be neat!—

One day when I was but half sober,—
 Half measures I always disdain—
 I walk'd into a shop that sold Soda,
 And ax'd for some Water Champagne :—
 Well, the lubber he drew and he drew, boys,
 Till I'd shipped my six bottles or more,
 And blow off my last limb but it's true, boys
 Why, I warn't half so drunk as afore!—
 Then off with it into a jorum,
 And make it strong, sharpish, or sweet,
 For if I've any sense of decorum,
 It never was meant to be neat.



A BOTTLE JACK.



THE BLACK AND WHITE QUESTION.

"The game is made, gentlemen, choose your colour."

AMONGST the many important topics which at present excite a popular interest, must be reckoned the great question whether the West Indian apprentices ought or ought not to be considered out of their time? A subject presenting such very strong lights and shadows, necessarily produces a powerful and Rembrandt-like effect on the public mind; nevertheless, it is only lately and accidentally, that I have been induced to look critically into the colouring and handling of the picture. It is not my wont to walk wilfully on Debateable Ground; but in the present instance, I was seduced involuntarily into the dangerous confines of "all we love and all we hate," the borderland, where party contends with party.

A few days ago, I was giving an order to a tradesman in the Strand—not far from Warren's—when, to the utter surprise and disconcertment of the master of the shop, a poor African stepped in from the street, and, with an obsequious bow, made an offer of his sable services for a term of years.

It would require a far better artist than myself to do justice to the scene which ensued on so unusual an application. The late Elia, in his Essay on "Imperfect Sympathies," has alluded to the natural repugnance of the pale faces to the dark ones. "In the negro countenance," he says, "you will often meet with strong traits of benignity. I have felt yearnings of tenderness towards some of these faces, or rather masks, that have looked out kindly upon one in casual encounters in the streets and highways. I love what Fuller beautifully calls 'these images of God cut in ebony.' But I should not like to asso-



"MASSA, YOU WANT A' PRENTICE?"

ciate with them—to share my meals and my goodnights with them—because they are black." Such a feeling is truly an imperfect sympathy, but my Strand shopkeeper evidently went beyond the essayist, and regarded "the nigger" with a positive antipathy. "A good horse," says the proverb, "cannot be of a bad colour," but I could not help feeling that a good man might be of an unfortunate complexion; howbeit, of a hue which wears well, washes well, does not fly, and moreover hides the dirt. So far from being able to endure a moor as his companion, the master tradesman could not look upon him as fit to be his subordinate. The mere possibility of such a connexion had never occurred to him, or assuredly, to the advertisement in the window, for an Apprentice, he would have added "a White will be preferred," or "No African need apply." In the mean time, it was sufficiently obvious that, even if indentured, a Hottentot would never be "treated as one of the family." Whilst the master stared an unequivocal rejection, his wife looked over his shoulder at the applicant, with all the *physical* expression in her countenance, of the anticipation of a black dose; the little boy took fright and tried to bolt; the baby even set its infantine face against the adoption, and the very dog barked and growled at the intruder as at a breed that was vermin. The result of such a scrutiny needs hardly to be told; the poor candidate was unanimously blackballed to his face, and recommended, unceremoniously, to make himself as scarce as a swan of the same complexion.

It will do me no credit, I fear, with our active Abolitionists, to confess, that the above little incident set me seriously thinking, for the first time, on the condition of the Negro Apprentices. In addition to my dread of becoming a *sidesman*—and there is a spirit abroad which can convert even a black suit into a party-coloured one—I am too apt to take matters upon trust, and to suppose that the name stands for the thing. Thus, in my simple belief, the outward-bound and the homeward-bound apprentices, conformed to the same or nearly the same articles; and if I thought at all of the sable ones, it was as walking abroad on Sundays, drest in all their best, only with Phoebe or Miss Diana, instead of “Sally in our Alley.” A common sense of the eternal principles of justice helped, beside, to mislead me; for who, with a drachm of philosophy, or a scruple of Christianity, could suppose, that whilst the accidents of colour are overlooked in a good horse, the moral qualities of a human being were weighed down by such skin-deep casualties as occur every day in a baker’s oven? The scene in the Strand, however, aroused certain misgivings; and for the mere repose of my mind, it became necessary to procure further information, in order to come to a settled opinion on the subject. To this end, it was desirable to obtain the sentiments of a Black Apprentice, or at least of a Black, and of an Apprentice, and fortune favoured me in the search. Having delivered my instructions to the tradesman, it occurred to me to pay an overdue visit to a decayed kinswoman in the same neighbourhood, and in whose family affairs I took a friendly interest. She happened to be at home; and after a preliminary conversation on the weather, and Mr. Murphy, and the current news of the day, the discourse turned on her son Richard, whom she had recently articulated to an architect; she had doubts, she said, of his being exactly comfortable in his situation, but it was no fault of hers, as he had been placed in it at his own urgent instances, in proof whereof she handed to me the following letter:—

MY DEAR MOTHER,

This is to say I am in good health and quite comfortable, and as happy as can be expected away from home. I like being an architect very much. All the work I have had to do for the last fortnight, has been to copy a drawing of a gate for a Porter’s Lodge, and to look over portfolios of nice prints. My master is very kind, and lets me fill up my time at over-hours how I like. I always dine with him and Mrs. G., and have plenty to eat of whatever I prefer. Last Sunday we had leg of lamb and asparagus, and a pigeon pie, and a tart, besides a glass of wine afterwards. I’m allowed to sit up to supper because I said I liked music, for Mr. G. plays on the flute, and Mrs. G. sings to the piano. He is a very good man, and she is a very motherly good woman; and the other night, because it was so cold, I had a tumbler of hot elder wine. For the present I sleep in the best spare bed till my own is got ready for me—and when company comes I’m not sent off to it, but played last night with the visitors till

twelve o'clock, and they won all my pocket money. I do hope and pray you won't forget to send me some more, as there's another party next week. Altogether, I could not be better off for food, or amusement, or any thing, so that I needn't be any longer on liking, as I like it very much, and am agreeable to be bound as soon as you and master think proper; and I do hope you won't stick about the premium, as you seemed to think it a great deal—but consider the treatment. Give my kind love to everybody, and accept the same yourself, from dear mother, your dutiful and affectionate son,

RICHARD RUGGLES.

P.S.—Mr. and Mrs. G. desire their best compliments—they are always asking about you in the most friendly way. Pray remember what I said about the premium, as I could never be so happy anywhere else, or make such progress in my profession.

It may be supposed that I did not read the above effusion throughout, without a smile on my countenance; but the mother gravely shook her head, and said she had now to submit to me a very different statement, whereupon with a sigh, and a reflection on the duplicity of the world in general, and of architects in particular, she placed in my hands, Protocol No. 2.

DEAR MOTHER,

I am very sorry to trouble your mind with anything unpleasant, but a great change has taken place since the articles were signed and the premium paid down. All the being on liking has come to a sudden end. Mr. and Mrs. G. have thrown off their masks, and he is a cruel tyrant; and instead of being another mother to me, she is quite the reverse. I little thought the moment I became an apprentice I should be a complete slave, and work like a horse. Nothing but drawing, drawing, drawing, as long as it's light—and next week we begin lamps. I've no over-hours at all except in bed, and that's up in the back garret, and nothing but an old flock as hard as wood. My being a parlour boarder is all over; and as to sitting up to music and supper, I can't repeat, but I'm d—d up at night that I may be down in the morning. They have not sent me as yet to take my meals in the kitchen, but I would almost as soon, for I'm snubb'd if I open my lips at table; and the moment the wine comes on I'm expected to be off, and am reminded if I don't. As for the visitors, they take no more notice of me than they do of the foot-boy; but what goes most to my heart is, Mr. and Mrs. G. never ask now after your delicate health. It's very ungrateful after paying so handsomely, but it's my belief he doesn't know anything about architecture, and only takes in young gentlemen for the sake of their premiums. I can't help feeling very unhappy, when I think I've got to run seven years to come, and do wish you would ask Uncle William, as he's a lawyer, whether I can't be turned over by legal law, or cancelled and left to my liberty. Next to an architect, I should like, if I was

unbound, to be an author, and write books; which I hope you will approve of, as it doesn't require any premium. But perhaps you would like to have me at home, and to be nothing at all, with which I remain,

My dear mother, your dutiful and affectionate son,

RICHARD RUGGLES.

As the above letters are genuine, it is probable that many of my readers, who are parents or guardians, have received similar epistles from their sons or wards before or after their being articulated to a trade or a profession; at least there is reason to believe that the above case is one of ordinary occurrence. Taking it, therefore, as a fair sample of the practice in England, I was anxious to compare it with the course of a negro apprenticeship in the colonies; and with this view my next visit was paid to my old friend Colonel C., who had recently arrived from Jamaica with a black "turn-over" in his service. Having described the scene at the shop in the Strand, and explained my errand, which, of course, subjected me to some railery, my request was acceded to, and Sambo was ordered to attend me to a private conference in the study. He was a stout good-humoured African, with rather more than the twilight intelligence allowed to the race by the late Monk Lewis; but with all the characteristic relish for a talk with Massa, ascribed to his brethren by the same pleasant authority. He entered therefore into the discussion with the greatest good-will; and the following, divested of his outlandish jargon, is the substance of his evidence.

To my first question, whether he had ever betrayed any original inclination to go into the rice, sugar, and tobacco line, he gave a decided negative. He had no occasion, he said, to labour for a livelihood, having been in his own country an independent black prince, and heir-apparent, as I understood him, to the king of the Eboes. He acknowledged, however, that he could neither read nor write, and consequently had never applied personally, or by letter, post paid, to any transatlantic A. B. C. or X. Y. Z., in answer to an advertisement for an "Articled Pupil." He was taken, he affirmed, at unawares, and he was positive that no premium was required with him. It appeared, however, that he had been regularly bound, but on explanation it turned out that it had been done with rope-yarn, and the only indentures he knew of, were on his wrists and ankles, from the pressure of his fetters. He had a decided impression that his parents or guardians were never applied to for their concurrence; indeed he had no recollection of being asked for his own assent to the arrangement. He would "take his dam" he was never carried before the Chamberlain or any official personage invested with similar functions, and denied ever having received the slightest hint that the binding him was necessary to entitle him to take up his freedom. In short, contrary to the experience of Richard Ruggles, his very first step appeared to have been: into slavery, and it was only after a long term of severe service in

the rice-field and the cane-piece that he was constituted an apprentice. This being the point to which the public interest is mainly directed, my inquiries here became naturally more minute, and the evidence was proportionably circumstantial. Taking the Ruggles letters for my guide, I was at great pains to make out something analogous to the state of being what is called "upon liking," but I failed to elicit anything of the sort; and from the solemnity, not to say awfulness, of Sambo's asseverations, there appeared no reason to suspect his veracity. He denied most positively and repeatedly his dining, in any one solitary instance, with his master and mistress, and by consequence the pleasure of taking wine with them after the social repast. He was equally firm in disclaiming any invitation to sit up to supper; and instead of being asked if he liked music, he declared indignantly that his favourite instruments the kitty-katty and the gamby had been continually broken over his own head. He totally repudiated the notion of playing at Pope Joan with the company that came to his master's house; and insisted that the only notice he ever obtained from the visitors was his being "larrupped" by every gentleman that got drunk, and none of them ever went away sober. On the whole he would not allow himself to have received any personal benefit from his metamorphosis by Act of Parliament into an apprentice; no, not even to the extent of sparing him one single cut of the cowhide. He rather thought, on the contrary, that the prospect of his being out of his time in so many years had operated to the prejudice of the negro, by tempting the owner in the interim to get as much out of him, and pitch as much into him, as possible. To conclude, I charged Sambo very home with a question which has been much dwelt upon by certain members of both Houses; namely, whether the blacks were "properly prepared" to enter into a state of liberty? to which he answered very candidly, that he had not formally examined them on the subject, but judging by himself he should say they were quite as fit and prepared for freedom as they had been for slavery, to which they had mostly been introduced at an unfashionably



APPRENTICE ON LIKING.

short notice. For his own part he had been rather suddenly emancipated by simply stepping on English ground ; but the only effect had been to inspire him with profound feelings of veneration and gratitude towards the soil, and a most fervent wish that he could send over a barrowful of the same earth for Black Juno and de pickaninnies to put him foot upon in Jamakey.

Such was the result of my conference with Sambo ; and it served to account for the conduct of the tradesman in the Strand, by proving, that instead of being treated as one of the family, in a limited sense, the Negro is hardly looked upon as a member of that great domestic circle which has a circumference of 360 degrees. It appears from the facts, that an apprenticeship in Jamaica or Barbadoes has little or nothing in common except the name, with an apprenticeship on our own side of the Atlantic :—that under the same title there exists two diametrically opposite systems, literally as different as light and dark ; and of course, as the hand said of the pair of gloves, “ They cannot *both* be right.” As the collective wisdom of the country has decided that the Black style of *binding* is the correct pattern, and that the Negroes are properly “ done up,” it necessarily follows, that our home-made articles are very loosely stitched and without a due provision for rough usage and durability. Assuming the sable race to be subject to only a wholesome severity, it results that our London Prentices and their kind, are held by indentures shamefully lax in their conditions, and are allowed a most culpable latitude and indulgence. To place this gross partiality in the strongest light and shade, let the servitude of the born Blacks be compared with that of those “ Africans of our own growth,” as Elia calls them, who derive their nigritude not from nature but from soot. Simply because they have once been whites, and are still white, or nearly white, once a year, like the hawthorns in May, they are protected and even pampered by laws, the framers of which have assuredly considered their own crows as the fairest. Let any one turn to the Statute Anno Quarto et Quinto Gulielmi IV. Regis, cap. 35, intituled “ An Act for the Better Regulation of Chimney Sweepers and their Apprentices,” and he will find that the Climbing Boy, compared with the African, is almost a spoiled child. Instead of allowing him to be nabbed or grabbed, anyhow and willynilly, like our friend Sambo, the statute insists, by article 9, that the binding shall not take place without the concurrence of “ a parish officer, or the parent, or next friend.” Article 10 provides, that instead of ropo-yarn, as in the case of Sambo aforesaid, the binding shall only be effected with “ paper or parchment,” and even before enduring such very mild ligatures, article 13 declares, that the boy is to be regularly “ asked out,” before two Justices of the Peace, and in case such boy shall be unwilling to be bound with “ paper and parchment,” “ such Justices shall, and they are hereby required to refuse, to sanction or approve of such binding.” The 12th clause allows the practice of “ liking,” or what, in electioneering cases, would be called “ treating ;” and before any boy shall be bound as an appren-

tice, "it shall be lawful for the intended master of such boy to have, and receive such boy in such master's house, on trial—or 'liking'—for any time not exceeding two calendar months." In plain English, it shall be lawful for the said master elect to tempt and bribe the said apprentice, like Richard Ruggles, during eight weeks, by dinners of "delicate cow-heel, with the sauce His Grace is so fond of," and suppers of hot sausages. And that the cow-heel and sausages may not be too minutely subdivided, clause 14 enacts, that Mr. or Mrs. Chimney Sweeper shall not have more than two apprentices on trial or "liking" at the same time. The same considerate clause forbids Mr. or Mrs. C. S. to have more than four apprentices at once, so that nothing like the close packing, which so often incommodes the race of Africa in a ship's hold, may inconvenience the favoured sooterkins in the cellar. A taste for music is not specially mentioned or protected; but as clause 17 empowers any two or more magistrates to hear "all complaints" of hard or ill usage, the breaking of a fife or his pan's pipes, over the head of an apprentice, would be certain to be listened to, and in all probability entail on the master a forfeit, fixed, by clause 16, at not exceeding 10*l*. nor less than 40*s*." The 18th clause enjoins, on all builders and bricklayers, under extremely heavy penalties, to construct safe and comfortable chimneys that shall not be "hard to climb;" and finally, as if a sweeper on such very eligible terms could have anything to weep for, article 15 forbids, somewhat superfluously, his crying about the streets!!! The incredulous reader who may wish to verify this statement by reference to the Act itself, will find it at full length, and shown "all up" in a well-conceived little volume, called "*The Mechanics of Law Making*," by a Member of Symond's Inn. He will there find too truly that, compared with the genuine black, the sweeper is treated by law with as much tenderness as if each climbing-boy were, like the stolen Montague, a well-born white young gentleman in disguise. The tendency of such over-indulgent enactments to spoil the youth of this country is evidenced in the fact, that whilst the planter will give a considerable sum for a black assistant, a white articulated pupil is hardly acceptable as a present, and in most cases, like Richard Ruggles, must have a handsome premium given along with him to purchase him a master. As a mere matter of economy, therefore, the matter is worth the consideration of parents and guardians, and parish officers; whilst the advocates of equal justice to all will imperatively insist that if the blacks cannot be treated like whites, the whites ought to be treated as blacks. For my own part, as a simple admirer of consistency, I cannot help thinking that the whole system of apprenticeship, as regards its home practice, requires to undergo a rigorous revision, and above all, that the act *Anno Quarto et Quinto Gulielmi IV. Regis*, cap. 35, with all its sweeping clauses, ought to be immediately repealed.



SNIFFING A BIRTHDAY.

STANZAS ON COMING OF AGE.

"Twiddle'em, Twaddle'em, Twenty-one."

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day! most woeful day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this!
O woeful day! O woeful day!

Musician. Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah! put up, put up!
For well you know this is a pitiful case.

ROMEO AND JULIET

TO-DAY it is my natal day,
Three 'prenticeships have past away,
A part in work, a part in play,
Since I was bound to life!
This first of May I come of age,
A man, I enter on the stage
Where human passions fret and rage,
To mingle in the strife.

It ought to be a happy date,
My friends, they all congratulate
That I am come to "Man's Estate,"
To some, a grand event;
But ah! to me descent allots
No acres, no paternal spots
In Beds, Bucks, Herts, Wilts, Essex,
Notts,
Hants, Oxon, Berks, or Kent.

From John o'Groat's to Land's End
 search,
 I have not one rod, pole, or perch,
 To pay my rent, or tithe to church,
 That I can call my own
 Not common-right for goose or ass ;
 Then what is Man's Estate? Alas!
 Six feet by two of mould and grass
 When I am dust and bone.

Reserve the feast! The board forsake!
 Ne'er tap the wine—don't cut the
 cake,
 No toasts or foolish speeches make,
 At which my reason spurns.
 Before this happy term you praise,
 And prate about returns and days,
 Just o'er my vacant rent-roll gaze,
 And sum up my returns.

I know where great estates descend
 That here is Boyhood's legal end,
 And easily can comprehend
 How "Manors make the Man."
 But as for me, I was not born
 To quit-rent of a peppercorn,
 And gain no ground this blessed morn
 From Beersheba to Dan.

No barrels broach—no bonfires make!
 To roast a bullock for my sake,
 Who in the country have no stake,
 Would be too like a quiz;
 No banners hoist—let off no gun—
 Pitch no marquee—devise no fun—
 But think when man is Twenty-One
 What new delights are his!

What is the moral legal fact—
 Of age to-day, I'm free to act
 For self—free, namely, to contract
 Engagements, bonds, and debts;
 I'm free to give my I O U,
 Sign, draw, accept, as majors do;
 And free to lose my freedom too
 For want of due assets.

I am of age, to ask Miss Ball,
 Or that great heiress, Miss Duval,
 To go to church, hump, squirt, and all,
 And be my own for life.
 But put such reasons on their shelves,
 To tell the truth between ourselves,
 I'm one of those contented elves
 Who do not want a wife

What else belongs to Manhood still?
 I'm old enough to make my will
 With valid clause and codicil
 Before in turf I lie.
 But I have nothing to bequeath
 In earth, or waters underneath,
 And in all candour let me breathe,
 I do not want to die.

Away! if this be Manhood's forte,
 Put by the sherry and the port—
 No ring of bells—no rustic sport—
 No dance—no merry pipes!
 No flowery garlands—no bouquet—
 No Birthday Ode to sing or say—
 To me it seems this is a day
 For bread and cheese and swipes.

To justify the festive cup
 What horrors here are conjured up!
 What things of bitter bite and sup,
 Poor wretched Twenty-One's!
 No landed lumps, but frumps and
 humps,
 (Discretion's Days are far from trumps)
 Domestic discord, dowdies, dumps,
 Death, dockets, debts, and duns!

If you must drink, oh drink "the King."
 Reform—the Church—the Press—
 the Ring,
 Drink Aldgate Pump—or anything,
 Before a toast like this!
 Nay, tell me, coming thus of age,
 And turning o'er this sorry page,
 Was young Nineteen so far from sage?
 Or young Eighteen from bliss?

Till this dull, cold, wet, happy morn—
 No sign of May about the thorn,—
 Were Love and Bacchus both unborn?
 Had Beauty not a shape?
 Make answer, sweet Kate Finnerty!
 Make answer, lads of Trinity!
 Who sipp'd with me Divinity,
 And quaff'd the ruby grape!

No flummery then from flowery lips,
 No three times three and hip-hip-hips,
 Because I'm ripe and full of pipe—
 I like a little green.
 To put me on my solemn oath,
 If sweep-like I could stop my growth
 I would remain, and nothing loth,
 A boy—about nineteen.

My friends, excuse me these rebukes !
 Were I a monarch's son, or duke's,
 Go to the Vatican of Meux
 And broach his biggest barrels—
 Impale whole elephants on spits—
 Ring Tom of Lincoln till he splits,
 And dance into St. Virus' fits,
 And break your winds with carols !

But ah ! too well you know my lot,
 Ancestral acres greet me not,
 My freehold's in a garden-pot,
 And barely worth a pin.
 Away then with all festive stuff !
 Let Robins advertise and puff
 My "Man's Estate," I'm sure enough
 I shall not buy it in.



FANCY PORTRAIT "MR. ROBINS."

THE PILLORY.

"Thro' the wood, laddie."—SCOTTISH SONG.

I NEVER was in the pillory but once, which I must ever consider a misfortune. For looking at all things, as I do, with a philosophical and inquiring eye, and courting experience for the sake of my fellow-creatures, I cannot but lament the short and imperfect opportunity I enjoyed of filling that elevated situation, which so few men are destined to occupy. It is a sort of Egg-Premiership ; a place above your fellows, but a place in which your hands are tied. You are not without the established political vice, for you are not absolved from turning.

Let me give a brief description of the short irregular glimpse I had of men and things, while I was in Pillory Power. I was raised to it, as many men are to high stations, by my errors. I merely made a mistake of some sort or other in an answer in Chancery, not injurious to my interests, and lo ! the Recorder of London, with a suavity of manner peculiar to himself, announced to me my intended promotion, and in due time I was installed into office !

It was a fine day for the pillory ; that is to say, it rained in torrents. Those only who have had boarding and lodging like mine, can estimate the comfort of having washing into the bargain.

It was about noon, when I was placed, like a statue, upon my wooden pedestal ; an hour probably chosen out of consideration to the innocent little urchins then let out of school, for they are a race notoriously fond of shying, pitching, jerking, pelting, flinging, slinging—in short, professors of throwing in all its branches. The public officer presented me first with a north front, and there I was—"God save the mark!"—like a cock at Shrovetide, or a lay-figure in a Shooting Gallery!

The storm commenced. Stones began to spit—mud to mizzle—cabbage-stalks thickened into a shower. Now and then came a dead kitten—sometimes a living cur ; anon an egg would hit me on the eye, an offence I was obliged to wink at. There is a strange appetite in human kind for pelting a fellow-creature. A travelling China-man actually threw away twopence to have a pitch at me with a pipkin ; a Billingsgate huckster treated me with a few herrings, not by any means too stale to be purchased in St. Giles's ; while the weekly halfpence of the schoolboys went towards the support of a Costermonger and his Donkey, who supplied them with eggs fit for throwing, and for nothing else. I confess this last description of missiles, if missiles they might be called that never miss'd, annoyed me more than all the rest ; however, there was no remedy. There I was forced to stand, taking up my livery, and a vile livery it was ; or, as a wag expressed it, "being made free of the Pelt-mongers."

It was time to appeal to my resources. I had read somewhere of an Italian, who, by dint of mental abstraction, had rendered himself unconscious of the rack, and while the executioners were tugging,

wrenching, twisting, dislocating, and breaking joints, sinews, and bones, was perchance in fancy only performing his diurnal Gymnastics, or undergoing an amicable Shampooing. The pillory was a milder instrument than the rack, and I had naturally a lively imagination ; it seemed plausible, therefore, that I might make shift to be pelted in my absence. To attain a scene as remote as possible from pain, I selected one of absolute pleasure for the experiment ; no other, in truth, than that Persian Paradise, the Garden of Gul, at the Feast of Roses



WHAT MUST BE—MUST.

Flapping the wings of Fancy with all my might, I was speedily in those Bowers of Bliss, and at high romps with Houri and Peri,—

“Flinging roses at each other.”

But, alas, for mental abstraction! The very first bud hit me with stone-like vehemence; my next rose, of the cabbage kind, breathed only a rank cabbage fragrance; and in another moment the claws of a flying cat scratched me back into myself; and there I was again, in full pelt in the pillory!

My first fifteen minutes, the only quarter I met with, had now elapsed, and my face was turned towards the East. The first object my one eye fell upon was a heap of Macadamization, and I confess I never thought of calculating the number of stones in such a hillock, till I saw the mob preparing to cast them up!

I expected to be lithographed on the spot! Instinct suggested to me that the only way to save my life was by dying; so dropping my head and hands, and closing my last eye with a terrific groan, I expired for the present. The *ruse* took effect. Supposing me to be defunct, the mob refused to kill me. Shouts of “Murder! Shame! Shame! No Pillory!” burst from all quarters. The Pipkin-monger abused the Fishwoman, who rated the Schoolboys; they in turn fell foul of the Costermonger, who was hissing and groaning at the whole assembly; and finally, a philanthropic Constable took the whole group into custody. In the mean time I was taken down, laid with a sack over me in a cart, and driven off to a Hospital, my body seeming a very proper present to St. Bartholomew’s or St. Thomas’s, but my clothes fit for nothing but *Guy’s*



A "CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY."



MOVING IN THE FIRST CIRCLES.

A SINGULAR EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

“Our Crummie is a dainty cow.”—SCOTCH SONG.

ON that first Saturday in May,
When Lords and Ladies, great and grand,
Repair to see what each R. A.
Has done since last they sought the Strand,
In red, brown, yellow, green, or blue,
In short, what's call'd the private view,
Amongst the guests—the deuce knows how
She got in there without a row—
There came a large and vulgar dame
With arms deep red, and face the same,
Showing in temper not a Saint;
No one could guess for why she came,
Unless perchance to “scour the Paint.”

From wall to wall she forc'd her way,
Elbow'd Lord Durham—pok'd Lord Grey—
Stamp'd Stafford's toes to make him move,
And Devonshire's Duke received a shove;
The great Lord Chancellor felt her nudge,
She made the Vice, his Honour, budge,
And gave a pinch to Park the Judge.
As for the ladies, in this stir,
The highest rank gave way to her.

From number one and number two,
 She search'd the pictures through and through,
 On benches stood, to inspect the high ones,
 And squatted down to scan the shy ones.
 And as she went from part to part,
 A deeper red each cheek became,
 Her very eyes lit up in flame,
 That made each looker-on exclaim,
 "Really an ardent love of art!"
 Alas, amidst her inquisition,
 Fate brought her to a sad condition;
 She might have run against Lord Milton,
 And still have stared at deeds in oil,
 But ah! her picture-joy to spoil,
 She came full butt on Mr. Hilton.

The Keeper mute, with staring eyes,
 Like a lay-figure for surprise,
 At last thus stammer'd out "How now?
 Woman—where, woman, is your ticket,
 That ought to let you through our wicket?"
 Says woman, "Where is David's Cow?"
 Said Mr. H——, with expedition,
 There's no Cow in the Exhibition.
 "No Cow!"—but here her tongue in verity,
 Set off with steam and rail celerity—

"No Cow! there an't no Cow, then the more's the shame and pity
 Hang you and the R. A.'s, and all the Hanging Committee!
 No Cow—but hold your tongue, for you need'nt talk to me—
 You can't talk up the Cow, you can't, to where it ought to be—
 I haven't seen a picture high or low, or any how,
 Or in any of the rooms to be compared with David's Cow?
 You may talk of your Landseers, and of your Coopers, and your Wards,
 Why hanging is too good for them, and yet here they are on cords!
 They're only fit for window frames, and shutters, and street doors,
 David will paint 'em any day at Red Lions or Blue Boars,—
 Why Morland was a fool to him, at a little pig or sow—
 It's really hard it a'n't hung up—I could cry about the Cow!
 But I know well what it is, and why—they're jealous of David's fame,
 But to vent it on the Cow, poor thing, is a cruelty and a shame.
 Do you think it might hang bye and bye, if you cannot hang it now?
 David has made a party up, to come and see his Cow.
 If it only hung three days a week, for an example to the learners,
 Why can't it hang up, turn about, with that picture of Mr. Turner's?
 Or do you think from Mr. Etty, you need apprehend a row,
 If now and then you cut him down to hang up David's Cow?
 I can't think where their tastes have been, to not have such a creature,

Although I say, that should not say, it was prettier than Nature ;
 It must be hung—and shall be hung, for Mr. H——, I vow,
 I daren't take home the catalogue, unless it's got the Cow !
 As we only want it to be seen, I should not so much care,
 If it was only round the stone man's neck, a-coming up the stair.
 Or down there in the marble room where all the figures stand,
 Where one of them three Graces might just hold it in her hand—
 Or may be Bailey's Charity the favour would allow,
 It would really be a charity to hang up David's cow.
 We haven't no where else to go if you don't hang it here,
 The Water-Colour place allows no oilman to appear—
 And the British Gallery sticks to Dutch, Teniers, and Gerrard Douw,
 And the Suffolk Gallery will not do—it's not a Suffolk Cow :
 I wish you'd seen him painting her, he hardly took his meals
 Till she was painted on the board correct from head to heels ;
 His heart and soul was in his Cow, and almost made him shabby,
 He hardly whipp'd the boys at all, or help'd to nurse the babby.
 And when he had her all complete and painted over red,
 He got so grand, I really thought him going off his head.
 Now hang it, Mr. Hilton, do just hang it any how,
 Poor David, he will hang himself, unless you hang his Cow.—
 And if it's inconvenient and drawn too big by half—
 David sha'nt send next year except a very little calf.



BURY A-LA-DAUNE.



A FIELD OFFICER.

THE YEOMANRY.

AMONGST the agitations of the day, there is none more unaccountable to a peaceable man in a time of peace, than the resistance to the disbanding of the Yeomanry. It is of course impossible for any one so unconnected with party as myself, to divine the ministerial motives for the measure ; but judging from my own experience, I should have expected that every private at least, would have mounted his best hunter to make a jump at the offer. It appears, however, that a part of the military body in question betrays a strong disinclination to dismiss ; and certain troops have even offered their services gratuitously, and been accepted, although it is evident that such a troop, to be consistent, ought to refuse, when called upon to act, to make any charge whatever.

Amongst my Scottish reminiscences, I have a vivid recollection of once encountering, on the road from Dundee to Perth, a party of soldiers, having in their custody a poor fellow in the garb of a peasant, and secured by handcuffs. He looked somewhat melancholy, as he well might, under the uncertainty whether he was to be flogged within an inch of his life, or shot to death, for such were the punishments of his offence, which I understood to be desertion, or disbanding himself without leave. It was natural to conclude, that no ordinary disgust at a military life would induce a man to incur such heavy penalties. With what gratitude would he have accepted his discharge ! He would

surely have embraced the offer of being let off with the alacrity of the gunpowder ! And yet he was a regular, in the receipt of pay, and with the prospect and opportunity, so rare to our yeomanry, of winning laurels, and covering himself with glory !

It has been argued, on high authority, as a reason for retaining the troops in question, that they are the most *constitutional* force that could be selected ; and truly of their general robustness there can be but one opinion. However, if a domestic force of the kind ought to be kept up, would it not be advisable, and humane, and fair, to give the manufacturing body a turn, and form troops of the sedentary weavers and other artisans, who stand so much more in need of out-of-door exercise ? The farmer, from the nature of his business, has *Field Days* enough, to say nothing of the charges and throwings off he enjoys in hunting and coursing ; besides riding periodically to and from market, or the neighbouring fairs. Indeed, the true English yeoman is generally, thanks to these sports and employments, so constantly in the saddle, that instead of volunteering into any cavalry, it might be supposed he would be glad to feel his own legs a little, and enjoy the household comforts of the chimney-corner and the elbow-chair. As regards their effectiveness, I have had the pleasure of seeing a troop fire at a target for a subscription silver cup ; and it convinced me, that if I had felt inclined to *roast* them, their own *fire* was the very best one for my purpose. On another occasion I had the gratification of beholding a charge, and as they succeeded in dispersing themselves, it may be inferred that they might possibly do as much by a mob. Still there seemed hardly excitement enough or amusement enough, except to the spectators, in such playing at soldiers, to induce honest, hearty, fox-hunting farmers, to wish to become veterans. To tell the truth, I have heard before now, repentant grumblings from practical agriculturists, who had too rashly adopted the uniform, and have seen even their horses betray an inclination to back out of the line. The more therefore is my surprise on all accounts, to hear that the Yeomanry are so unwilling to be dispensed with, and relieved from inactive service ; for though the song tells us of a "Soldier tir'd of war's alarms," there



"I VISE VE COULD BE DISBANDY'D."

is no doubt that to a soldier of spirit, the most tiresome thing in the world is to have no alarms at all.

In the mean time, I have been at some pains to ascertain the sentiments of the yeowomanry on the subject, and if they all feel in common with Dame, the disbanding will be a most popular measure amongst the farmers' wives. I had no sooner communicated the news, through the old lady's trumpet, than she exclaimed, that "it was the best hearing she had had for many a long day! The Sogering work unsettled both men and horses—it took her husband's head off his business, and it threw herself off the old mare, at the last fair, along of a showman's trumpet. Besides, it set all the farm servants a-sogering too, and when they went to the Wake, only old Roger came back again to say they had all listed. They had more sense, however, than their master, for they all wanted to be disbanded the next morning. As for the master, he'd never been the same man since he put on the uniform; but had got a hectoring swaggering way with him, as if everybody that didn't agree in politics, and especially about the Corn Bill, was to be bored and slashed with sword and pistol. Then there was the constant dread that in his practising, cut six would either come home to him, or do a mischief to his neighbours; and after a reviewing there was no bearing him, it put him so up in his stirrups, and on coming home, he'd think nothing of slivering off all the hollyoaks as he brandished and flourished up the front garden. Another thing, and that was no trifle, was the accidents; she couldn't tell how it was, whether he thought too much of himself, and too little of his horse, but he always got a tumble with the yeomanry, though he'd fox-hunt by the year together without a fall. What was worse, a fall always made him crusty, and when he was crusty, he made a point to get into his cups, which made him more crusty still. Thank God, as yet he had never been of any use to his country, and it was her daily prayer that he might never be called out, as he had so many enemies and old grudges in the neighbourhood, there would be sure to be murder on one side or the other. For my own part, she concluded, I think the Parliament is quite right in these hard times to turn the farmers' swords again into ploughshares, for they have less to care about the rising of rioters than the falling of wheat." The old lady then hunted out what she called a yeomanry letter from her husband's brother, and having her permission to make it public, I have thought proper to christen it

AN UNFAVOURABLE REVIEW.

"You remember Philliphangh, Sir?"

"Umph!" said the Major, "the less we say about that, John, the better."

OLD MORTALITY.

To Mr. Robert Cherry, the Orchard, Kent.

DEAR BOB,—It's no use your making more stir about the barley. Business has no business to stand before king and country, and I

couldn't go to Ashford Market and the Review at the same time. The Earl called out the Yeomanry for a grand field day at Bumper Daggles Bottom Common, and to say nothing of its being my horse duty to attend, I wouldn't have lost my sight for the whole barley in Kent. Besides the Earl, the great Duke did us the honour to come and see the troops go through everything, and it rained all the time. Except for the crops, a more unfavouring day couldn't have been picked out for man or beast, and many a nag has got a consequential cough.

The ground was very good, with only one leap that nobody took, but the weather was terribly against. It blew equinoxious gales, and rained like watering pots with the rose off. But as somebody said, one cannot always have their reviews cut and dry.

We set out from Ashford at ten, and was two hours getting to Bumper Daggles Bottom Common, but it's full six mile. The Bumper Daggles's dress is rather handsome and fighting like—blue, having a turn-up with white, and we might have been called cap-a-pee, but Mr. P. the contractor of our caps, made them all too small for our heads. Luckily the clothes fit, except Mr. Lambert's, who couldn't find a jacket big enough; but he scorned to shrink, and wore it loose on his shoulder, like a hussar. As for arms, we had all sorts, and as regards horses, I am sorry to say all sorts of legs—what with splints, and quitters, and ring-bone, and grease. The Major's, I noticed, had a bad spavin, and was no better for being fired with a ramrod, which old Clinker the blacksmith forgot to take out of his piece.

We mustard very strong,—about sixty—besides two volunteers, one an invalid, because he had been ordered to ride for exercise, and the other because he had nothing else to do, and he did nothing when he came. We must have been a disagreeable site to eyes as is unaffected towards Government,—though how Hopper's horse would behave in putting down riots I can't guess, for he did nothing but make revolutions himself, as if he was still in the thrashing mill. But you know yomanry an't reglers, and can't be expected to be veterans all at once. The worst of our mistakes was about the cullers. Old Ensign Cobb, of the White Horse, has a Political Union club meets at his house, and when he came to unfurl, he had brought the wrong flag:



"POUR ON, I WILL ENDURE."

instead of "Royal Bumper Daggie," it was "No Boromongers." It made a reglar horse laugh among the cavalry; and Old Cobb took such dudgeon at us, he deserted home to the White Horse, and cut the concern without drawing a sword. The Captain ordered Jack Blower to sound the recal to him, but sum wag on the rout had stuck a bung up his trumpet; and he galloped off just as crusty about it as Old Cobb. Our next trouble was with Simkin, but you know he is any thing but Simkin and Martial. He rid one of his own docked waggon-horses—but for appearance sake had tied on a long regulation false tale, that made his horse kick astonishing, till his four loose shoes flew off like a game at koits. Of course nobody liked to stand nigh him, and he was obliged to be drawn up in single order by himself, but not having any one to talk to, he soon got weary of it, and left the ground. This was some excuse for him—but not for Dale, that deserted from his company,—some said his horse bolted with him, but I'll swear I seed him spur. Up to this we had only one more deserter, and that was Marks, on his iron-grey mare; for she heard her foal whinnying at home, and attended to that call more than to a deaf and dumb trumpet. Biggs didn't come at all; he had his nag stole that very mornin', as it was waiting for him, pistols and all.



SEEKING A REVIEW.

What with these goings off and gaps our ranks got in such disorder, that the Earl, tho' he is a Tory, was obliged to act as a rank Reformer. We got into line middling well, as far as the different sizes of our horses would admit, and the Duke rode up and down us, and I am sorry to say was compelled to a reprimand. Morgan Giles had been at a fox hunt the day before, and persisted in wearing the brush as a feather in his cap. As fox tails isn't regulation, his Grace ordered it out, but Morgan was very high, and at last threw up his commission into a tree and trotted home to Wickham Hall, along with Private Dick, who, as Morgan's whipper-in, thought he was under obligations to follow his master.

We got thro' sword exercise decent well,—only Barber shaved Crofts' mare with his saber, which he needn't have done, as she was

clipt before ; and Holdsworth slashed off his cob's off ear. It was cut and run with her in course ; and I hope he got safe home. We don't know what Hawksley might have thrust, as his sword objected to be called out in wet weather, and stuck to its sheath like pitch ; but he went thro' all the cuts very correct with his umbrella. For my own part, candour compels to state I swished off my left hand man's feather ; but tho' it might have been worse, and I apologized as well as I could for my horse fretting, he was foolish enough to huff at, and swear was done on purpose, and so galloped home, I suspect, to write me a calling out challenge. Challenge or not, if I fight him with anything but fists, I'm not one of the Yeomanry. An accident's an accident, and much more pardonable than Hawksley opening his umbrella plump in the face of the Captain's blood charger ; and ten times more mortifying for an officer to be carried back willy-nilly to Ashford, in the very middle of the Review. Luckily before Hawksley frightened any more, he was called off to hold his umbrella over Mrs. H., as Mrs. Morgan had taken in nine ladies, and could'n't accommodate more in her close carriage, without making it too close.

After sword exercise we shot pistols, and I must say, very well and distinct ; only, old Dunn didn't fire ; but he's deaf as a post, and I wonder how he was called out. Talking of volleys, I am sorry to say we fired one before without word of command ; but it was all thro' Day on his shooting pony putting up a partridge, and in the heat of the moment letting fly, and as he is our fugelman we all did the same. Lucky for the bird it was very strong on the wing, or the troop must have brought it down ; howsomever the Earl looked very grave, and said something that Day didn't choose to take from him, being a qualified man, and taking out a reglar license, so he went off to his own ground, where he might shoot without being called to account. Contrary to reason and expectation, there was very few horses shied at the firing ; but we saw Bluff lying full length, and was afraid it was a bust ; but we found his horse, being a very quiet one, had run away from the noise. He was throwd on his back in the mud, but refused to leave the ground. Being a man of spirit, and military inclind, he got up behind Bates ; but Bates's horse objecting to such back-gammon, rear'd and threw doublets. As his knees was broke, Bates and Bluff was forced to lead him away, and the troop lost two more men, tho' for once against their own wills.

As for Roper he had bragged how he could stand fire, but seeing a great light over the village, he set off full Swing to look after his ricks and barns.

The next thing to be done was charging, and between you and me, I was most anxious about that, as many of us could only ride up to a certain *pitch*. As you've often been throwd you'll know what I mean : to tell the truth, when the word came, I seed some lay hold of their saddles, but Barnes had better have laid hold of any thing else in the world, for it turnd round with him at the first start. Simpkin fell at the same time insensibly, but the doctor dismounted and was very

happy to attend him without making any charge whatever. All the rest went off gallantly, either galloping or cantering, tho' as they say at Canterbury races, their was some wonderful tailing on account of the difference of the nags. Grimsby's mare was the last of the lot, and for her backwardness in charging we called her the Mare of Bristol, but he took the jest no better than Cobb did, and when we wheel'd to the right he was left. Between friends, I was not sorry when the word came to pull up,—such crossing, and josling, and foul riding; but two farmers seemed to like it, for they never halted when the rest did, but galloped on out of sight. I have since heard they had matched their two nags the day before to run two miles for a sovereign; I don't think a sovereign should divert a man from his king: but I can't write the result as they never came back,—I suppose on account of the wet. The rains, to speak cavalry like, had got beyond bearing rains; and when we formed line again it was like a laundress's clothes line, for there wasn't a dry shirt on it. One man on a lame horse rode particularly restive, and objected in such critical weather to a long review. He wouldn't be cholera morbus'd, he said, for Duke or Devil, but should put his horse up and go home by the blue Stage; by way of answer he was ordered to give up his arms and his jacket, which he did very off hand as it was wet thro'. Howsomever it was



AN OBJECTION TO CROSSING THE LINE.

thought prudent to dispense with us till fine weather, so we was formed into a circle—9 bobble square, and the Duke thanked us in a short speech for being so regular, and loyal, and soldier-like, after which every man that had kept his seat gave three cheers.

On the whole the thing might have been very gratifying, but on reviewing the Field day, the asthmas and agues are uncommonly numerous, and to say nothing of the horses that are amiss with coffs and colds—there are three dead and seven lame for life. The Earl has been very much blamed under the rose among the privates, for fixing on a Hunting day, which I forgot to say, carried away a dozen that were mounted on their hunters. I am sorry to say there was so few left at the end of all, as to suffer themselves to be hinned into the town

by the little boys and gals, and called the Horse Gomerils; and that consequently the corpse as a body, is as good as defunct. Not that there were many resign'd at the end of the review, as his Lordship gave a grand dinner on the following day to the troop: but I am sorry to say, a great many was so unhandsome as to throw up the very day after. The common excuse among them was something of not liking to wet their swords against their countrymen.

For my own part as the yomanry cannot go on, I shall stick to it honorably, and as any man of spirit would do in my case; but dont be afraid of my attending Market, come what will, and selling the barley at the best quotation.

I am, dear Brother,

Your's and the Colonel's to command,

JAMES CHERRY.

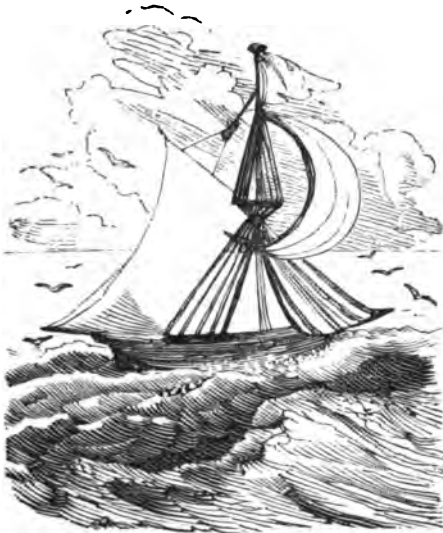
P.S.—I forgot to tell what will make you laugh. Barlow wouldn't ride with spurs, because, he said, they made his horse prick his ears. Our poor corps, small as it is, I understand is like to act in divisions. Some wish to be infantry instead of cavalry; and the farmers from the hop grounds want to be Polish Lancers.

I have just learned Ballard, and nine more of the men, was ordered to keep the ground; but it seems they left before the Troop came on it. They say in excuse, they stood in the rain till they were ready to drop; and as we didn't come an hour after time, they thought everything was postponed. "None but the brave," they said, "deserve the fair;" and till it *was* fair, they wouldn't attend again.

The mare you lent Ballard, I am sorry to say, got kicked in several places, and had her shoulder put out; we was advised to give her a swim in the sea, and I am still more sorry to say, in swimming her we drowned her. As for my own nag, I am afraid he has got stringhalt; but one comfort is, I think it diverts him from kicking.



PEACE OFFICERS.



"SHE WALKS THE WATERS LIKE A THING OF LIFE."

I'M GOING TO BOMBAY.

"Nothing venture, nothing have."—OLD PROVERB.

"Every Indiaman has at least two mates."

FALCONER'S MARINE GUIDE.

I.

My hair is brown, my eyes are blue,
And reckon'd rather bright ;
I'm shapely, if they tell me true,
And just the proper height ;
My skin has been admired in verse,
And call'd as fair as day—
If I *am* fair, so much the worse,
I'm going to Bombay !

II

At school I passed with some éclat ;
I learn'd my French in France ;
De Wint gave lessons how to draw,
And D'Egville how to dance ;—
Crevelli taught me how to sing,
And Cramer how to play—
It really is the strangest thing—
I'm going to Bombay !

III.

I've been to Bath and Cheltenham
Wells,
But not their springs to sip—
To Ramsgate—not to pick up shells,—
To Brighton—not to dip.
I've tour'd the Lakes, and scour'd the
coast
From Scarboro' to Torquay—
But tho' of time I've made the most,
I'm going to Bombay !

IV.

By Pa and Ma I'm daily told
To marry now's my time,
For though I'm very far from old,
I'm rather in my prime.
They say while we have any sun,
We ought to make our hay—
And India has so hot an one,
I'm going to Bombay !

V.

My cousin writes from Hyderapot
My only chance to snatch,
And says the climate is so hot,
It's sure to light a match.—
She's married to a son of Mars,
With very handsome pay,
And swears I ought to thank my stars
I'm going to Bombay!

VI.

She says that I shall much delight
To taste their Indian treats,
But what she likes may turn me quite,
Their strange outlandish meats.—
If I can eat rupees, who knows?
Or dine, the Indian way,
On doolies and on bungalows—
I'm going to Bombay!

VII.

She says that I shall much enjoy,—
I don't know what she means,—
To take the air and buy some toy,
In my own palankeens,—
I like to drive my pony-chair,
Or ride our dapple grey—
But elephants are horses there—
I'm going to Bombay!

VIII.

Farewell, farewell, my parents dear,
My friends, farewell to them!
And oh, what costs a sadder tear
Good bye, to Mr. M!—
If I should find an Indian vault,
Or fall a tiger's prey,
Or steep in salt, it's all *his* fault,
I'm going to Bombay!

IX.

That fine new teak-built ship, the Fox
A.I.—Commander Bird,
Now lying in the London Docks,
Will sail on May the Third;
Apply for passage or for freight,
To Nichol, Scott, and Gray—
Pa has applied and seal'd my fate—
I'm going to Bombay!

X.

My heart is full—my trunks as well;
My mind and cape made up,
My corsets shap'd by Mrs. Bell,
Are promised ere I sup;
With boots and shoes, Rivarta's best,
And dresses by Ducé,
And a special license in my chest—
I'm going to Bombay!



"THE COURT OF AN INDIAN PRINCE."

‘LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.’

“Fallen, fallen, fallen.”—DAYDEN.

MY father being what is called a serious tallow-chandler, having supplied the Baptist Meeting-house of Nantwich with *dips* for many years, intended to make me a field-preaching minister. Alas! *my* books were plays, *my* sermons soliloquies. You would not have wondered, had you seen me then, with my large dark eyes, my permanent nose, and a mouth to which my picture does but scanty justice. In large theatres these may be but secondary considerations; but a figure symmetrical as mine must have been seen through all space. Accordingly, I eloped with the young lady who used to rehearse my heroines with me, and came to London, where, after we had studied together till I was in debt, and she, as “ladies wish to be who love their lords,” I began applying to the managers for leave to make my *debut*. I will not describe to you the neglect and rudeness I experienced! It did not abate my enthusiasm; but so true it is, “while the grass grows”—the proverb is somewhat musty,—that I had soon nothing but musty bread on which to feed my hopes, and hopeful wife.

One burning spring day I roved as far as the fields near Greenwich, and, book in hand, went through Romeo, though but to a shy audience, for the sheep all took to their trotters, and the crows to their wings, and not without *cause*. (That joke *was* mine, let who will have claimed it.)

Suddenly somebody hissed; it could not be the sheep, and no geese were near. At that instant a very elegant man, stepping from behind a tree, thus accosted me:—

“Sir, I have heard you with delight. I

can procure you an engagement, not perhaps for the Romeos, but all great actors have risen by slow degrees, and the best of them has, at his outset, been attacked by some snake in the grass.” He now pointed out the reptile, who slunk away, looking heartily ashamed of himself. The gentleman continued, “Mr. Richardson and Company are now acting at the fair. I am his scene-painter; see here, I have sketched you in your happiest attitude. Come with me.” We went to the booth. I was hired; but, unluckily, my powers being suited for a larger stage, so over-



PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

powered my present audience, that I was taken out of all speaking parts, for fear of fatal consequences. Nevertheless, my grace in processions soon raised so much jealousy against me, that in the autumn Master recommended me to one of the Minors in town, where, for twice as much salary, I was never expected to appear before the curtain, but to make myself useful among the carpenters and scene-shifters. That Christmas, during the rehearsal of a Pantomime, four of us were set to catch an Harlequin, each to hold the corner of a blanket, and be ready for his jump through the scene. Alas! one gentleman brought his pot, and one his pipe, and the third an inclination for a snooze. Two were asleep, and one draining the last drops of stout from the pewter. I alone upheld my corner from the boards, when the awful leap came on us, like a star-shoot. I still see the momentary gleam of that strait, spangled, fish-like, head-long figure. Can, candle, bottle, pipes, all crashed beneath the heavy tumbler. With a torrent



NEGLECTING TO JOIN IN A CATCH.

of apologies, we scrambled up, in the dark, to raise the fallen hero; but there he lay, on his face, with legs and arms out spread, as we could feel, without sense, or sound, or motion, cold, stiff, and *dead!* For an instant all was horrid silence; we were as breathless as he. I resolved to give myself up to justice, yet found voice in the boldness of innocence to shout "Help! Lights! All his bones are broken!" "And all yours *shall* be, ye dogs!" cried a voice. We looked up; there stood one Harlequin over us alive; there lay another under us, without a chance of ever more peeping through the blanket of the dark. That the speaker was no ghost we were soon convinced, as his magic bat battered us. The truth was, he had thrown at us the stuffed Harlequin used in flying ascents, to try our vigilance, before he risked his own neck. I felt, however, that I *might* have been of a party who had killed a man. It was a judgment on me for being in such a place, with any less excuse than that of acting Romeo. I took my wife and babe back to Cheshire. We knelt at my father's feet, promising to serve in the shop; fortunately it was one of his melting days; he raised us to his arms,—we formed a *tableau generale*—and the curtain dropped.



ODE

TO THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REMOVAL OF SMITHFIELD MARKET.

“Sweeping our flocks and herds.”—DOUGLAS.

O PHILANTHROPIC men !—

For this address I need not make apology—
Who aim at clearing out the Smithfield pen,
And planting further off its vile Zoology—

Permit me thus to tell,

I like your efforts well,

For routing that great nest of Hornithology !

Be not dismay'd, although repulsed at first,
And driven from their Horse, and Pig, and Lamb parts,
Charge on !—you shall upon their hornworks burst,
And carry all their *Bull*-warks and their *Ram*-parts.

Go on, ye wholesale drovers !

And drive away the Smithfield flocks and herds !

As wild as Tartar-Curds,

That come so fat, and kicking, from their clovers,
Off with them all !—those restive brutes, that vex
Our streets, and plunge, and lunge, and butt, and battle ;

And save the female sex

From being cow'd—like Iſ—by the cattle !

Fancy,—when droves appear on
The hill of Holborn, roaring from its top,—
Your ladies—ready, as they own, to drop,
Taking themselves to Thomson's with a *Fear-va!*

Or, in St. Martin's Lane,
Scared by a Bullock, in a frisky vein,—
Fancy the terror of your timid daughters
While rushing souse
Into a coffee-house,
To find it—Slaughter's !

Or fancy this :—
Walking along the street, some stranger Miss,
Her head with no such thought of danger laden
When suddenly 'tis "Aries Taurus Virgo!"—
You don't know Latin, I translate it ergo,
Into your Areas a Bull throws the Maiden !



I SEE CATTLE !

Think of some poor old crone
Treated, just like a penny, with a toas !
At that vile spot now grown
So generally known
For making a Cow Cross !

Nay, fancy your own selves far off from stall,
 Or shed, or shop—and that an Ox infuriate
 Just pins you to the wall,
 Giving you a strong dose of *Oxy-Muriate* !

Methinks I hear the neighbours that live round
 The Market-ground
 Thus make appeal unto their civic fellows—
 “ ’Tis well for you that live apart—unable
 To hear this brutal Babel,
 But our *firesides* are troubled with their *bellows*.”

“ Folks that too freely sup
 Must e’en put up
 With their own troubles if they can’t digest ;
 But we must needs regard
 The case as hard
 That *others’* victuals should disturb our rest,
 That from our sleep *your* food should start and jump us !
 We like, ourselves, a *steak*,
 But, Sirs, for pity’s sake !
 We don’t want oxen at our doors to *rump-us* !

If we *do* doze—it really is too bad !
 We constantly are roard awake or rung,
 Through bullocks mad
 That run in all the ‘ Night Thoughts ’ of our Young ! ”

Such are the woes of sleepers—now let’s take
 The woes of those that wish to keep a *Wake* !
 Oh think ! when Wombwell gives his annual *feasts*,
 Think of these “ Bulls of Basan,” far from mild ones ;
 Such fierce tame beasts,
 That nobody much cares to see the Wild ones !

Think of the Show woman, “ what shows a Dwarf,”
 Seeing a red Cow come
 To swallow her Tom Thumb,
 And fore’d with broom of birch to keep her off !

Think, too, of Messrs. Richardson and Co.,
 When looking at their public private boxes,
 To see in the back row
 Three live sheep’s heads, a porker’s, and an Ox’s !
 Think of their Orchestra, when two horns come
 Through, to accompany the double drum !

Or, in the midst of murder and remorse,
 Just when the Ghost is certain,
 A great rent in the curtain,
 And enter two tall skeletons—of Horses!

Great Philanthropics! pray urge these topics!
 Upon the Solemn Councils of the Nation,
 Get a Bill soon, and give, some noon,
 The Bulls, a Bull of Excommunication!



A BULL OF EXCOMMUNICATION.

Let the old Fair have fair-play as its right,
 And to each show and sight
 Ye shall be treated with a Free List latitude;
 To Richardson's Stage Dramas,
 Dio—and Cosmo—ramas,
 Giants and Indians wild,
 Dwarf, Sea Bear, and Fat Child,
 And that most rare of Shows—a Show of Gratitude!



"Arms Virumque Canus."

DRAWN FOR A SOLDIER

I WAS once—for a few hours only—in the militia. I suspect I was in part answerable for my own mishap. There is a story in Joe Miller of a man, who, being *pressed* to serve his Majesty on another element, pleaded his polite breeding, to the gang, as a good ground of exemption; but was told that the crew being a set of sad unmannerly dogs, a Chesterfield was the very character they wanted. The militia-men acted, I presume, on the same principle. Their customary schedule was forwarded to me, at Brighton, to fill up, and in a moment of incautious hilarity—induced, perhaps, by the absence of all business or employment, except pleasure—I wrote myself down in the descriptive column as "*Quite a Gentleman.*"

The consequence followed immediately. A precept, addressed by the High Constable of Westminster to the Low ditto of the parish of St. M*****, and endorsed with my name, informed me that it had turned up in that involuntary lottery, the Ballot.

At sight of the Orderly, who thought proper to deliver the document into no other hands than mine, my mother-in-law cried, and my wife fainted on the spot. They had no notion of any distinctions in military service—a soldier was a soldier—and they imagined that, on the very morrow, I might be ordered abroad to a fresh Waterloo. They were unfortunately ignorant of that benevolent provision which absolved the militia from going out of the kingdom—"except in case of an invasion." In vain I represented that we were "locals;" they had heard of local diseases, and thought there might be wounds of the same description. In vain I explained that we were not troops of the line;—they could see nothing to choose between being shot in a line, or in any other figure. I told them, next, that I was not obliged to "serve myself;"—but they answered, "'twas so much the harder I should be obliged to serve any one else." My being sent abroad, they said, would be the death of them; for they had witnessed, at Rams-

gate, the embarkation of the Walcheren expedition, and too well remembered "the misery of the soldiers' wives at seeing their husbands in transports!"

I told them that, at the very worst, if I *should* be sent abroad, there was no reason why I should not return again; but they both declared, they never did, and never would believe in those "Returns of the Killed and Wounded."

The discussion was in this stage when it was interrupted by another loud single knock at the door, a report equal in its effects on us to that of the memorable cannon-shot at Brussels; and before we could recover ourselves, a strapping Serjeant entered the parlour with a huge bow, or rather rain-bow, of party-coloured ribbons in his cap. He came, he said, to offer a substitute for me; but I was prevented from reply by the indignant females asking him in the same breath, "Who and what did he think *could* be a substitute for a son and a husband?"

The poor Serjeant looked foolish enough at this turn; but he was still more abashed when the two anxious Ladies began to cross-examine him on the length of his services abroad, and the number of his wounds, the campaigns of the Militia-man having been confined doubtless to Hounslow, and his bodily marks militant to the three stripes on his sleeve. Parrying these awkward questions he endeavoured to prevail upon me to see the proposed proxy, a fine young fellow, he assured me, of unusual stature; but I told him it was quite an indifferent point with me whether he was 6-feet-2 or 2-feet-6, in short whether he was as tall as the flag, or "under the standard."

The truth is, I reflected that it was a time of profound peace, that a civil war, or an invasion, was very unlikely; and as for an occasional drill, that I could make shift, like Lavater, to right-about-face.

Accordingly I declined seeing the substitute, and dismissed the Serjeant with a note to the War-Secretary to this purport:—"That I considered myself *drawn*; and expected therefore to be well *quarter'd*. That, under the circumstances of the country, it would probably be unnecessary for militia-men 'to be mustarded;' but that if his Majesty did '*call me out*,' I hoped I should '*give him satisfaction*.'"

The females were far from being pleased with this billet. They talked a great deal of moral suicide, wilful murder, and seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth; but I shall ever think that I took the proper course, for, after the lapse of a few hours, two more of the General's red-coats, or General postmen, brought me a large packet sealed with the War-office Seal, and superscribed "Henry Hardinge;" by which I was officially absolved from serving on Horse, or on Foot, or on both together, then and thereafter.

And why, I know not—unless his Majesty doubted the handsomeness of discharging me in particular, without letting off the rest;—but so it was, that in a short time afterwards there issued a proclamation, by which the services of all militia-men were for the present dispensed with,—and we were left to pursue our several avocations,—of course, all the lighter in our *spirits* for being *disembodied*.



SHARP, FLAT, AND NATURAL.

ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S EVE.

"Look out for squalls."—THE PILOT.

O COME, dear Barney Isaacs, come,
 Punch for one night can spare his drum
 As well as pipes of Pan!
 Forget not, Popkins, your bassoon,
 Nor, Mister Bray, your horn, as soon
 As you can leave the Van;
 Blind Billy, bring your violin;
 Miss Crow, you're great in Cherry
 Ripe!

And Chubb, your viol must drop in
 Its bass to Soger Tommy's pipe.
 Ye butchers, bring your bones:
 An organ would not be amiss;
 If grinding Jim has spouted his,
 Lend your's, good Mister Jones.

Do, hurdy-gurdy Jenny,—do
 Keep sober for an hour or two,
 Music's charms to help to paint.
 And, Sandy Gray, if you should not
 Your bagpipes bring—O tuneful Scot!
 Conceive the feelings of the Saint!

Miss Strummel issues an invite,
 For music, and turn-out to night
 In honour of Cecilia's session;
 But ere you go, one moment stop,
 And with all kindness let me drop
 A hint to you, and your profession;
 Imprimis then: Pray keep within
 The bounds to which your skill was
 born;

Let the one-handed let alone
 Trombone,

Don't—Rheumatiz! seize the violin,
 Or Ashmy snatch the horn!

Don't ever to such rows give birth,
 As if you had no end on earth,
 Except to "wake the lyre;"
 Don't "strike the harp," pray never do,
 Till others long to strike it too,
 Perpetual harping's apt to tire;
 Oh I have heard such flat-and-
 sharpeners,

I've blest the head
 Of good King Ned,
 For scragging all those old Welsh
 Harpers!

Pray, never, ere each tuneful doing,
 Take a prodigious deal of wooing;
 And then sit down to thrum the strain,
 As if you'd never rise again—
 The least Cecilia-like of things;
 Remember that the Saint has wings.
 I've known Miss Strummel pause an
 hour,
 Ere she could "Pluck the Fairest
 Flower,"

Yet without hesitation, she
 Plunged next into the "Deep Deep
 Sea,"

And when on the keys she *does* begin,
 Such awful torments soon you share,
 She really seems like Milton's "Sin,"
 Holding the keys of—you know
 where!

Never tweak people's ears so toughly,
 That urchin-like they can't help say-
 ing—

"(O dear! O dear—you call this playing,
But oh, it's playing very roughly!"
Oft, in the ecstasy of pain,
I've curs'd all instrumental workmen,
Wish'd Broadwood Thurtell'd in a lane,
And Kirke White's fate to every
Kirkman—

I really once delighted spied
"Clementi Collard" in Cheapside.



FANCY PORTRAIT :—KIRKE WHITE.

Another word,—don't be surpris'd,
Revered and ragged street Musicians,
You have been only half-baptis'd,
And each name proper, or improper,
Is not the value of a copper,
Till it has had the due additions,

Husky, Rusky,
Ninny, Tinny,
Hummel, Bummel,
Bowski, Wowski,

All these are very good selectables ;
But none of your plain pudding-and-
tames—

Folks that are called the hardest names
Are music's most respectables.

Ev'ry woman, ev'ry man,
Look as foreign as you can,
Don't cut your hair, or wash your
skin,

Make ugly faces and begin .

Each Dingy Orpheus gravely hears.
And now to show they understand it !
Miss Crow her scrannel throttle clears,
And all the rest prepare to band it.

Each scraper ripe for concertante,
Rozins the hair of Rozinante :
Then all sound A, if they know which,
That they may join like birds in June :
Jack Tar alone neglects to tune,
For he's all over concert-pitch.

A little prelude goes before,
Like a knock and ring at music's door
Each instrument gives in its name ;

Then sitting in

They all begin

To play a musical round game,
Scrapenberg, as the eldest hand,
Leads a first fiddle to the band,

A second follows suit ;

Anon the ace of Horns comes plump
On the two fiddles with a trump,

Puffindorf plays a flute.

This sort of musical revoke,
The grave bassoon begins to smoke
And in rather grumpy kind
Of tone begins to speak its mind ;
The double drum is next to mix,
Playing the Devil on Two Sticks—

Clamour, clamour,

Hammer, hammer,

While now and then a pipe is heard,
Insisting to put in a word,

With all his shrilly best,
So to allow the little minion
Time to deliver his opinion,
They take a few bars rest.

Well, little Pipe begins—with sole
And small voice going thro' the *hole*,
Beseeching,
Preaching,
Squealing,
Appealing,

Now as high as he can go,
Now in language rather low,
And having done—begins once more,
Verbatim what he said before.

This twiddling twaddling sets on fire
All the old instrumental ire,
And fiddles for explosion ripe,
Put out the little squeaker's pipe ;
This wakes bass-viol—and viol for that,
Seizing on innocent little B flat,
Shakes it like terrier shaking a rat—

They all seem mitching malico !
To judge from a rumble unawares,
The drum has had a pitch down stairs ;

And the trumpet rash,

By a violent crash,

Seems splitting somebody's calico !
The viol too groans in deep distress,

As if he suddenly grew sick ;
And one rapid fiddle sets off express,—

Hurrying,
Scurrying,
Sputtering,
Clattering,

To fetch him a Doctor of Music.
This tumult sets the Haut-boy crying
Beyond the Piano's pacifying,

The cymbal
Gets nimble,
Triangle

Must wrangle,

The band is becoming most martial
of bands,

When just in the middle,

A quakerly fiddle,

Proposes a general shaking of hands !

Quaking,
Shaking,
Quivering,
Shivering,

Long bow—short bow—each bow
drawing :

Some like filing,—some like sawing ;

At last these agitations cease,

And they all get

The flageolet,

To breathe " a piping time of peace."

Ah, too deceitful charm,
Like light'ning before death,
For Scrapenberg to rest his arm,
And Puffindorf get breath !
Again without remorse or pity,
They play " The Storming of a City,"
Miss S. herself compos'd and plann'd
it—

When lo ! at this renew'd attack,
Up jumps a little man in black,—
" The very Devil cannot stand it !"

And with that,
Snatching hat,
(Not his own,)
Off is flown,
Thro' the door,
In his black,
To come back,

Never, never, never more !

Oh Music ! praises thou hast had,
From Dryden and from Pope,
For thy good notes, yet none I hope,
But I, e'er praised the bad,
Yet are not saint and sinner even ?
Miss Strummel on Cecilia's level ?
One drew an angel down from heaven !
The other scar'd away the Devil !—



A GRAND UPRIGHT.

REFLECTIONS ON WATER.

"When the butt is out, we will drink water: not a drop before."—TEMPER.

I HAVE Stephano's aversion to Water. I never take any by chance into my mouth, without the proneness of our Tritons and Dolphins of the Fountain,—to spout it forth again. It is, on the palate, as in tube and hand-basins, egregiously washy. It hath not for me, even what is called "an amiable weakness." For the sake only of quantity, not quality, do I sometimes adulterate my Cogniac or Geneva with the flimsy fluid. Aquarius is not my sign; at the praises heaped on Sir Hugh Myddleton, for leading his trite streamlet up to London,—my lip curleth. Methinks if such a sloppy labour could at one time more than another betray a misguided taste, it was in those days, when we are told,—“The Grete Conduict, in Chepe, did runne forth Wyne.” And then to hear talk withal of the New River *Head*,—as if, forsooth, the weak current poured even from Ware unto London, were capable of that goodly headed capital, the *caput*, of Stout Porter, or lusty Ale.

The taste for aquatics is none of mine. I laugh at Cowes'—it should be Calves'—Regattas; it passeth my understanding, to conceive the pleasure of contending with all your sail and sea, your might and main, for a prize cup of water. Gentle reader, if ever we two should encounter at good-men's feasts, say not before me, that “your mouth waters,” for fear of my compelled rejoinder, “The more pump you!”

I am told—*Dic mihi*—by Sir Lauder Dick, that the great floods in Morayshire destroyed I know not how many Scottish bridges,—and I believe it. The element was always our Arch-Enemy. Witness the Deluge, when the whole human-kind would have perished, with water on the chest, but for Noah's chest on the water. Drowning—by some called Dying made Easy—is to my notions horrible. Conceive an unfortunate gentleman—not by any means thirsty—compelled to swill gulp after gulp of the vapid fluid, even to swelling, “as the water you know will swell a man.” If I said I would rather be hanged, it would be but the truth; although “*Veritas in Puteo*” hath given me almost a disrelish for truth itself.



THE ARCH-ENEMY.

Excepting their imaginary Castaly, I should be glad to know what poet hath sung ever in the praise of Water? Of wine, many. "Tak Tent," saith the Scottish Burns; "O, was ye at the *Sherry*?"—singeth another. The lofty Douglas, in commending Norval, thus hinteth his cellar: "His *Port* I like." Shakspeare discourseth eloquently of both as "Red and white," and addeth—"with sweet and cunning hand *laid on*;"—i. e. laid on in pipes. For Madeira, see Bowles of it; and the Muse of Pringle luxuriates in the Cape. Then is there also Mountain celebrated by Pope,—*"The Shepherd loves the mountain,"*—to Moslem, forbidden draught; yet which Mahomet would condescend to *stitch* himself, if it failed in coming to hand. Sack, too,—as dear to Oriental Sultanas as his Malmsey to Clarence,—is by Byron touched on in his *Corsair*; but then, through some Koran-scrupulousness perchance, they take it—in Water!

Praise there hath been of water; but, as became the subject, in prose; M. hath written a volume, I am told, in its commendation, and above all of its nutritive quality; and truly to see it floating the Victory with all her armament and complement of guns, and men, one must confess there is some *support* in it—at least as an outward application! but then taken internally, look at the wreck of the Royal George!

The mention of Men-of-War, bringeth to mind, opportunely, certain marine reminiscences, pertinent to this subject, referring some years backward, when, with other uniform than my present invariable sables, I was stationed at * * *, on the coast of Sussex. Little as my present-tense habits, and occupations, savour of the past sea-service,—yet, reader, in the Navy List, amongst the Commanders, or years by-gone in the Ship's Books of H.M.S. Hyperion, presently lying in the sequestered harbour of Newhaven, thou wilt find occurring the surname of Hood; a name associated by friends, marine and mechanic, with a contrivance for expelling the old enemy, water, by a novel construction of Ships' pumps.

Stanchest of my sect—the Adam's-Ale-Shunners—wert thou, old Samuel Spiller! in the muster-roll charactered an Able Seaman; but



RUNNING SPIRITS.

most notable for a Landsman's aversion to unmitigated Water, hard, or soft—fresh or salt! A petty Officer wert thou in that armed band *versus* contraband, the Coast Blockade; by some miscalled the Preventive Service, if service it be to prevent the influx of wholesome spirits. To do the smuggler bare justice, no seaman, Nelson-bred, payeth greater reverence, or obedience to that signal sentence,—“England expects every man to *do his duty!*” than he. Thine, Spiller, was done to the uttermost. Spirits, legal or illegal, in tub or flask, or pewter measure, didst thou inexorably seize, and gauger-like try the depth thereof,—thy Royal Master, His Majesty, at the latter end of the seizures, faring no better than thy own begotten sea-urchin, of whom, one day remarking that—“he took after his father,” the young would-be Trinculo retorted, “Father never leaveth none to take.” There were strange rumours afloat, and ashore—Samuel! of thy unprofitable vigilance. Many an illicit *Child*, i. e. a small keg, hath been laid at thy door. Thou hadst a becoming respect for thy comrades, as brave men and true, who could stand fire, but the smugglers, I fear, were ranked a streak higher, as men who could stand treat. Still were thy misdeeds like much of thy own beverage—beyond proof. Even as those delinquent utterers of base notes, who swallow their own dangerous forgeries, so didst thou gulp down whatever might else have appeared against thee in evidence. There was no entrapping thee, like rat, or weazel, in that Gin, from which deriving a sea-peerage, thou wert commonly known—with no offence, I trust, to the Noble Vassal of Kensington—as Lord Hollands.

It was by way of water-penance for one of these Cassio-like derelictions of mine Ancient, that one evening—the evening succeeding the Great Sea Tempest of 1814—I gave him charge of a boat's crew, to bring in sundry fragmental relics of some shipwreckt Argosy, that were reported to be adrift in our offing. In two hours he returned, and like Venator and Piscator, we immediately fell into dialogue,—Piscator, i. e. Spiller, “for fear of dripping the carpet,” standing aloof, a vox et preterea nihil, in a dark entry.

“Well, Spiller,”—my phraseology was not then inoculated with the quaintness it hath since imbibed from after lecture—“Well, Spiller, what have you picked up?”

“A jib-boom, I think, Sir; a capital spar; and part of a Ship's stern. The ‘Planter of Barbadies’—famous place for rum, Sir!”

“Was there any sea—are you wet?”

“Only up to my middle, Sir.”

“Very well—stow away the wreck, and go to your grog. Tell Bunce to give you all double allowance.”

“Thank your honour's honour!”

The voice ceased: and a pair of ponderous sea-soles, with tramp audible as the marble foot of the Spectre in Giovanni, went hurrying down our main-hatchway. Certain misgivings of a discrepancy between the imputed drenching and the weather, an appeal askance of the rum

cask, joined with a curiosity perchance, to inspect the ship-fragments—our flotsom and jetsom, led me soon afterwards below, and there, in the mess-room, sate mine officer, high and dry, with a huge tankard in his starboard hand. I made an obvious remark on it, and had an answer—for Michael Spiller was no adept in the Chesterfieldian refinements—from the interior of the drinking-vessel—

“Your Honour’s right, and I ax your Honour’s pardon. I warn’t wet! but I was *very* dry!”

A BLOW-UP

“Here we go up, up, up.”—THE LAY OF THE FIRST MINSTREL.

NEAR Battle, Mr. Peter Baker

Was Powder-maker,

Not Alderman Flower’s flour,—the white that puffs
And primes and loads heads bald, or grey, or chowder,
Figgins and Higgins, Fippins, Filby,—Crowder,
Not vile apothecary’s pounded stuffs,
But something blacker, bloodier, and louder,
Gun-powder!

This stuff, as people know, is *semper*
Eadem; very hasty in its temper—
Like Honour that resents the gentlest taps
Mere semblances of blows, however slight;
So powder fires, although you only p’rhaps
Strike light.

To make it therefore, is a ticklish business,
And sometimes gives both head and heart a dizziness,
For as all human flash and fancy minders,
Frequenting fights and Powder-works well know,
There seldom is a mill without a blow
Sometimes upon the grinders.

But then—the melancholy phrase to soften,
Mr. B.’s mill *transpir’d* so very often!
And advertised—than all Price Currents louder,
“Fragments look up—there is a rise in Powder,”
So frequently, it caused the neighbours’ wonder,—
And certain people had the inhumanity
To lay it all to Mr. Baker’s vanity,
That he might have to say—“That was *my* thunder!”

One day—so goes the tale,
Whether, with iron hoof,
Not sparkle-proof,

Some ninny-hammer struck upon a nail,—
Whether some glow-worm of the Guy Faux stamp,

Crept in the building, with Unsafety Lamp—
 One day this mill that had by water ground,
 Became a sort of windmill and blew round.
 With bounce that went in sound as far as Dover, it
 Sent half the workmen sprawling to the sky ;
 Besides some visitors who gained thereby,
 What they had asked—permission “to go over it !”

Of course it was a very hard and high blow,

And somewhat differed from what's called a flyblow
 At Cowes' Regatta as I once observed,
 A pistol-shot made twenty vessels start ;
 If such a sound could terrify oak's heart,
 Think how this crash the human nerve unnerved.
 In fact, it was a very awful thing,—
 As people know that have been used to battle,
 In springing either mine or mill, you spring

A precious rattle !

The dunniest heard it—poor old Mr. F.
 Doubted for once if he was ever deaf ;
 Through Tunbridge town it caused most strange alarms,

Mr. and Mrs. Fogg,

Who lived liked cat and dog,

Were shocked for once into each other's arms.
 Miss M. the milliner—her fright so strong,
 Made a great gobble-stitch six inches long ;
 The veriest quakers quaked against their wish ;
 The “Best of Sons” was taken unawares,
 And kick'd the “Best of Parents” down the stairs :
 The steadiest servant dropped the China dish ;
 A thousand started, though there was but one
 Fated to win, and that was Mister Dunn,
 Who struck convulsively, and hooked a fish !

Miss Wiggins, with some grass upon her fork,
 Toss'd it just like a hay-maker at work ;
 Her sister not in any better case,

For taking wine,

With nervous Mr. Pyne,

He jerked his glass of Sherry in her face.

Poor Mistress Davy,

Bobb'd off her bran-new turban in the gravy ;
 While Mr. Davy at the lower end,
 Preparing for a Goose a carver's labour,
 Darted his two-pronged weapon in his neighbour,
 As if for once he meant to help a friend.

The nurse-maid telling little “Jack-a-Norey,”
 “Bo-peep” and “Blue-cap” at the house's top,

Scream'd, and let Master Jeremiah drop
 From a fourth story !
 Nor yet did matters any better go
 With Cook and Housemaid in the realms below ;
 As for the Laundress, timid Martha Gunning,
 Expressing faintness and her fear by fits
 And starts,—she came at last but to her wits,
 By falling in the ale that John left running.

Grave Mr. Miles, the meekest of mankind,
 Struck all at once, deaf, stupid, dumb, and blind,
 Sat in his chaise some moments like a corse,
 Then coming to his mind,
 Was shocked to find,



A NON SEQUITUR.

Only a pair of shafts without a horse.
 Out scrambled all the Misses from Miss Joy's !
 From Prospect House, for urchins small and big,
 Hearing the awful noise,
 Out rushed a flood of boys,
 Floating a man in black, without a wig ;—
 Some carried out one treasure, some another,—
 Some caught their tops and taws up in a hurry,
 Some saved Chambaud, some rescued Lindley Murray, -
 But little Tiddy carried his big brother !

Sick of such terrors,
 The Tunbridge folks resolv'd that truth should dwell
 No longer secret in a Tunbridge Well,
 But to warn Baker of his dangerous errors ;
 Accordingly to bring the point to pass,
 They call'd a meeting of the broken glass,
 The shatter'd chimney pots, and scatter'd tilca,
 The damage of each part,

And packed it in a cart,
 Drawn by the horse that ran from Mr. Miles ;
 While Doctor Babbleshorpe, the worthy Rector,
 And Mr. Gammage, cutler to George Rex,
 And some few more, whose names would only vex,
 Went as a deputation to the Ex
 Powder-proprietor and Mill-director.

Now Mr. Baker's dwelling-house had pleased
 Along with mill-materials to roam,
 And for a time the deputies were teased,
 To find the noisy gentleman at home ;
 At last they found him with undamaged skin,
 Safe at the Tunbridge Arms—not out—but Inn.

The worthy Rector, with uncommon zeal,
 Soon put his spoke in for the common weal—
 A grave old gentlemanly kind of Urban,—
 The piteous tale of Jeremiah moulded,

And then unfolded,
 By way of climax, Mrs. Davy's turban ;
 He told how auctioneering Mr. Pidding
 Knock'd down a lot without a bidding,—
 How Mr. Miles, in fright, had giv'n his mare,
 The whip she wouldn't bear,—
 At Prospect House, how Doctor Oates, not Titus,
 Danc'd like Saint Vitus,—

And Mr. Beak, thro' Powder's misbehaving,
 Cut off his nose whilst shaving ;—
 When suddenly, with words that seem'd like swearing,
 Beyond a Licensor's belief or bearing—
 Broke in the stuttering, sputtering Mr. Gammage—
 Who is to pay us, Sir—he argued thus,
 " For loss of cus-cus-cus-cus-cus-cus—
 Cus-custom, and the dam-dam-dam-dam-damage ?

Now many a person had been fairly puzzled
 By such assailants, and completely muzzled ;
 Baker, however, was not dash'd with ease—
 But proved he practised after their own system.

And with small ceremony soon dismiss'd 'em,
 Putting these words into their ears like fleas ;
 " If I do have a blow, well, where's the oddity !
 I merely do as other tradesmen do,
 You, Sir,—and you—and you !
 I'm only puffing off my own commodity !



URGING THE SAIL OF YOUR OWN WORK.

THE WOODEN LEG.

" Peregrine and Gauntlet heard the sound of the stump ascending the wooden staircase with such velocity, that they at first mistook it for the application of drum-sticks to the head of an empty barrel."—PEREGRINE PICKLE.

EVER since the year 1799, I have had, in the coachman phrase, an off leg and a near one ; the right limb, thanks to a twelve-pounder, lies somewhere at Seringapatam, its twin-brother being at this moment under a table at Brighton. In plain English, I have a wooden leg. Being thus deprived of half of the implements for marching, I equitably retired, on half-pay, from a marching regiment, and embarked what remained of my body for the land of its nativity, literally fulfilling the description of man, "with one foot on sea and one on shore," in the Shakspearian song.

A great deal has been said and sung of our wooden walls and hearts of oak, but legs of ditto make but an inglorious figure on the ocean. No wrestler from Cornwall or Devonshire ever received half so many fair back-falls as I, the least roll of the vessel—and the equinoctial gales were in full blow—making me lose, I was going to say, my feet. I might have walked in a dead calm, and as a soldier accustomed to exercise, and moreover a foot soldier, and used to walking, I felt a great inclination to pace up and down the deck, but a general protest from the cabins put an end to my promenade. As Lear recommends, my wooden hoof ought to have been "shod with felt."

At last the voyage terminated, and in my eagerness to land, I got into a fishing-boat, which put me ashore at Dungeness. Those who have enjoyed a ramble over its extensive shingle, will believe that I soon obtained abundance of exercise in walking with a wooden leg among its loose pebbles; in fact, when I arrived at Lydd, I was, as the cricketers say, "stumped out." It was anything but one of Foote's farces.

The next morning saw me in sight of home,—as a provincial bard says—

"But when home gleams upon the wanderer's eye,
Quicken his steps—he almost seems to fly."

But I wish he had seen me doing my last half mile over Swingfield Hill. I found its deep sand anything but a quicksand, in spite of a distinct glimpse of the paternal roof. I am convinced, when "Fleet Camilla scours the plain," she does not do it with sand. At last I stood at the lodge-gate, which opened, and let me into a long avenue, the path of which had been newly gravelled, but not well rolled; accordingly, I cut out considerable work for myself and the gardener, who, as he watched the holes I picked in his performance, seemed to look on my advance much as Apollyon did on Pilgrim's Progress. By way of relief, I got upon the grass, but my wooden leg, though it was a black-leg, did not thrive much upon the turf. Arrived at the house door, filial anxiety caused me to forget to scrape and wipe, and I proceeded to make a fishy pattern of soles and dabs up the stair carpet. The good wife in the Scotch song says—

His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair."

If there was any music in mine, it was in the stump, which played a sort of "Dead March in Saul," up to the landing-place, where the sound and sight of my Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane threw my poor mother into a Macbeth fit of horror, for the preparatory letter which should have broken my leg to her, had been lost on its passage. As for my father, I will not attempt to describe his transport, for I came upon him,

"As fools rush in where angels fear to tread;"

and Gabriel or Michael would not have escaped a volley for treading on his gouty foot. At the same moment, Margaret and Louisa, with sisterly impetuosity, threw themselves on my neck, and not being attentive to my "outplay or loose leg," according to Sir Thomas Parkyn's "Instructions for Wrestling," the result was a "hanging trippet." "A hanging trippet is when you put your toe behind your adversary's heel, on the same side, with a design to hook his leg up forwards, and throw him on his back."

The reader will guess my satisfaction when night came, and allowed me to rid myself of my unlucky limb. Fatigued with my walk through dry sand and wet gravel, exhausted by excessive emotion, and, maybe, a little flustered by dipping into the cup of welcome, I literally tumbled into bed, and was soon dreaming of running races and leaping

for wagers, galloping, waltzing, and other feats of a biped, when I was suddenly aroused by shrill screams of "Thieves!" and "Murder!" with a more hoarse call for "Frank! Frank!" There were burglars, in fact, in the house, who were packing and preparing to elope with the family plate, without the consent of parents. It was natural for the latter to call a son and a soldier to the rescue, but son or soldier never came in time to start for the plate; not that I wanted zeal or courage, or arms, but I wanted that unlucky limb, and I groped about a full half hour in the dark, before I could lay my hand upon my leg.

The next morning I took a solitary stroll before breakfast to look at the estate; but during my absence abroad, some exchanges of land had taken place with our neighbour, Sir Theophilus. The consequence was, in taking my wood through a wood of his,—but which had formerly been our own,—and going with my "best leg foremost," as a man in my predicament always does, I popped it into a man-trap. Thus my timber failed me at a pinch when it might really have stood my friend. Luckily the trap was one of the humane sort;—but it was far from pleasant to stand in it for two hours calling out for Leg Bail.

I could give many more instances of scrapes, besides the perpetual hobble which my wooden leg brought me into, but I will mention only one. At the persuasion of my friends, a few years ago I stood for Rye, but the electors, perhaps, thought I only half stood for it, for they gave me nothing but split votes. It was perhaps as well that I did not go into the House, for with two such odd legs I could never properly have "paired off." The election expenses, however, pressed heavily on my pocket, and to defray them, and all for one Wooden Leg, I had to cut down some thousand loads of timber.



"PRICING TWO FOR HIS WOODS."

THE GHOST.

A VERY SERIOUS BALLAD.

"I'll be your second."—LISON.

In Middle Row, some years ago,
There lived one Mr. Brown ;
And many folks considered him
The stoutest man in town.

But Brown and stout will both wear out,
One Friday he died hard,
And left a widow'd wife to mourn
At twenty pence a yard.

Now widow B. in two short months
Thought mourning quite a tax ;
And wish'd, like Mr. Wilberforce,
To *manumit* her blacks.

With Mr. Street she soon was sweet ;
The thing thus came about :
She asked him in at home, and then
At church he asked her out !

Assurance such as this the man
In ashes could not stand ;
So like a Phoenix he rose up
Against the Hand in Hand.

One dreary night the angry sprite
Appeared before her view ;
It came a little after one,
But she was after two !

" Oh Mrs. B., oh Mrs. B. !
Are these your sorrow's deeds,
Already getting up a flame,
To burn your widow's weeds ?

" It's not so long since I have left
For aye the mortal scene ;

My Memory—like Rogers's,
Should still be bound in green !

" Yet if my face you still retrace
I almost have a doubt—
I'm like an old Forget-Me-Not,
With all the leaves torn out !

" To think that on that finger joint,
Another pledge should cling ;
Oh Bess ! upon my very soul,
It struck like ' Knock and Ring.' "

" A ton of marble on my breast
Can't hinder my return ;
Your conduct, Ma'am, has set my blood
A-boiling in my urn !

" Remember, oh ! remember, how
The marriage rite did run,—
If ever we one flesh should be,
'Tis now—when I have none !

" And you, Sir—once a bosom friend—
Of perjured faith convict,
As ghostly toe can give no blow,
Consider you are kick'd.

" A hollow voice is all I have,
But this I tell you plain,
Marry come up !—you marry Ma'am,
And I'll come up again."

More he had said, but chanticleer
The spritely shade did shock
With sudden crow, and off he went,
Like fowling-piece at cock !



COCK OF THE WALK.



"THE GREAT PLAGUE OF LONDON."

A TALE OF THE GREAT PLAGUE.

"This is one of the *pest* discretions."—SIR HUGH EVANS.

ABOUT five or six years after that deplorable great Plague of London, there befel a circumstance which, as it is not set forth in Defoe his history of the pestilence, I shall make bold to write down herein, not only on account of the strangeness of the event, but also because it carries a moral pick-a-back, as a good story ought to do.

It is a notoriously known fact, as collected from the bills of mortality, that there died of the plague in the mere metropolis a matter of some hundreds of thousands of human souls; yet notwithstanding this most awful warning to evil doers, the land did nevertheless bring forth such a rank crop of sin and wickedness, that the like was never known before or after; the city of London, especially, being overrun with bands of thieves and murderers, against whom there was little or no check, the civical police having been utterly disbanded and disrupt during the ravages of the pestilence. Neither did men's minds turn for some time towards the mere safeguard of property, being still distracted with personal fears, for although the pest had, as it were, died of the excess of its own violence, yet from time to time there arose flying rumours of fresh breakings out of the malady. The small-pox and the malignant fever being the prolific parents of such like alarms. Accordingly many notable robberies and divers grievous murders having been acted with impunity during the horrible crisis of the pest, those which

had before been wicked were now hardened, and became a thousand times worse, till the city and the neighbourhood thereof seemed given in prey to devils, who had been loosened for a season from the everlasting fetters of the law.

Now four of these desperadoes having met together at the Dolphin in Deptford, they laid a plot together to rob a certain lone mansion house which stood betwixt the Thames marshes and the Forest of Hainault, and which was left in the charge of only one man, the family being gone off to another mansion house in the county of Wiltshire, for the sake of a more wholesome air. And the manner of the plot was this; one of the villains going in a feigned voice was to knock at the front-door and beg piteously for a night's shelter, and then the door, being opened, the other knaves were to rush in and bind the serving-man, or murder him, as might seem best, and so taking his keys they were to ransack the house, where they expected to find a good store of plate. Accordingly one Friday, at the dead of the night, they set forth, having for leader a fellow that was named Blackface, by reason of a vizard which he wore always on such errands, diverting themselves by the way with laying out each man his share of the booty in the manner that pleased him best, wine and the women of Lewkener's Lane coming in you may be sure for the main burthen of the song. At last they entered the fore-court of the house which they were to rob, and which was as silent as death, and as dark, excepting a glimmer from one window towards the top. Blackface then, as agreed upon, began to beat at the door, but being flushed with drink, instead of entreating for an entrance, he shouted out to the serving-man, bidding him with many terrible oaths to come down and to render up his keys, for that they were come to relieve him of his charge.

"In the name of God, my masters," cried the serving-man from the window, "what do you want here?"

"We are come," returned Blackface, "to relieve you of your trust, so throw us down your keys."

"An that be all," said the serving-man, whose name was Adams, "wait but a little while and you shall have the keys and my place to boot. Come again but a few hours hence, and you shall find me dead, when you may do with me and my trust as you list."

"Come, come," cries Blackface, "no preaching, but come down and open, or we will bring fire and faggot to the door."

"Ye shall not need," answered Adams, "hearken only to what I say, and you shall have free passage; but I give you fair warning, though I be but a single man, and without weapon, and sick even unto death, yet shall your coming in cost you as many lives as ye bear amongst you, for within these walls there is a dismal giant that hath slain his thousands, even the plague." At these dreary words the courage of the robbers was taken somewhat aback, but Blackface spirited them on, saying it was no doubt an invention to deter them from the spoil.

"Alas," answered Adams, who overheard their argument, "what I say is the solemn and sorrowful truth, and which I am speaking for

the last time, for I shall never see to-morrow's blessed sun. As for the door, I will open it to you with my own hands, beseeching you for your own sakes to stand a little apart, and out of the taint of my breath, which is sure destruction. There is one child herein a dead corpse, as you shall behold if you have so much courage, for it lieth unburied in the hall. So saying he descended, and presently flung open the hall door, the villains withdrawing a little backward, and they saw verily by the light of a rush wick which he carried, that he was lapt only in a white sheet, and looking very pale and ghost-like, with a most dismal black circle round each of his eyes.

"If ye disbelieve me still," he said, "look inwards when I draw back from the door, and ye shall see what was a living child this day, but is now a corpse hastening to corruption. Alas! in the midst of life we are in death: she was seized at play." With these words he drew aside, and the robbers, looking through the door, perceived it was even as he said, for the dead body of the child was lying on the hall table, with the same black ring round its eyes, and dressed

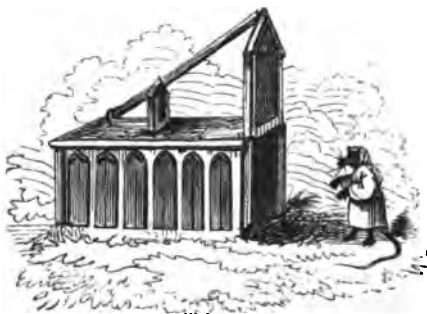


THE COMMON-LOT.

in brocade and riband as though death had carried it off, even as he said, in its holiday clothes. "Now," said Adams, after they had gazed awhile, "here be the keys," therewithal casting towards them a huge bunch; but the villains would now no more meddle with them than with so many aspics or scorpions, looking on them in truth as the very keys of death's door. Accordingly, after venting a few curses on their ill luck, they began to depart in very ill humour, when Adams again called to them to hear his last words.

"Now," said he, "though ye came hither with robbery, and perchance murder in your hearts, against me, yet as a true Christian will I not only forgive your wicked intents, but advise you how to shun. that miserable end which my own life is coming to so very suddenly. Although your souls have been saved from sin, yet, doubtless ye have not stood so long in this infected air without peril to the health of your bodies, wherefore, by the advice of a dying man, go straightway from this over to Laytonstone, where there be tan pits, and sit there

for a good hour amidst the strong smell of the tau, and which hath more virtue as a remedy against the infection of the plague, than even tobacco or the odour of drugs. Do this and live, for the poison is strong and subtle, and seizeth, ere one can be aware, on the springs of life." Thereupon, he uttered a dismal groan, and began yelling so fearfully that the robbers with one accord took to flight, and never stopped till they were come to Laytonstone, and into the tanner's very yard, where they sat down and stooped over the pit, snuffing up the odours with all the relish of men in whose nostrils it was as the breath of life. In which posture they had been sitting half an hour, when there entered several persons with a lantern, and which they took to be the tanner and his men, and to whom, therefore, they addressed themselves, begging pardon for their boldness, and entreating leave to continue awhile in the tan-yard to disinfect themselves of the plague; but they had hardly uttered these words, when lo! each man was suddenly seized upon, and bound in a twinkling, the constables, for such they were, jeering them withal, and saying the plague had been too busy to come itself, but had sent them a gallows and a halter instead, which would serve their turn. Whereupon, most of the rogues became very chop-fallen, but Blackface swore he could die easy but for one thing upon his mind, and that was, what had become of the dead child and the man dying of the plague, both of which he had seen with his own eyes. Hereupon, the man with a lantern turned the light upon his own face, which the rogues knew directly to be the countenance of Adams himself, but without any of those black rings round the eyes, and for which he explained he had been indebted to a little charcoal. "As for the dead child," he said, "you must enquire, my masters, of the worshipful company of Barber Surgeons, and they will tell you of a certain waxen puppet of Hygeia, the Goddess of Health, which used to be carried at their pageants, and when it fell into disuse was purchased of them by my Lady Dame Ellinor Wood, for a plaything to her own children. So one head you see is worth four pair of hands, and your whole gang, tall, and strong knaves though you be, have been overmatched by one old man and a doll."



LA TRAPPE.

FANCY PORTRAIT—MAD^E. HENGLER.

ODE TO MADAME HENGLER,

FIREWORK-MAKER TO VAUXHALL.

OH, Mrs. Hengler!—Madame,—I beg pardon
 Starry Enchantress of the Surrey Garden!
 Accept an Ode not meant as any scoff—
 The Bard were bold indeed at thee to quiz,
 Whose squibs are far more popular than his;
 Whose works are much more certain to go off.

Great is thy fame, but not a silent fame;
 With many a bang the public ear it courts;
 And yet thy arrogance we never blame,
 But take thy merits from thy own reports.
 Thou hast indeed the most indulgent backers,
 We make no doubting, misbelieving comments,
 Even in thy most bounceable of moments;
 But lend our ears implicit to thy crackers!—
 Strange helps to thy applause too are not missing,
 Thy Rockets raise thee,
 And Serpents praise thee,
 As none beside are ever praised—by hissing!

Mistress of Hydropyrics,
 Of glittering Pindarics, Sapphics, Lyrics,
 Professor of a Fiery Necromancy,
 Oddly thou charmest the politer sorts
 With midnight sports,
 Partaking very much of *flash* and *fancy* !

What thoughts had shaken all
 In olden time at thy nocturnal revels,—
 Each brimstone ball,
 They would have deem'd an eyeball of the Devil's !
 But now thy flaming Meteors cause no fright ;
 A modern Hubert to the royal ear,
 Might whisper without fear,
 " My Lord, they say there were five moons to-night ! "
 Nor would it raise one superstitious notion
 To hear the whole description fairly out :—
 " One fixed—which t'other four whirl'd round about
 With wond'rous motion "

Such are the very sights
 Thou workest, Queen of Fire, on earth and heaven,
 Between the hours of midnight and eleven,
 Turning our English to Arabian Nights,
 With blazing mounts, and founts, and scorching dragons,
 Blue stars and white,
 And blood-red light,
 And dazzling Wheels fit for Enchanters' waggons.
 Thrice lucky woman ! doing things that be
 With other folks past benefit of parson ;
 For burning, no Burn's Justice falls on thee,
 Altho' night after night the public see
 Thy Vauxhall palaces all end in Arson !

Sure thou wast never born
 Like old Sir Hugh, with water in thy head,
 Nor lectur'd night and morn
 Of sparks and flames to have an awful dread,
 Allowed by a prophetic dam and sire
 To play with fire.
 O didst thou never, in those days gone by,
 Go carrying about—no schoolboy prouder—
 Instead of waxen doll a little Guy ;
 Or in thy pretty pyrotechnic vein,
 Up the parental pigtail lay a train,
 To let off all his powder ?

Full of the wildfire of thy youth,
 Did'st never in plain truth,
 Plant whizzing Flowers in thy mother's pots,
 Turning the garden into powder plots?
 Or give the cook, to fright her,
 Thy paper sausages well stuffed with nitre?
 Nay, wert thou never guilty, now, of dropping
 A lighted cracker by thy sister's Dear,
 So that she could not hear
 The question he was popping?

Go on, Madame! Go on—be bright and busy
 While hoar'd Astronomers look up and stare
 From tall observatories, dumb and dizzy,
 To see a Squib in Cassiopeia's Chair!
 A Serpent wriggling into Charles's Wain!
 A Roman Candle lighting the Great Bear!
 A Rocket tangled in Diana's train,
 And Crackers stuck in Berenice's Hair!

There is a King of Fire—Thou shouldst be Queen!
 Methinks a good connexion might come from it;
 Could'st thou not make him, in the garden scene,
 Set out per Rocket and return per Comet;
 Then give him a hot treat
 Of Pyrotechnicals to sit and sup,
 Lord! how the world would throng to see him eat
 He swallowing fire, while thou dost throw it up.

One solitary night—true is the story,
 Watching those forms that Fancy will create
 Within the bright confusion of the grate,
 I saw a dazzling countenance of glory!
 Oh Dei gratias!
 That fiery facias
 'Twas thine, Enchantress of the Surrey Grove;
 And ever since that night,
 In dark and bright,
 Thy face is *registered* within my store!

Long may that starry brow enjoy its rays
 May no untimely *blow* its doom forestall;
 But when old age prepares the friendly pall,
 When the last spark of all thy sparks decays,
 Then die lamented by good people all,
 Like Goldsmith's *Madam Blaise*!

RHYME AND REASON.

To the Editor of the Comic Annual.

SIR,

In one of your *Annuals* you have given insertion to "A Plan for Writing Blank Verse in Rhyme;" but as I have seen no regular long poem constructed on its principles, I suppose the scheme did not take with the literary world. Under these circumstances I feel encouraged to bring forward a novelty of my own, and I can only regret that such poets as Chaucer and Cottle, Spenser and Hayley, Milton and Pratt, Pope and Pye, Byron and Batterbee, should have died before it was invented.

The great difficulty in verse is avowedly the rhyme. Dean Swift says somewhere in his letters, "that a rhyme is as hard to find with him as a guinea,"—and we all know that guineas are proverbially scarce among poets. The merest versifier that ever attempted a Valentine must have met with this Orson, some untameable savage syllable that refused to chime in with society. For instance, what poetical Foxhunter—a contributor to the *Sporting Magazine*—has not drawn all the covers of Beynard, Ceynard, Deynard, Feynard, Geynard, Heynard, Keynard, Leynard, Meynard, Neynard, Peynard, Queynard, to find a rhyme for Reynard? The spirit of the times is decidedly against Tithe; and I know of no tithe more oppressive than that poetical one, in heroic measure, which requires that every tenth syllable shall pay a sound in kind. How often the Poet goes up a line, only to be stopped at the end by an impracticable rhyme, like a bull in a blind alley! I have an ingenious medical friend, who might have been an eminent poet by this time, but the first line he wrote ended in *ipe-cacuanha*, and with all his physical and mental power, he has never yet been able to find a rhyme for it.

The plan I propose aims to obviate this hardship. My system is, to take the bull by the horns; in short, to try at first what words will



REFUSING TITHE.

chime, before you go farther and fare worse. To say nothing of other advantages, it will at least have one good effect,—and that is, to correct the erroneous notion of the would-be poets and poetesses of the present day, that the great *end* of poetry is rhyme. I beg leave to present a specimen of verse, which proves quite the reverse, and am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,
JOHN DRYDEN GRUBB.

THE DOUBLE KNOCK.

RAT-TAT it went upon the lion's chin,
"That hat, I know it!" cried the joyful girl;
"Summer's it is, I know him by his knock,
Comers like him are welcome as the day!
Lizzy! go down and open the street-door,
Busy I am to any one but *him*.
Know him you must—he has been often here;
Show him up stairs, and tell him I'm alone."

Quickly the maid went tripping down the stair;
Thickly the heart of Rose Matilda beat;
"Sure he has brought me tickets for the play—
Drury—or Covent Garden—darling man!—
Kemble will play—or Kean who makes the soul
Tremble; in Richard or the frenzied Moor—
Farren, the stay and prop of many a farce
Barren beside—or Liston, Laughter's Child—
Kelly the natural, to witness whom
Jelly is nothing to the public's jam—
Cooper, the sensible—and Walter Knowles
Super, in William Tell—now rightly told.
Better—perchance, from Andrews, brings a box,
Letter of boxes for the Italian stage—
Brocard! Donzelli! Taglioni! Paul!
No card,—thank heaven—engages me to night!
Feathers, of course, no turban, and no toque—
Weather's against it, but I'll go in curls.
Dearly I dote on white—my satin dress,
Merely one night—it won't be much the worse—
Cupid—the New Ballet I long to see—
Stupid! why don't she go and ope the door!"

Glisten'd her eye as the impatient girl
Listen'd, low bending o'er the topmost stair.
Vainly, alas! she listens and she bends,
Plainly she hears this question and reply:
"Axes your pardon, Sir, but what d'ye want?"
"Taxes," says he, "and shall not call again!"



BARNET'S PANORAMA.

A FOXHUNTER

Is a jumble of paradoxes. He sets forth clean though he comes out of a kennel, and returns home dirty. He cares not for cards, yet strives to be always with the pack. He loves fencing, but without carte or tierce; and delights in a steeple chase, though he does not follow the church. He is anything but litigious, yet is fond of a certain suit, and retains Scarlet. He keeps a running account with Horse, Dog, Fox, and Co., but objects to a check. As to cards, in choosing a pack he prefers Hunt's. In Theatricals, he favours Miss Somerville, because her namesake wrote the Chase, though he never read it. He is no great Dancer, though he is fond of casting off twenty couple; and no great Painter, though he draws covers, and seeks for a brush. He is no Musician, and yet is fond of five bars. He despises Doctors, yet follows a course of bark. He professes to love his country, but is perpetually crossing it. He is fond of strong ale and beer, yet dislikes any purl. He is good-tempered, yet so far a Tartar as to prefer a saddle of Horse to a saddle of Mutton. He is somewhat rough and bearish himself, but insists on good breeding in horses and dogs. He professes the Church Catechism, and countenances heathen dogmas, by naming his hounds after Jupiter and Juno,

Mars and Diana. He cares not for violets, but he doats on a good scent. He says his Wife is a shrew, but objects to destroying a Vixen. In Politics he inclines to Pitt, and runs after Fox. He is no milksop, but he loves to Tally. He protects Poultry, and preserves Foxes. He follows but one business, and yet has many pursuits. He pretends to be knowing, but a dog leads him by the nose. He is as honest a fellow as need be, yet his neck is oftener in danger than a thief's. He swears he can clear anything, but is beaten by a fog. He is no landlord of houses, but is particular about fixtures. He studies "Summering the Hunter," but goes Huntering in the Winter. He esteems himself prosperous, and is always going to the dogs. He delights in the Hunter's Stakes, but takes care not to stake his hunter. He praises discretion, but would rather let the cat out of the bag than a fox. He does not shine at a human conversazione, but is great among dogs giving tongue. To conclude, he runs as long as he can, and then goes to earth, and his Heir is in at his death. But his Heir does not stand in his shoes, for he never wore anything but boots.



"STAND AND DELIVER."



FANCY PORTRAIT—"I'D BE A BUTTERFLY."

BAILEY BALLADS.

To anticipate mistake, the above title refers not to Thomas Haynes—or F. W. N.—or even to any Publishers—but the original Old Bailey. It belongs to a set of Songs composed during the courtly leisure of what is technically called a Juryman in Waiting—that is, one of a *corps de reserve*, held in readiness to fill up the gaps which extraordinary mental exertion—or sedentary habits—or starvation, may make in the Council of Twelve. This wrong box it was once my fortune to get into. On the 5th of November, at the 6th hour, leaving my bed and the luxurious perusal of Taylor on Early Rising—I walked from a yellow fog into a black one, in my unwilling way to the New Court, which sweet herbs even could not sweeten, for the sole purpose of making criminals uncomfortable. A neighbour, a retired sea Captain with a wooden leg, now literally a jury-mast, limped with me from Highbury Terrace on the same hanging errand—a personified Halter. Our legal drill Corporal was Serjeant Arabin, and when our muster roll without butter was over, before breakfast, the uninitiated can form no idea of the ludicrousness of the excuses of the would-be Nonjurors,—aggravated by the solemnity of a previous oath, the delivery from a witness-box like a pulpit, and the professional gravity of the Court. One weakly old gentleman had been ordered by his physician to eat little, but often, and apprehended even fatal consequences from being locked up with an obstinate eleven; another conscientious demurrer desired time to make himself master of his duties, by consulting Jonathan Wild, Vidocq, Hardy Vaux, and Lazarillo de Tormes. But the number o.

deaf men who objected the hardness of their hearing criminal cases was beyond belief. The Publishers of "Curtis on the Ear" and "Wright on the Ear"—(two popular surgical works, though rather suggestive of Pugilism)—ought to have stentorian agents in that Court. Defective on one side myself, I was literally ashamed to strike up singly in such a chorus of muffled double drums, and tacitly suffered my ears to be boxed with a common Jury. I heard, on the right hand, a Judge's charge—an arraignment and evidence to match, with great dexterity, but failing to catch the defence from the left hand, refused naturally to concur in any sinister verdict. The learned Serjeant, I presume, as I was only half deaf, only half discharged me,—committing me to the relay-box, as a juror in Waiting,—and from which I was relieved only by his successor, Sir Thomas Denman, and to justify my dullness, I made even his stupendous voice to repeat my dismissal twice over!

It was during this compelled attendance that the project struck me of a Series of Lays of Larceny, combining Sin and Sentiment in that melo-dramatic mixture which is so congenial to the cholera morbid sensibility of the present age and stage. The following are merely specimens, but a hint from the Powers that be,—in the Strand,—will promptly produce a handsome volume of the remainder, with a grateful Dedication to the learned Serjeant.



"DESCEND YE NINE!"

LINES TO MARY.

(AT NO. 1, NEWGATE, FAVOURED BY MR. WONTNER.)

O MARY, I believ'd you true,
And I was blest in so believing;
But till this hour I never knew—
That you were taken up for thieving!

Oh! when I snatch'd a tender kiss,
Or some such trifle when I courted,
You said, indeed, that love was bliss,
But never owned you were transported!

But then to gaze on that fair face—
It would have been an unfair feeling,
To dream that you had pilfered lace—
And Flints had suffer'd from your stealing!

Or when my suit I first preferr'd,
To bring your coldness to repentance,
Before I hammer'd out a word,
How could I dream you'd heard a sentence!

Or when with all the warmth of youth
I strove to prove my love no fiction,
How could I guess I urged a truth
On one already past conviction!

How could I dream that ivory part,
Your hand—where I have look'd and linger'd,
Altho' it stole away my heart,
Had been held up as one light-finger'd!

In melting verse your charms I drew,
The charms in which my muse delighted—
Alas! the lay, I thought was new,
Spoke only what had been *indicted*!

Oh! when that form, a lovely one,
Hung on the neck its arms had flown to,
I little thought that you had run
A chance of hanging on your own too.

You said you pick'd me from the world,
My vanity it now must shock it—
And down at once my pride is hurl'd,
You've pick'd me—and you've pick'd a pocket.

Oh ! when our love had got so far,
The banns were read by Dr. Daly,
Who asked if there was any *bar*—
Why did not some one shout “ Old Bailey ! ”

But when you rob’d your flesh and bones
In that pure white that angel garb is,
Who could have thought you, Mary Jones,
Among the Joans that link with *Darbies* ?

And when the parson came to say,
My goods were yours, if I had got any,
And you should honour and obey,
Who could have thought—“ O Bay of Botany.”

But, oh,—the worst of all your slips
I did not till this day discover—
That down in Deptford’s prison ships,
Oh, Mary ! you’ve a hulking lover !



“ ’T WERE WELL IF WE HAD NEVER MET.”

No. II.

“ Love, with a witness ! ”

HE has shav’d off his whiskers and blacken’d his brows,
Wears a patch and a wig of false hair,—
But it’s him—Oh it’s him !—we exchanged lovers’ vows,
When I lived up in Cavendish Square.

He had beautiful eyes, and his lips were the same,
And his voice was as soft as a flute—
Like a Lord or a Marquis he look’d, when he came,
To make love in his master’s best suit.

If I lived for a thousand long years from my birth,
 I shall never forget what he told ;
 How he lov'd me beyond the rich women of earth,
 With their jewels and silver and gold !

When he kiss'd me and bade me adieu with a sigh,
 By the light of the sweetest of moons,
 Oh how little I dreamt I was bidding good-bye
 To my Missis's tea-pot and spoons !

No. III.

"I'd be a Parody."—BAILEY.

WE met—'twas in a mob—and I thought he had done me—
 I felt—I could not feel—for no watch was upon me ;
 He ran—the night was cold—and his pace was unalter'd,
 I too longed much to pelt—but my small-boned legs falter'd.
 I wore my bran new boots—and unrivall'd their brightness,
 They fit me to a hair—how I hated their tightness !
 I call'd, but no one came, and my stride had a tether
 Oh *thou* hast been the cause of this anguish, my leather !

And once again we met—and an old pal was near him,
 He swore, a something low—but 'twas no use to fear him ;
 I seized upon his arm, he was mine and mine only,
 And stept—as he deserv'd—to cells wretched and lonely :
 And there he will be tried—but I shall ne'er receive her,
 The watch that went too sure for an artful deceiver ;
 The world may think me gay,—heart and feet ache together,
 Oh *thou* hast been the cause of this anguish, my leather.



STOP HIM !



THE SOURCE OF THE NIGER.

LETTER

FROM A PARISH CLERK IN BARBADOES TO ONE IN HAMPSHIRE,
WITH AN ENCLOSURE.

"Thou mayest conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me."—*Memoirs of P. P.*

MY DEAR JEDIDIAH,

HERE I am safe and sound—well in body, and in fine voice for my calling—though thousands and thousands of miles, I may say, from the old living Threap-Cum-Toddle. Little did I think to be ever giving out the Psalms across the Atlantic, or to be walking in the streets of Barbadoes, surrounded by Blackamoors, big and little; some crying after me, "There him go—look at Massa Amen!" Poor African wretches! I do hope, by my Lord Bishop's assistance, to instruct many of them, and to teach them to have more respect for ecclesiastic dignitaries.

Through a ludicrous clerical mischance, not fit for me to mention, we have preached but once since our arrival. Oh! Jedidiah, how different from the row of comely, sleek, and ruddy plain English faces, that used to confront me in the Churchwarden's pew, at the old service

in Hants,—Mr. Perryman's clean, shining, bald head; Mr. Truman's respectable powdered, and Mr. Cutlet's comely and well-combed caxon!—Here, such a set of grinning sooty faces, that if I had been in any other place, I might have fancied myself at a meeting of Master Chimney-sweeps on May-Day. You know, Jedidiah, how strange thoughts and things will haunt the mind, in spite of one's self, at times the least appropriate:—the line that follows "The rose is red, the violet's blue," in the old Valentine, I am ashamed to say, came across me I know not how often. Then after service, no sitting on a tombstone for a cheerful bit of chat with a neighbour—no invitation to dinner from the worshipful Churchwardens. The jabber of these Niggers is so outlandish or unintelligible, I can hardly say I am on speaking terms with any of our parishioners, except Mr. Pompey, the Governor's black, whose trips to England have made his English not quite so full of Greek as the others. There is one thing, however, that is so great a disappointment of my hopes and enjoyments, that I think, if I had foreseen it, I should not have come out, even at the Bishop's request. The song in the play-book says, you know, "While all Barbadoes bells do ring!"—but alas, Jedidiah, there is not a ring of bells



BLACK BARBERISM.

in the whole island!—You who remember my fondness for that melodious pastime, indeed I may say my passion, for a Grandsire Peel of Triple Bob-Majors truly pulled, and the changes called by myself, as when I belonged to the Great Tom Society of Hampshire Youths,—may conceive my regret that, instead of coming here, I did not go out to Swan River—I am told they have a Peel there.

I shall write a longer letter by the Nestor, Bird, which is the next ship. This comes by the Lively, Kidd,—only to inform you that I arrived here safe and well. Pray communicate the same, with my love and duty, to my dear parents and relations, not forgetting Deborah and Darius at Porkington, and Uriah at Pigstead. The same to Mrs Pugh, the opener,—Mr. Sexton, and the rest of my clerical friends. I have no commissions at present, except to beg that you will deliver the enclosed, which I have written at Mr. Pompey's dictation, to his old black fellow servant, at number 45, Portland Place. Ask for Agamemnon down the area. If an opportunity should likewise offer of mentioning in any quarter that might reach administration, the desti-

tute state of our Barbarian steeples, and belfreys, pray don't omit; and if, in the mean time, you could send out even a set of small handbells, it might prove a parochial acquisition as well as to me.

Dear Jedidiah,
Your faithful Friend and fellow Clerk,
HABAKKUK CRUMPE.

PS.—I send Pompey's letter open, for you to read.—You will see what a strange herd of black cattle I am among.

[THE ENCLOSURE.]

I say, Aggy!—

You remember me?—Very well.—Runaway Pompey, somebody else. Me Governor's Pompey. You remember? Me carry out Governor's piccaninny a walk. Very well. Massa Amen and me write this to say the news. Barbadoes all bustle. Nigger-mans do nothing but talkee talkee. [*Pompey's right, Jedidiah.*] The Bishop is come. Missis Bishop. Miss Bishop—all the Bishops. Very well. The Bishop come in one ship, and him wigs come out in other ship. Bishop come one, two, three, weeks first. [*It's too true, Jedidiah.*] Him say no wig, no Bishop. Massa Amen, you remember, say so too. Very well. Massa Amen ask me every thing about nigger-man, where him baptizes in a water. [*So I did.*] Me tell him in the sea, in the river, any wheresabouts. You remember. Massa Amen ask at me again, who 'ficiates. Me tell him de Cayman. [*What man, Jedidiah, could he mean?*] Very well. The day before the other day Bishop come to dinner with Governor and Governess, up at the Big House. You remember, —Missis Bishop too. Missis Bishop set him



"BY GUM HIM TURBAN AFIRE."

turban afire at a candle, and me put him out. [*With a kettle of scalding water, Jedidiah.*] Pompey get nothing for that. Very well.

I say, Aggy,—You know your Catechism? Massa Amen ask him at me and my wife, Black Juno, sometimes. You remember. Massa

Amen say, you give up a Devil? very well. Then him say, you give up all work? very well. Then him say again, Black Juno, you give up your *Pompeys* and vanities? Black Juno shake her head, and say no. Massa Amen say you must, and then my wife cry ever so much. [*It's a fact, Jedidiah, the black female made this ridiculous mistake.*]

Very well. Governor come to you in three months to see the King. Pompey too. You remember. Come for me to Blackwall. Me bring you some of Governor's rum. Black Juno say, tell Massa Agamemnon, he must send some fashions, sometimes. You remember? Black Juno very smart. Him wish for a Bell Assembly. [*Jedidiah, so do I.*] You send him out, you remember? Very well.

Massa Amen say write no more now. I say, O pray one little word more for Agamemnon's wife. Give him good kiss from Pompey. [*Jedidiah, what a heathenish message!*] Black Diana a kiss too. You remember? Very well. No more.



SHIP LETTERS.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

* Good heaven! Why even the little children in France speak French!"—ADDISON.

I.

Never go to France
Unless you know the lingo,
If you do, like me,
You will repent by jingo.
Staring like a fool,
And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone,
A nation with a dummy:

II.

Chaises stand for chairs,
They christen letters *Billies*,
They call their mothers *mares*,
And all their daughters *fillies*:

Strange it was to hear,
I'll tell you what's a good'un,
They call their leather *queer*,
And half their shoes are wooden.

III.

Signs I had to make,
For every little notion,
Limbs all going like
A telegraph in motion,
For wine I reel'd about,
To show my meaning fully
And made a pair of horns,
To ask for "beef and bully."

IV.

Moo ! I cried for milk ;
 I got my sweet things snuggler,
 When I kissed Jeannette,
 'Twas understood for sugar.
 If I wanted bread,
 My jaws I set a-going,
 And asked for new-laid eggs,
 By clapping hands and crowing !

V.

If I wish'd a ride,
 I'll tell you how I got it ;
 On my stick astride,
 I made believe to trot it ;

Then their cash was strange,
 It bored me every minute,
 Now here's a *hog* to change,
 How many *sous* are in it !

VI.

Never go to France,
 Unless you know the lingo ;
 If you do, like me,
 You will repent, by jingo ;
 Staring like a fool,
 And silent as a mummy,
 There I stood alone,
 A nation with a dummy !



" Allons ! Vite ! Vite ! Vite ! Vite ! "

" No, Mounseer, not veat—thems whoats ! "

OUR VILLAGE.

" Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain."—GOLDSMITH.

I HAVE a great anxiety to become a topographer, and I do not know that I can make an easier commencement of the character, than by attempting a description of our village. It will be found, as my friend the landlord over the way says, that "things are drawn *mild*."

I live opposite the Green Man. I know that to be the sign, in spite of the picture, because I am told of the fact in large gilt letters, in three several places. The whole-length portrait of "*l'homme verd*" is rather imposing. He stands plump before you, in a sort of wrestling attitude, the legs standing distinctly apart, in a brace of decided boots, with dun tops, joined to a pair of creole-coloured leather breeches. The rest of his dress is peculiar ; the coat, a two-flapper, green and brown, or, as

they say at the tap, *half-and-half*; a cocked hat on the half cock; a short belt crossing the breast like a flat gas-pipe. The one hand stuck on the greeny-brown hip of my friend, in the other a gun with a barrel like an entire butt, and the butt like a brewer's whole stock. On one side, looking up at the vanished visage of his master, is all that remains of a liver-and-white pointer—seeming now to be some old dog from India, for his white complexion is turned yellow, and his liver is more than half gone!

The inn is really a very quiet, cozy, comfortable inn, though the landlord announces a fact in larger letters, methinks, than his information warrants, viz., that he is "*Licensed to deal in Foreign Wines and Spirits.*" All innkeepers, I trust, are so licensed; there is no occasion to make so brazen a brag of this sinecure permit.

* * * * *

I had written thus far, when the tarnished gold letters of the Green Man seemed to be suddenly re-gilt; and on looking upwards, I perceived that a sort of sky-light had been opened in the clouds, giving entrance to a bright gleam of sunshine, which glowed with remarkable effect on a yellow post-chaise in the stable-yard, and brought the ducks out beautifully white from the black horse-pond. Tempted by the appearance of the weather, I put down my pen, and strolled out for a quarter of an hour before dinner to inhale that air, without which, like the chameleon, I cannot feed. On my return, I found, with some surprise, that my papers were a good deal discomposed; but, before I had time for much wonder, my landlady entered with one of her most obliging curtsies, and observed that she had seen me writing in the morning, and it had occurred to her by chance, that I might by possibility have



THE LADY OF "OUR VILLAGE."

been writing a description of the village. I told her that I had actually been engaged on that very subject. "If that is the case, of course, Sir, you would begin, no doubt, about the Green Man, being so close by; and I dare say, you would say something about the sign, and the Green Man with his top boots, and his gun, and his Indian liver-and-white pointer, though his white to be sure is turned yellow, and his liver is more than half gone." "You are perfectly right, Mrs. Ledger," I replied, "and in one part of the description, I think I have used almost

your own very words." "Well, that is curious, Sir," exclaimed Mrs. L., and physically, not arithmetically, casting up all her hands and eyes. "Moreover, what I mean to say, is this; and I only say that to save trouble. There's a young man lodges at the Green Grocer's over the way, who has writ an account of the village already to your hand. The people about the place call him the Poet, but, anyhow, he studies a good deal, and writes beautiful; and, as I said before, has made the whole village out of his own head. Now, it might save trouble, Sir, if you was to write it out, and I am sure I have a copy, that, as far as the loan goes, is at your service, Sir." My curiosity induced me to take the offer; and as the poem really forestalled what I had to say of the Hamlet, I took my landlady's advice and transcribed it,—and here it is.

OUR VILLAGE.—BY A VILLAGER.

Our village, that's to say not Miss Mitford's village, but our village
of Bullock Smithy,
Is come into by an avenue of trees, three oak pollards, two elders, and
a withy;
And in the middle, there's a green of about not exceeding an acre and
a half;
It's common to all, and fed off by nineteen cows, six ponies, three
horses, five asses, two foals, seven pigs, and a calf!
Besides a pond in the middle, as is held by a similar sort of common
law lease,
And contains twenty ducks, six drakes, three ganders, two dead dogs,
four drown'd kittens, and twelve geese.
Of course the green's cropt very close, and does famous for bowling
when the little village boys play at cricket;
Only some horse, or pig, or cow, or great jackass, is sure to come and
stand right before the wicket.
There's fifty-five private houses, let alone oarns and workshops, and
pig-styes, and poultry huts, and such-like sheds;
With plenty of public-houses—two Foxes, one Green Man, three Bunch
of Grapes, one Crown, and six King's Heads.
The Green Man is reckon'd the best, as the only one that for love or
money can raise
A postilion, a blue jacket, two deplorable lame white horses, and a
ramshackled "neat post-chaise."
There's one parish church for all the people, whatsoever may be their
ranks in life or their degrees,
Except one very damp, small, dark, freezing-cold, little Methodist
chapel of Ease;
And close by the church-yard, there's a stone-mason's yard, that when
the time is seasonable
Will furnish with afflictions sore and marble urns and cherubims very
low and reasonable.

There's a cage, comfortable enough ; I've been in it with Old Jack Jeffrey and Tom Pike ;
For the Green Man next door will send you in ale, gin, or any thing else you like.
I can't speak of the stocks, as nothing remains of them but the upright post ;
But the pound is kept in repairs for the sake of Cob's horse, as is always there almost.
There's a smithy of course, where that queer sort of a chap in his way, Old Joe Bradley,
Perpetually hammers and stammers, for he stutters and shoes horses very badly.
There's a shop of all sorts, that sells every thing, kept by the widow of Mr. Task ;
But when you go there it's ten to one she's out of every thing you ask.
You'll know her house by the swarm of boys, like flies, about the old sugary cask :
There are six empty houses, and not so well paper'd inside as out,
For bill-stickers won't beware, but sticks notices of sales and election placards all about.
That's the Doctor's with a green door, where the garden pots in the windows is seen ;
A weakly monthly rose that don't blow, and a dead geranium, and a tea-plant with five black leaves and one green.
As for hollyoaks at the cottage doors, and honeysuckles and jasmynes, you may go and whistle ;
But the Tailor's front garden grow two cabbages, a dock, a ha'porth of pennyroyal, two dandelions, and a thistle.
There are three small orchards—Mr. Busby's the schoolmaster's is the chief—
With two pear-trees that don't bear ; one plum and an apple, that every year is stripped by a thief.
There's another small day-school too, kept by the respectable Mrs. Gaby.
A select establishment, for six little boys and one big, and four little girls and a baby ;
There's a rectory, with pointed gables and strange odd chimneys that never smokes,
For the rector don't live on his living like other Christian sort of folks ;
There's a barber's, once a-week well filled with rough black-bearded shock-headed churls,
And a window with two feminine men's heads, and two masculine ladies in false curls ;
There's a butcher's, and a carpenter's, and a plumber's, and a small green-grocer's, and a baker,
But he won't bake on a Sunday, and there's a sexton that's a coal-merchant besides, and an undertaker ;

And a toy-shop, but not a whole one, for a village can't compare with
the London shops ;
One window sells drums, dolls, kites, carts, batta, Clout's balls, and the
other sells malt and hops.
And Mrs. Brown, in domestic economy not to be a bit behind her
betters,
Lets her house to a milliner, a watchmaker, a rat-catcher, a cobbler, lives
in it herself, and it's the post-office for letters.
Now I've gone through all the village—ay, from end to end, save
and except one more house,
But I haven't come to that—and I hope I never shall—and that's the
Village Poor-House !



AN UNFORTUNATE BEE-ING.

THE SCRAPE-BOOK

“ Luck's all ! ”

SOME men seem born to be lucky. Happier than kings, Fortune's wheel has for them no revolutions. Whatever they touch turns to gold,—their path is paved with the philosopher's stone. At games of chance they have no chance ; but what is better, a certainty. They

hold four suits of trumps. They get windfalls, without a breath stirring—as legacies. Prizes turn up for them in lotteries. On the turf, their horse—an outsider—always wins. They enjoy a whole season of benefits. At the very worst, in trying to drown themselves, they dive on some treasure undiscovered since the Spanish Armada; or tie their halter to a hook, that unseals a hoard in the ceiling. That's their luck.

There is another kind of fortune, called ill-luck; so ill, that you hope it will die;—but it don't. That's my luck.

Other people keep scrap-books; but I, a scrape-book. It is theirs to insert bon-mots, riddles, anecdotes, caricatures, facetiæ of all kinds; mine to record mischances, failures, accidents, disappointments; in short, as the betters say, I have always a bad book. Witness a few extracts, bitter as extract of bark.

April 1st. Married on this day: in the first week of the honeymoon, stumbled over my father-in-law's beehives! He has 252 bees; thanks to me, he is now able to check them. Some of the insects having an account against me, preferred to *settle* on my calf. Others swarmed on my hands. My bald head seemed a perfect humming-top! Two hundred and fifty-two stings—it should be “stings—and arrows of outrageous fortune!” But that's my luck. Rushed bee-blind into the horse-pond, and *torn out* by Tiger, the house dog. Staggered incontinent into the pig-sty, and collared by the sow—sus. per coll. for kicking her sucklings; recommended oil for my wounds, and none but lamp ditto in the house; relieved of the stings at last—what luck! by 252 operations.

9th. Gave my adored Belinda a black eye, in the open street, aiming at a lad who attempted to snatch her reticule. Belinda's part taken by a big rascal, as deaf as a post, who wanted to fight me “for striking a woman.” My luck again.

12th. Purchased a mare, warranted so gentle that a lady might ride her, and, indeed, no animal could be quieter, except the leather one, formerly in the Show-room, at Exeter Change. Meant for the first time to ride with Belinda to the Park—put my foot in the stirrup, and found myself on my own back instead of the mare's. Other men are thrown by their horses, but a saddle does it for me. Well,—nothing is so hard as my luck—unless it be the fourth flag or stone from the post at the north corner of Harley-Street.

14th. Run down in a wherry by a coal-brig, off Greenwich, but providentially picked up by a steamer, that burst her boiler directly afterwards. Saved to be scalded!—But misfortunes with me never came single, from my very childhood. I remember when my little brothers and sisters tumbled down stairs, they always hitched halfway at the angle. My luck invariably turned the corner. It could not bear to bate me a single bump.

17th. Had my eye picked out by a pavior who was *axing* his way, he didn't care where. Sent home in a hackney chariot that upset. Paid Jarvis a sovereign for a shilling. My luck all over!

1st of May. My flue on fire. Not a sweep to be had for love or money!—Lucky enough *for me*—the parish engine soon arrived, with all the charity school. Boys are fond of playing—and indulged their propensity by playing into my best drawing-room. Every friend I had dropped in to dinner. Nothing but Lacedemonian black broth. Others have pot-luck, but I have not even pint-luck—at least of the right sort.

8th. Found, on getting up, that the kitchen garden had been stripped by thieves, but had the luck at night to catch some one in the garden, by walking into my own trap. Afraid to call out, for fear of being shot at by the gardener, who would have hit me to a dead certainty—for such is my luck!

10th. Agricultural distress is a treat to mine. My old friend Bill—I must henceforth call him Corn-bill—has, this morning, laid his unfeeling wooden leg on my tenderest toe, like a thresher. In spite of Dibdin, I don't believe that oak has any heart: or it would not be such a walking tread-mill!

12th. Two pieces of "my usual." First knocked down by a mad bull. Secondly, picked up by a pick-pocket. Any body but me would have found one honest humane man out of a whole crowd; but I am born to suffer, whether done by accident or done by design. Luckily for me and the pick-pocket, I was able to identify him, bound over to prosecute, and had the satisfaction of exporting him to Botany bay. I suppose I performed well in a court of justice, for the next day—"Encore un coup!"—I had a summons to

serve with a Middlesex jury, at the Old Bailey, for a fortnight.

14th. My number in the lottery has come up a capital prize. Luck at last—if I had not lost the ticket.



A CORNISH MAN.

A TRUE STORY.

WHOE'ER has seen upon the human face
The yellow jaundice and the jaundice black,
May form a notion of old Colonel Case
With nigger Pompey waiting at his back.

Case,—as the case is, many time with folks
From hot Bengal, Calcutta, or Bombay,
Had tint his tint as Scottish tongues would say
And show'd two cheeks as yellow as eggs' yolks.
Pompey, the chip of some old ebon block,
In hue was like his master's stiff cravat,
And might indeed have claimed akin to *that*,
Coming, as *he* did, of an old *black stock*.

Case wore the liver's livery that such
Must wear, their past excesses to denote,
Like Greenwich pensioners that take too much,
And then do penance in a yellow coat.
Pompey's, a deep and permanent jet dye,
A stain of nature's staining—one of those
We call *fast* colours—merely, I suppose,
Because such colours never *go* or *fly*.

Pray mark this difference of dark and sallow,
Pompey's black husk, and the old Colonel's yellow

The Colonel, once a pennyless beginner,
From a long Indian rubber rose a winner,
With plenty of pagodas in his pocket,
And homeward turning his Hibernian thought,
Deem'd *Wicklow* was the very place that ought
To harbour one whose *wick* was in the socket.

Unhappily for Case's scheme of quiet,
Wicklow just then was in a pretty riot,
A fact recorded in each day's diurnals,
Things, Case was not accustomed to peruse,
Careless of news ;
But Pompey always read these bloody journals,
Full of Killmany and of Killmore work,
The freaks of some O'Shaunessy's shillaly,

Of morning frays by some O'Brien Burke,
 Or horrid nightly outrage by some Daly ;
 How scums deserving of the Devil's ladle,
 Would fall upon the harmless scull and knock it,
 And if he found an infant in the cradle
 Stern Rock would hardly hesitate to rock it ;—



CAPTAIN ROCK.

In fact, he read of burners and of killer,
 And Irish ravages, day after day,
 Till, haunting in his dreams, he used to say,
 That "Pompey could not sleep on *Pompey's Pillar*."

Judge then the horror of the nigger's face
 To find—with such impressions of that dire land—
 That Case,—his master,—was a packing case
 For Ireland !

He saw in fearful reveries arise,
 Phantasmagorias of those dreadful men
 Whose fame associate with Irish plots is,
 Fitzgeralds—Tones—O'Connors—Hares—and then
 "Those *Emmets*," not so "little in his eyes"

As Doctor Watts's !

He felt himself piked, roasted,—carv'd and hack'd,
 His big black burly body seemed in fact
 A pincushion for Terror's pins and needles,—
 Oh, how he wish'd himself beneath the sun
 Of Afric—or in far Barbadoes—one
 Of Bishop Coleridge's new *black beadles*.

Full of this fright,
 With broken peace and broken English choking,
 As black as any raven and as croaking,
 Pompey rushed in upon his master's sight,
 Plump'd on his knees, and clasp'd his sable digits,
 Thus stirring Curiosity's sharp fidgets—
 "O Massa!—Massa!—Colonel!—Massa Case.—
 Not go to Ireland!—Ireland dam bad place;
 Dem take our bloods—dem Irish—every drop—
 Oh why for Massa go so far a distance
 To have him life?"—Here Pompey made a stop,
 Putting an awful period to existence.

"Not go to Ireland—not to Ireland, fellow,
 And murder'd—why should I be murder'd, Sirrah?"
 Cried Case, with anger's tinge upon his yellow,—
 Pompey, for answer, pointing in a mirror
 The Colonel's saffron, and his own japan,—
 "Well, what has that to do—quick—speak outright, boy?"
 "O Massa"—(so the explanation ran)
 'Massa be killed—'cause Massa *Orange Man*,
 And Pompey killed—'cause Pompey not a *White Boy*!"



POMPEY'S PILLAR.



"O, NOTHING IN LIFE CAN SADDEN US."

THE SORROWS OF AN UNDERTAKER.

To mention only by name the sorrows of an Undertaker, will be likely to raise a smile on most faces,—the mere words suggest a solemn stalking parody of grief to the satiric fancy ;—but give a fair hearing to my woes, and even the veriest mocker may learn to pity an Undertaker who has been unfortunate in all his undertakings.

My Father, a Furnisher and Performer in the funeral line, used to say of me,—noticing some boyish levities—that "I should never do for an Undertaker." But the prediction was wrong—my Parent lied, and I did for him in the way of business. Having no other alternative, I took possession of a very fair stock and business. I felt at first as if plunged in the Black Sea—and when I read my name upon the shop door, it threw a crape over my spirits, that I did not get rid of for some months.

Then came the cares of business. The scandalous insinuated that the funerals were not so decorously performed as in the time of the Late. I discharged my mutes, who were grown fat and jocular, and sought about for the lean and lank visaged kind. But these demure rogues cheated and robbed me—plucked my feathers and pruned my scarfs, and I was driven back again to my "merrie men,"—whose only fault was making a pleasure of their business.

Soon after this, I made myself prominent in the parish, and obtained a contract for Parochial Conchology—or shells for the paupers. But this even, as I may say, broke down on its first tressels. Having as my first job to inter a workhouse female—Ætat. 96—and wishing to gain the good opinion of the parish, I had made the arrangements with more than usual decency. The company were at the door. Placing myself at the head, with my best burial face, and my slowest solemnity of step, I set forward, and thanks to my professional deaf-

ness,—induced by the constant hammering—I never perceived, till at the church gates, that the procession had not stirred from the door of the house. So good a joke was not lost upon my two Mutes, who made it an excuse for chuckling on after occasions. But to me the consequence was serious. A notion arose amongst the poor that I was too proud to walk along with their remains, and the ferment ran so high, that I was finally compelled to give up my contract.

So much for foot funerals. Now for coach work. The extravagant charges of the jobbers at last induced me to set up a Hearse and Mourning Coaches of my own, with sleek ebony long-tailed horses to match. One of these—the finest of the set—had been sold to me under warranty of being sound and free from vice; and so he was, but the dealer never told me that he had been a charger at Astley's.

Accordingly on his very first performance, in passing through Bow,—at that time a kind of Fairy Land,—he thought proper, on hearing a showman's trumpet, to dance a cotillion in his feathers! There was nothing to be done but to travel on with three to the next stage, where I sold the caperer at a heavy loss, and to the infinite regret of my merry mourners, with whom this exhibition had made him a great favourite. From this period my business rapidly declined, till instead of five or six demises, on an average, I put in only two defuncts and a half per week.



FAIRY LAND.

In this extremity a "black job" was brought to me that promised to make amends for the rest. One fine morning a brace of executors walked into the shop, and handing to me the following extract of a will, politely requested that I would perform accordingly—and with the pleasing addition that I was to be regardless of the expense. The document ran thus: "Item, I will and desire that after death, my body be placed in a strong leaden coffin, the same to be afterwards enclosed in one of oak, and therein my remains to be conveyed handsomely to the village of *** in Norfolk, my birth-place; there to lie, being duly watched, during one night, in the Family mansion now

noccupied, and on the morrow to be carried thence to the church, the coffin being borne by the six oldest resident and decayed parishioners, male or female, and for the same they shall receive severally the sum of five pounds, to be paid on or before the day of interment."

It will be believed that I lost no time in preparing the last solid and costly receptacles for the late Lady Lambert; and the unusual bulk of the deceased seemed in prospective to justify a bill of proportionate magnitude. I was prodigal of plumes and scutcheons, of staves and scarfs, and mourning coaches; and finally, raising a whole company of black cavalry, we set out by stages, short and sweet, for our destination. I had been prudent enough to send a letter before me to prepare the bearers, and imprudent enough to remit their fees in advance. But I had no misgivings. My men enjoyed the excursion, and so did I. We ate well, drank well, slept well, and expected to be well paid for what was so well done. At the last stage it happened I had rather an intricate reckoning to arrange, by which means being detained a full hour behind the cavalcade, I did not reach the desired village till the whole party had established themselves at the Dying Dolphin; a fact I first ascertained from hearing the merriment of my two mutes in the parlour. Highly indignant at this breach of decorum, I rushed in on the offending couple; and let the Undertaking Reader conceive my feelings, when the following letter was put into my hands, explaining at once the good joke of the two fellows, or rather that of the whole village.

"Sir,—We have sought out the six oldest of the pauper parishioners of this place, namely as follows:—

Margaret Squires, aged 101, blind and bed-ridden.

Timothy Topping, aged 98, paralytic and bed-ridden.

Darius Watta, aged 95, with loss of both legs.

Barbara Copp, 94 years, born without arms.

Philip Gill, about 81, an Idiot.

Mary Ridges, 79, afflicted with St. Vitus.

Among whom we have distributed your Thirty Pounds according to desire, and for which they are very grateful.

JOHN GILLS, }
SAM. RACKSTROW, } Overseers."

Such were the six bearers who were to carry Lady Lambert to the church, and who could as soon have carried the church to Lady Lambert. To crown all, I rashly listened to the advice of my thoughtless mutes, and in an evil hour deposited the body without troubling any parishioner, old or young, on the subject. The consequence is, the Executors demur to my bill, because I have not acted up to the letter of my instructions. I have had to stand treat for a large party on the road, to sustain all the charges of the black cavalry, and am besides minus thirty pounds in charity, without even the merit of a charitable intention!

THE CARELESSE NURSE MAYD.

I SAWE a Mayd sitte on a Bank,
 Beguiled by Wooer fayne and fond ;
 And whiles His flatteryng Vowes She drank,
 Her Nurselynge slipt within a Pond !

All Even Tide they Talkde and Kist,
 For She was fayre and He was Kinde ;
 The Sunne went down before She wist
 Another Sonne had sett behinde !

With angrie Hands and frownyng Browe,
 That deemd Her owne the Urchine's Sinne,
 She pluckt Him out, but he was nowe
 Past being Whipt for fallynge in.

She then beginnes to wayle the Ladde
 With Shrikes that Echo answerde round—
 O ! foolishe Mayd to be soe sadde
 The Momente that her Care was drown'd !



"ACQUAINTED TO THE CARE OF CHILDREN."



FANNY.

TO FANNY.

“Gay being, born to flutter!”—SALF’S GLEN.

Is this your faith, then, Fanny !
What, to chat with every Dun !
I’m the one, then, but of many,
Not of many, but the *One* !

Last night you smil’d on all, Ma’am,
That appear’d in scarlet dress ;
And your Regimental Ball, Ma’am,
Look’d a little like a *Mess*.

I thought that of the Sogers
(As the Scotch say) one might do.
And that I, slight Ensign Rogers,
Was the chosen man and true.

But ‘Sblood ! your eye was busy
With that ragamuffin mob ;—
Colonel Buddell—Colonel Dizzy—
And Lieutenant-Colonel Cobb.

General Joblin, General Jodkin,
Colonels—Kelly, Felly, with
Majors—Sturgeon, Truffle, Bodkin,
And the Quarter-master Smith.

Major Powderum—Major Dowdrum—
Major Chowdrum—Major Bye—
Captain Tawney—Captain Fawney,
Captain Any-one—but I !

Dence take it ! when the regiment
You so praised, I only thought
That you lov’d it in abridgment,
But I now am better taught !

I went, as loving man goes,
To admire thee in quadrilles ;
But Fan, you dance fandangoes
With just any for that wills !

Q 2

I went with notes before us,
On the lay of Love to touch ;
But with all the Corps in chorus,
Oh ! it is indeed too much !

I am, I don't conceal it,
But I am a little hurt ;
You're a Fan, and I must feel it,
Fit for nothing but a *Flirt* !

You once—ere you contracted
For the Army—seem'd my own ;
But now you laugh with all the Staff,
And I may sigh alone !—

I dreamt thy smiles of beauty
On myself alone did fall ;
But alas ! “ *Così Fan Tutti* ! ”
It is thus, Fan, thus will all !

I know not how it chances,
When my passion ever dares,
But the warmer my advances,
Then the cooler are your airs.

You have taken quite a mob in
Of new military flames ;—
They would make a fine Round Robin
If I gave you all their names !



A ROUND ROBIN.

THE FANCY FAIR.

“ It beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where it is kept is ‘ lighter than vanity ;’ and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity.”

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

“ I named this place Boothia.”—CAPTAIN ROSS.

“ A FANCY Fair,” said my friend L., in his usual quaint style, “ is a fair subject for fancy ; take up your pen and try. For instance, there was one held at the Mansion House. Conceive a shambling shock-headed clodpole, familiar with the wakes of Bow, Barnet, and Bartlemy, elbowing his awkward way into the Egyptian Hall, his round eyes and mouth all-agape in the ludicrous expectation of seeing the Lord Mayor standing on his very Worshipful head, the Lady Mayoress lifting a hundred weight by her Right Honourable hair, the Sword-Bearer swallowing his blade of state, the Recorder conjuring ribands from his learned and eloquent mouth, and the Senior Alderman with a painted York-and-Lancaster-face, dancing a *saraband* à la Pierrot ! Or fancy Jolterhead at the fair of the Surrey Zoological, forcing his clumsy destructive course through groups of female

fashionables, like a hog in a tulip bed, with the equally laughable intention of inspecting long horns and short horns, prime beasts and lean stock; of handling the porkers and coughing the colts. Nay, imagine our bumpkin at the great Fancy Fair of all, blundering up to a stall kept by a Royal Duchess, and inquiring perseveringly for a gilt gingerbread King and Queen—a long-promised fairing to brother Bill at Leighton Buzzard!"



A ROUND OF BEEF.

Little did L. dream during this flourish of fancy, that his whimsical fiction had been forestalled by fact; and a deep shade of vexation passed over his features while he perused the following hints from Hanta, as conveyed in a *bond fide* letter to the Editor of the Comic Annual.

HONNORD SUR,

Dont no if you Be a Hamshire man, or a man atacht to the fancy, but as Both such myself, have took the libberty to write about what is no joke. Of coarse allude to being Hoaxt up to Lonnon, to sea a fair no fair at all and About as much fancy as you mite fancy on the pint of a pin.—

Have follerd the Fancy, ever since cumming of Age, and bean to every Puglistical fite, from the Gaim Chicking down to the fite last weak. Have bated Buls drawd Baggers, and Kild rats myself meening to say with my hone Dogs. Ought to no wot Fancy his. Self prays is no re-comendation But have bean at every Fair Waik or Revvie in England. Ought to no then wot a Fare is.

Has for the Lonnon job—could Sea nothin like Fancy and nothing like fare. Only a Toy shop out of Town with a gals skool looking after it, without a Guvverness and all oglein like Winkin. Lots of the fare sects but no thimbel rig, no priking in the garter no nothing. Am blest if our hone little Fare down at Goos Grean dont lick it all to Styx. Bulbeating, Baggerdrawing, Cuggleplaying, Rastlin, a Sopped pigtale, a Mane of Cox Jackasreacing jumpin in Sax and a Grand Sire Peal of Trouble Bobs puld by the Collige youths by way of givin a Bells Life to the hole. Call that Fancy. Too Wild Best Shoes, fore theaters besides a Horseplay a Dwarf a She Giant a fat Child a

prize ox five cariboo savidges a lurned Pigg an Albany with wite Hares a real See Murmad a Fir Eater and lots of Punshes and Juddia. Call that a Fare.

Now for Lonnon.. No Sanderses—no Richardsens no wumwills menageris no backy boxis to shy for—no lucky Boxis. No poster makin no jugling or Dancing. Prest one yung laidy in ruge cheeks and trowsers verry civelly For a bit of a caper on the tite rop—But miss got on the hi rop, and calld for a conestubble. Askt annother in a ridding habbit for the faver of a little horsemunahip and got kicked out of her Booth. Goos Grean for my munny ! Saw a yung laidy there that swallerd a Sord and wasnt too Partickler to jump threw



FAIR PLAY'S A JEW—

a joop. Dutchesses look dull after that at a Fare. Verry dignified, but Prefer the Wax Werk, as a Show. Dont sea anny think in Watch Pappers cut out by Countiesses that have been born with all their harms and legs—not Miss Biffins.

Must say one thing for Goos Grean. Never got my pockit pict xcept at Lonnon—am sorry to say lost my Reader and Ticker and every Dump I had let alone a single sovran. And lost the best part of that besides to a Yung Laidy that never gave change. Greenish enuf says you for my Tim of Day but I was gammund by the baggridge to bye five shillin Pin Cushins. Wish Charrity

had stayd at Hoam! The ould Mare got a coald by waiting outside. And the five Charrity pincushins hadn't Bran enuf in their hole boddys to make her a Maash.

Am told the Hos-
pittle don't clear anny
grate profits after all
is dun and Like enuff.
A Fare should be a
Fare and fokes at Room
ought to do as Room
does. Have a notion
Peecassis that keep
Booths wood take moor
Munny if they wasn't
abuv having the dubble
drums and speakin
trumpets and gonga.
Theres nothin like goin
the hole Hog!

Shall be happy, sur,
to sea You at Goos
Green next Fare and
pint out the Differ-
ence. Maybe in Flur-
tashun, and Match-
macking and getting
off Dorters along with
the dolls we ar a littel
cut out, but for Ginuen Fancy and Fun and Fair Play 'its a mear
Green Goos to Goos Green.



FANCY-FAIRING.

Remain Sur,

Your humbel tu command,

JACOB GILES.

P.S. Think Vallintins day wood be a Good fixter for next Fancy Fare. Shant say why. Sniff sumthing of the kind going on among our bone Gale—Polly as just begd a sak of bran and she dont keap rabita. Pincushins and nothin else. Tother day cum across a large Watchpokit and suspect Mrs. G is at the Bottom of it. No churnin butter no packin eggs no setten Hens and crammin Turkis—All sniping ribbins folding papper sowin up satten and splitting hole trusses of straw. Am blest if its for litterin down Horsia. Dont no how its all to be got to markit at Lonnon, the nine Gale and all 'cept its by a Pickfurd Van.



HUNGERFORD MARKET.

POEMS, BY A POOR GENTLEMAN.

There, in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggins stretched beneath a rug.—GOLDSMITH.

POETRY and poverty begin with the same letter, and, in more respects than one, are “as like each other as two P’s.”—Nine tailors are the making of a man, but not so the nine Muses. Their votaries are notoriously only water-drinkers, eating mutton cold, and dwelling in attics. Look at the miserable lives and deaths recorded of the poets. “Butler,” says Mr. D’Israeli, “lived in a cellar, and Goldsmith in a Deserted Village. Savage ran wild,—Chatterton was carried on St. Augustine’s Back like a young gipsy; and his half-starved *Rowley* always said heigho, when he heard of gammon and spinach. Gray’s days were ode-ious, and Gay’s gaiety was fabulous. Falconer was shipwrecked. Homer was a blind beggar, and Pope raised a subscription for him, and went snacks. Crabbe found himself in the poor-house, Spenser couldn’t afford a great-coat, and Milton was led up and down by his daughters, to save the expense of a dog.”

It seems all but impossible to be a poet, in easy circumstances. Pope has shown how verses are written by Ladies of Quality—and what execrable rhymes Sir Richard Blackmore composed in his chariot. in a hay-cart he might have sung like a Burns.

As the editors of magazines and annuals (save one) well know, the truly poetical contributions which can be inserted, are not those which come post free, in rose-coloured tinted paper, scented with musk, and sealed with fancy wax. The real article arrives by post, unpaid, sealed with rosin, or possibly with a dab of pitch or cobbler's wax, bearing the impression of a halfpenny, or more frequently of a button,—the paper is dingy, and scant—the hand-writing has evidently come to the author by nature—there are trips in the spelling, and Priscian is a little scratch'd or so—but a rill of the true Castalian runs through the whole composition, though its fountain-head was a broken tea-cup, instead of a silver standish. A few years ago I used to be favoured with numerous poems for insertion, which bore the signature of Fitz-Norman; the crest on the seal had probably descended from the Conquest, and the packets were invariably delivered by a Patagonian footman in green and gold. The author was evidently rich, and the verses were as palpably poor; they were declined, with the usual answer to correspondents who do not answer, and the communications ceased—as I thought for ever, but I was deceived; a few days back one of the dirtiest and raggedest of street urchins delivered a soiled whity brown packet, closed with a wafer, which bore the impress of a thimble. The paper had more the odour of tobacco than of rose leaves, and the writing appeared to



"YOUR VERY HUMBLE SERVANT."

have been perpetrated with a skewer dipped in coffee-grounds; but the old signature of Fitz-Norman had the honour to be my "very humble servant" at the foot of the letter. It was too certain that he had fallen from affluence to indigence, but the adversity which had wrought such a change upon the writing implements, had, as usual, improved his poetry. The neat crowquill never traced on the superfine Bath paper any thing so unaffected as the following:—

STANZAS.

WRITTEN UNDER THE FEAR OF BAILIFFS.

Alas! of all the noxious things
 That wait upon the poor,
 Most cruel is that Felon-Fear
 That haunts the "Debtor's Door!"

Saint Sepulchre's begins to toll,
 The Sheriffs seek the cell:—
 So I expect their officers,
 And tremble at the bell!

I look for *beer*, and yet I quake
 With fright at every *tap*;
 And dread a *double-knock*, for oh!
 I've not a *single rap*!

SONNET

WRITTEN IN A WORKHOUSE.

Oh, blessed ease! no more of heaven I ask:
 The overseer is gone—that vandal elf—
 And hemp, unpick'd, may go and hang itself,
 While I, untask'd, except with Cowper's Task,
 In blessed literary leisure bask,
 And lose the workhouse, saving in the works
 Of Goldsmiths, Johnsons, Sheridans, and Burkes;
 Eat prose and drink of the Castalian flask;
 The themes of Locke, the anecdotes of Spence,
 The humorous of Gay, the Grave of Blair—
 Unlearned toil, unletter'd labours hence!
 But, hark! I hear the master on the stair
 And Thomson's Castle, that of Indolence,
 Must be to me a castle in the air.

SONNET.—A SOMNAMBULIST.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."—BYRON

METHOUGHT—for Fancy is the strangest gadder
 When sleep all homely mundane ties hath riven—
 Methought that I ascended Jacob's ladder,
 With heartfelt hope of getting up to Heaven:

Some bell, I knew not whence, was sounding seven
 When I set foot upon that long one-pair ;
 And still I climbed when it had chimed eleven,
 Nor yet of landing-place became aware ;
 Step after step in endless flight seem'd there ;
 But on, with steadfast hope, I struggled still,
 To gain that blessed haven from all care,
 Where tears are wiped, and hearts forget their ill,
 When, lo ! I wakened on a sadder stair—
 Tramp—tramp—tramp—tramp—upon the Brixton Mill !

FUGITIVE LINES ON PAWNING MY WATCH.

" *Aurum pot-a-bile* : "—Gold biles the pot.—FAIRER TRANSLATION.

FAREWELL then, my golden repeater,
 We're come to my Uncle's old shop ;
 And hunger won't be a dumb-waiter,
 The Cerberus growls for a sop !

To quit thee, my comrade diurnal,
 My feelings will certainly scotch ;
 But oh ! there's a riot internal,
 And Famine calls out for the Watch !

Oh ! hunger's a terrible trial,
 I really must have a relief,—
 So here goes the plate of your dial
 To fetch me some Williams's beef !

As famish'd as any lost seaman,
 I've fasted for many a dawn,
 And now must play chess with the Demon,
 And give it a *check* with a *pawn*.

I've fasted, since dining at Buncle's,
 Two days with true Perceval zeal—
 And now must make up at my Uncle's,
 By getting a *duplicate* meal.

No Peachum it is, or young Lockit,
 That rifles my fob with a snatch ;
 Alas ! I must pick my own pocket,
 And make gravy-soup of my watch !

So long I have wander'd a starver,
 I'm getting as keen as a hawk ;
 Time's long hand must take up a carve,
 His short hand lay hold of a fork.



“OH MY PROPHETIC SOUL—MY UNCLE !”

Right heavy and sad the event is,
 But oh ! it is Poverty's crime ;
 I've been such a Brownrigg's Apprentice,
 I thus must be “out of my Time.”

Alas ! when in Brook Street the upper
 In comfort I lived between walls,
 I've gone to a dance for my supper ;—
 But now I must go to Three Balls !

Folks talk about dressing for dinner,
 But I have for dinner undrest ;
 Since Christmas, as I am a sinner,
 I've eaten a suit of my best.

I haven't a rag or a mammock
 To fetch me a chop or a steak ;
 I wish that the coats of my stomach
 Were such as my Uncle would take !

When dishes were ready with garnish
 My watch used to warn with a chime—
 But now my repeater must furnish
 The dinner in lieu of the time!

My craving will have no denials,
 I can't fob it off, if you stay,
 So go,—and the old Seven Dials
 Must tell me the time of the day.

Your chimes I shall never more hear 'em,
 To part is a *Tic Douloureux* !
 But *Tempus* has his *edax rerum*,
 And I have my Feeding-Time too !

Farewell then, my golden repeater,
 We're come to my Uncle's old shop—
 And Hunger won't be a dumb-waiter,
 The Cerberus growls for a sop !

THE LIFE OF ZIMMERMANN

(BY HIMSELF).

“ This, this, is solitude.”—*LORD BYRON.*

I WAS born, I may almost say, an orphan : my Father died three months before I saw the light, and my Mother three hours after—thus I was left in the whole world alone, and an only child, for I had neither Brothers nor Sisters ; much of my after-passion for solitude might be ascribed to this cause, for I believe our tendencies date themselves from a much earlier age, or, rather, youth, than is generally imagined. It was remarked that I could go alone at nine months, and I have had an aptitude to going alone all the rest of my life. The first words I learnt to say, were “ I by myself, I ”—or thou—or he—or she—or it—but I was a long time before I could pronounce any personals in the plural ; my little games and habits were equally singular. I was fond of playing at Solitary or at Patience, or another game of cards of my own invention, namely, whist, with *three* dummies. Of books, my favourite was Robinson Crusoe, especially the first part, for I was not fond of the intrusion of Friday, and thought the natives really were Savages to spoil such a solitude. At ten years of age I was happily placed with the Rev. Mr. Steinkopff, a widower, who took in only the limited number of six pupils, and had only me

to begin with : here I enjoyed myself very much, learning in a first and last class in school hours, and playing in play time at hoop, and other pretty games not requiring partners. My playground was, in short, a garden of Eden, and I did not even sigh for an Eve, but, like Paradise, it was too happy to last. I was removed from Mr. Steinkopff's to the University of Göttingen, and at once the eyes of six hundred pupils, and the pupils of twelve hundred eyes, seem fastened upon me : I felt like an owl forced into day-light ; often and often I sham'd ill, as an excuse for confining myself to my chamber, but some officious would-be friends, insisting on coming to sit with me, as they said, to enliven my solitude, I was forced as a last resource to do that which subjected me, on the principle of Howard's Prison Discipline, to solitary confinement. But even this pleasure did not last ; the heads of the College found out that solitary confinement was no punishment, and put another student in the same cell ; in this extremity I had no alternative but to endeavour to make him a convert to my principles, and in some days I succeeded in convincing him of the individual independence of man, the solid pleasures of solitude, and the hollow one of society,—in short, he so warmly adopted my views, that in a transport of sympathy we swore an eternal friendship, and agreed to separate for ever, and keep ourselves to ourselves as much as possible. To this end we formed with our blanket a screen across our cell, and that we might not even in thought associate with each other, he soliloquised only in French, of which I was ignorant, and I in English, to which he was equally a stranger. Under this system my wishes were gratified, for I think I felt more intensely lonely than I ever remember when more strictly alone. Of course this condition had a conclusion ; we were brought out again unwillingly into the common world, and the firm of Zimmermann, Nobody, and Co., was compelled to admit—six hundred partners.—In this extremity, my fellow prisoner Zingleman and myself had recourse to the persuasions of oratory. We preached solitude, and got quite a congregation, and of the six hundred hearers, four hundred at least became converts to our Unitarian doctrine ; every one of these disciples strove to fly to the most obscure recesses, and the little cemetery of the College had always a plenty of those who were trying to make themselves scarce. This of course was afflicting ; as in the game of puss in a corner, it was difficult to get a corner unoccupied to be alone in ; the defections and desertions from the College were consequently numerous, and for a long time the state gazette contained daily advertisements for missing gentlemen, with a description of their persons and habits, and invariably concluding with this sentence : “ of a melancholy turn,—calls himself a Zimmermannian, and affects solitude.” In fact, as Schiller's Robbers begot Robbers, so did my solitude beget solitudinarians, but with this difference, that the dramatist's disciples frequented the Highways, and mine the Byeways !

The consequence was what might have been expected, which I had foreseen, and ardently desired. I was expelled from the University

of Göttingen. This was perhaps the triumph of my life. A grand dinner was got up by Zingleman in my honour, at which more than three hundred were present, but in tacit homage to my principles, they never spoke nor held any communication with each other, and at concerted signal the toast of "Zimmermann and Solitude" was drunk, by dumb show, in appropriate solemn silence. I was much affected by this tribute, and left with tears in my eyes, to think, with such sentiments, how many of us might be thrown together again. Being thus left to myself, like a vessel with only one hand on board, I was at liberty to steer my own course, and accordingly took a lodging at Number One, in Wilderness Street, that held out the inviting prospect of a single room to let for a single man. In this congenial situation I composed that my great work on Solitude, and here I think it necessary to warn the reader against many spurious books, calling themselves "Companions to Zimmermann's Solitude," as if solitude could have society. Alas, from this work I may date the decline which my presentiment tells me will terminate in my death. My book, though written against populousness, became so popular, that its author, though in love with loneliness, could never be alone. Striving to fly from the face of man, I could never escape it, nor that of woman and child into the bargain. When I stirred abroad mobs surrounded me, and cried, "Here is the Solitary!"—when I staid at home I was equally crowded; all the public societies of Göttingen thought proper to come up to me with addresses, and not even by deputation. Flight was my only resource, but it did not avail, for I could not fly from myself. Wherever I went Zimmermann and Solitude had got before me, and their votaries assembled to meet me. In vain I travelled throughout the European and Asiatic continent: with an enthusiasm and perseverance of which only Germans are capable, some of my countrymen were sure to haunt me, and really showed by the distance they journeyed, that they were ready to go all lengths with me and my doctrine. Some of these Pilgrims even brought their wives and children along with them, in search of my solitude; and were so unreasonable even as to murmur at my taking the inside of a coach, or the cabin of a packet-boat to myself.

From these persecutions I was released by what some persons would call an unfortunate accident, a vessel in which I sailed from Leghorn, going down at sea with all hands excepting my own pair, which happened to have grappled a hen-coop. There was no sail in sight, nor any land to be seen—nothing but sea and sky; and from the midst of the watery expanse it was perhaps the first and only glimpse I ever had of real and perfect solitude, yet so inconsistent is human nature, I could not really and perfectly enter into its enjoyment. I was picked up at length by a British brig of war; and, schooled by the past, had the presence of mind to conceal my name, and to adopt the English one of Grundy. Under this *nom de guerre*, but really a name of peace, I enjoyed comparative quiet, interrupted only by the pertinacious attendance of an unconscious countryman, who, noticing my

very retired habits, endeavoured by daily lectures from my own work, to make me a convert to my own principles. In short, he so wore me out, that at last, to get rid of his importunities, I told him in confidence that I was the author himself. But the result was any thing but what I expected; and here I must blush again for the inconsistency of human nature. While Winkells knew me only as Grundy, he painted nothing but the charms of Solitude, and exhorted me to detach myself from society; but no sooner did he learn that I was Zimmermann, than he insisted on my going to Lady C——'s rout and his own converzatione. In fact, he wanted to make me, instead of a Lion of the Desart, a Lion of the Menagerie. How I resented such a proposition may be supposed, as well as his offer to procure for me the first vacancy that happened in the situation of Hermit at Lord P——'s Hermitage; being, as he was pleased to say, not only able to bear solitude, but well-bred and well-informed, and fit to *receive company*. The effect of this unfortunate disclosure was to make me leave England, for fear of meeting with the fate of a man or an ox that ventures to quit the common herd. I should immediately have been declared mad, and mobbed into lunacy, and then put into solitary confinement, with a keeper always with me, as a person beside himself, and not fit to be left alone for a moment. As such a fate would have been worse to me than death, I immediately left London, and am now living anonymously in an uninhabited house,—prudence forbids me to say where.



"Sarc, I am at where R—?"
 "Well, I knew you be!"

THE PORTRAIT:

BEING AN APOLOGY FOR NOT MAKING AN ATTEMPT ON MY OWN LIFE

THE late inimitable Charles Mathews, in one of his amusing entertainments, used to tell a story of a certain innkeeper, who made it a rule of his house, to allow a candle to a guest, only on condition of his ordering a pint of wine. Whereupon the guest contends, on the reciprocity system, for a light for every half-bottle, and finally drinks himself into a general illumination.

Something of the above principle seems to have obtained in the case of a Portrait and a Memoir, which in literary practice have been usually dependent on each other—a likeness and a life,—a candle and a pint of wine. The mere act of sitting, probably suggests the idea of hatching; at least an author has seldom nested in a painter's chair, without coming out afterwards with a brood of Reminiscences, and accordingly, no sooner was my effigy about to be presented to the Public, than I found myself called upon by my Publisher, with a finished proof of the engraving in one hand, and a request for an account of myself in the other. He evidently supposed, as a matter of course, that I had my auto-biography in the bottle, and that the time was come to un-cork and pour it out *with a Head*.

To be candid, no portrait, perhaps, ever stood more in need of such an accompaniment. The figure opposite has certainly the look of one of those practical jokes whereof the original is oftener suspected than really culpable. It might pass for the sign of "The Grave Maurice." The author of *Elia* has declared that he once sat as substitute for a whole series of British Admirals,* and a physiognomist might reasonably suspect that in wantonness or weariness, instead of giving my head I had procured myself to be painted by proxy. For who, that calls himself stranger, could ever suppose that such a pale, pensive, peaking, sentimental, sonneteering countenance—with a wry mouth as as if it always laughed on its wrong side—belonged bona fide to the Editor of the Comic—a Professor of the Pantagruelian Philosophy, hinted at in the preface to the present work? What unknown who reckons himself decidedly serious, would recognise the head and front of my "offending," in a visage not at all too hilarious for a frontispiece to the Evangelical Magazine! In point of fact the owner has been taken sundry times, ere now, for a Methodist Minister, and a pious turn has been attributed to his hair—*lucus a non lucendo*—from its having no turn in it at all.† In like manner my literary contemporaries who have cared to remark on my personals, have agreed in ascribing to me a melancholy bias; thus an authority in the New

* He perhaps took the hint from Dibdin, who lays down the rule in his *Sea Songs*, that a Naval Hero ought to be a Lion in battle, but afterwards a Lamb.

† On a march to Berlin, with the 19th Prussian Infantry, I could never succeed in passing myself off as any thing but the Regimental Chaplain.

Monthly Magazine has described me as "a grave anti-pun-like-looking person," whilst another—in the Book of Gems—declares that "my countenance is more grave than merry," and insists, therefore, that I am of a pensive habit, and "have never laughed heartily in company or in rhyme." Against such an inference, however, I solemnly protest, and if it be the fault of my features, I do not mind telling my face to its face that it insinuates a false Hood, and grossly misrepresents a person notorious amongst friends for laughing at strange times and odd places, and in particular when he has the worst of the rubber. For it is no comfort for the loss of points, by his theory, to be upon thorns. And truly what can be more unphilosophical, than to sit ruefully as well as whistfully, with your face inconsistently playing at longs and your hand at shorts,—getting hypped as well as pipped,—“talking of Hoyle,” as the city lady said, “but looking like winegar,” and betraying as keen a sense of the profit and loss, as if the *pack* had turned you into a *pedlar*.



"ON THE CARD-RACK."

But I am digressing; and turning my back, as Lord Castlereagh would have said, on my face. The portrait, then, is genuine—"an ill-favoured thing, Sir," as Touchstone says, "but mine own." For its quarrel with the rules of Lavater there is precedent. I remember seeing on Sir Thomas Lawrence's easel, an unfinished head of Mr. Wilberforce, so very merry, so rosy, so good-fellowish, that nothing less than the Life and Correspondence recently published could have persuaded me that he was really a serious character. A memoir, therefore, would be the likeliest thing to convince the world that the physiognomy prefixed to this number, is actually Hood's Own:—indeed a few of the earlier chapters would suffice to clear up the mystery, by proving that my face is only answering in the affirmative, the friendly inquiry of the Poet of all circles—"Has sorrow thy young days shaded?"—and telling the honest truth of one of those rickety constitutions which, according to Hudibras, seem

"—— as if intended
For nothing else but to be mended."

To confess the truth, my vanity pricked up its ears a little at the proposition of my Publisher. There is something vastly flattering in

the idea of appropriating the half or quarter of a century, mixing it up with your personal experience, and then serving it out as your own Life and Times. On casting a retrospective glance however across Memory's waste, it appeared so literally a waste that vanity herself shrank from the enclosure act, as an unpromising speculation. Had I foreseen indeed, some five-and-thirty years ago, that such a demand would be made upon me, I might have laid myself out on purpose, as Dr. Watts recommends, so as "to give of every day some good account at last." I would have lived like a Frenchman, for effect, and made my life a long dress rehearsal of the future biography. I would have cultivated incidents "pour servir," laid traps for adventures, and illustrated my memory like Rogers's, by a brilliant series of Tableaux. The earlier of my Seven Stages should have been more Wonder Phenomenon Comet and Balloon-like, and have been timed to a more Quicksilver pace than they have travelled; in short, my Life, according to the tradesman's promise, should have been "fully equal to bespoke." But, alas! in the absence of such a Scottish second-sight, my whole course of existence up to the present moment would hardly furnish materials for one of those "bald biographies" that content the old gentlemanly pages of Sylvanus Urban. Lamb, on being applied to for a Memoir of himself, made answer that it would go into an epigram; and I really believe that I could compress my own into that baker's dozen of lines called a sonnet. Montgomery, indeed, has forestalled the greater part of it, in his striking poem on the "Common Lot," but in prose, nobody could ever make anything of it, except Mr. George Robins. The lives of literary men are proverbially barren of interest, and mine, instead of forming an exception to the general rule, would bear the application of the following words of Sir Walter Scott, much better than the career of their illustrious author. "There is no man known at all in literature, who may not have more to tell of his private life than I have. I have surmounted no difficulties either of birth or education, nor have I been favoured by any particular advantages, and my life has been as void of incidents of importance as that of the weary knife-grinder—'Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, sir.'"

Thus my birth was neither so humble that, like John Jones, I have been obliged amongst my lays to lay the cloth, and to court the cooks and the muses at the same time; nor yet so lofty, that, with a certain lady of title, I could not write without letting myself down. Then, for education, though on the one hand I have not taken my degree, with Blucher; yet, on the other, I have not been rusticated, at the Open Air School, like the Poet of Helpstone. As for incidents of importance, I remember none, except being drawn for a soldier, which was a hoax, and having the opportunity of giving a casting vote on a great parochial question, only I didn't attend. I have never been even third in a duel, or crossed in love. The stream of time has flowed on with me very like that of the New River, which everybody knows has so little romance about it, that its Head has never troubled

us with a Tale. My own story then, to possess any interest, must be a fib.

Truly given, with its egotism and its barrenness, it would look too like the chalked advertisements on a dead wall. Moreover, Pope has read a lesson to self-importance in the Memoirs of P. P., the Parish Clerk, who was only notable after all amongst his neighbours as a swallower of loaches. Even in such practical whims and oddities I am deficient,—for instance, eschewing razors, or bolting clasp-knives, riding on painted ponies, sleeping for weeks, fasting for months, devouring raw tripe, and similar eccentricities, which have entitled sundry knaves, quacks, boobies, and brutes, to a brief biography in the Wonderful Magazine. And, in the absence of these distinctions, I am equally deficient in any spiritual pretensions. I have had none of those experiences which render the lives of saintlings, not yet in their teens, worth their own weight in paper and print, and consequently my personal history, as a Tract, would read as flat as the Pilgrim's Progress without the Giants, the Lions, and the grand single combat with the Devil.

To conclude my life,—“upon my life,”—is not worth giving, or taking. The principal just suffices for me to live upon; and of course, would afford little interest to any one else. Besides, I have a bad memory; and a personal history would assuredly be but a middling one, of which I have forgotten the beginning and cannot foresee the end. I must, therefore, respectfully decline giving my life to the world—at least till I have done with it—but to soften the refusal, I am willing, instead of a written character of myself, to set down all that I can recall of other authors, and, accordingly, the next number will contain the first instalment of

MY LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

THE COMPASS, WITH VARIATIONS.

“The Needles have sometimes been fatal to Mariners.”—PICTURE OF ISLE OF WIGHT.

ONE close of day—’twas in the bay
Of Naples, bay of glory!
While light was hanging crowns of
gold
On mountains high and hoary,
A gallant bark got under weigh,
And with her sails my story.

For Leghorn she was bound direct,
With wine and oil for cargo,
Her crew of men some nine or ten,
The captain's name was Iago;
A good and gallant bark she was,
La Donna (call'd) del Lego.

Bronzed mariners were her's to view,
With brown cheeks, clear or muddy,
Dark, shining eyes, and coal-black hair,
Meet heads for painter's study;
But 'midst their tan there stood one
man,
Whose cheek was fair and ruddy;

His brow was high, a loftier brow
Ne'er shone in song or sonnet,
His hair a little scant, and when
He doff'd his cap or bonnet,
One saw that Grey had gone beyond
A premiership upon it!

His eye—a passenger was he,
The cabin he had hired it,—
His eye was grey, and when he look'd
Around, the prospect fired it—
A fine poetic light, as if
The Appe-Nine inspired it.

His frame was stout, in height about
Six feet—well made and portly ;
Of dress and manner just to give
A sketch, but very shortly,
His order seem'd a composite
Of rustic with the courtly.

He ate and quaff'd, and joked and
laugh'd,
And chatted with the seamen,
And often task'd their skill and ask'd
“ What weather is't to be, man ? ”
No demonstration there appear'd
That he was any demon.

No sort of sign there was that he
Could raise a stormy rumpus,
Like Prospero make breezes b.ow,
And rocks and billows thump us,—
But little we supposed what he
Could with the needle compass !



A STORM IN TABLE BAY.

Soon came a storm—the sea at first
Seem'd lying almost fallow—
When lo ! full crash, with billowy dash,
From clouds of black and yellow,
Came such a gale, as blows but once
A centry, like the aloe !

Our stomachs we had just prepared
To vest a small amount in ;
When, gush ! a flood of brine came
down
The skylight—quite a fountain,
And right on end the table rear'd,
Just like the Table Mountain.

Down rush'd the soup, down gush'd
the wine,
Each roll, its rôle repeating,
Roll'd down—the round of beef de-
clar'd
For parting—not for meating !
Off flew the fowls, and all the game
Was “ too far gone for eating ! ”

Down knife and fork—down went the
pork,
The lamb too broke its tether ;
Down mustard went—each condi-
ment—
Salt—pepper—all together !
Down every thing, like craft that seek
The Downs in stormy weather.

Down plunged the Lady of the Lake,
Her timbers seem'd to sever ;
Down, down, a dreary derry down,
Such lurch she had gone never ;
She almost seem'd about to take
A bed of down for ever !

Down dropt the captain's nether jaw,
Thus robb'd of all its uses,
He thought he saw the Evil One
Beside Vesuvian sluices,
Playing at dice for soul and ship,
And throwing *Sink* and *Deuces*.

Down fell the steward on his face,
To all the Saints commending ;
And candles to the Virgin vow'd,
As save-alls 'gainst his ending.
Down fell the mate, he thought his fate,
Check-mate, was close impending !

Down fell the cook—the cabin boy,
Their beads with fervour telling,
While alps of serge, with snowy verge,
Above the yards came yelling.
Down fell the crew, and on their knees
Shudder'd at each white swelling !

Down sunk the sun of bloody hue,
His crimson light a cleaver
To each red rover of a wave :
To eye of fancy-weaver,
Neptune, the God, seem'd tossing in
A raging scarlet fever !

Sore, sore afraid, each papist pray'd
To Saint and Virgin Mary ;
But one there was that stood composed
Amid the waves' vagary ;
As staunch as rock, a true game cock
'Mid chicks of Mother Cary !

His ruddy cheek retain'd its streak,
No danger seem'd to shrink him ;
His step still bold,—of mortal mould
The crew could hardly think him :
The Lady of the Lake, he seem'd
To know, could never sink him.

Relax'd at last the furious gale
Quite out of breath with racing ;
The boiling flood in milder mood,
With gentler billows chasing ;
From stem to stern, with frequent turn,
The Stranger took to pacing.



A RUFF SKA.

And as he walk'd to self he talked,
Some ancient ditty thrumming,
In under tone, as not alone—
Now whistling, and now humming—
" You're welcome, Charlie," " Cow-
denknowes,"
" Kenmure," or Campbells' Coming."

Down went the wind, down went the
wave,
Fear quitted the most finical ;
The Saints, I wot, were soon forgot,
And Hope was at the pinnacle :
When rose on high, a frightful cry—
" The Devil's in the binnacle !"

"The Saints be near," the helmsman
cried,
His voice with quite a falter—
"Steady's my helm, but every look
The needle seems to alter ;
God only knows where China lies,
Jamaica, or Gibraltar ! "

The captain stared aghast at mate,
The pilot at th' apprentice ;
No fancy of the German Sea
Of Fiction the event is :
But when they at the compass look'd,
It seem'd non compass mentis.

Now north, now south, now east, now
west,

The wavering point was shaken,
'Twas past the whole philosophy
Of Newton, or of Bacon ;
Never by compass, till that hour
Such latitudes were taken !

With fearful speech, each after each
Took turns in the inspection ;
They found no gun—no iron—none
To vary its direction ;
It seem'd a new magnetic case
Of Poles in Insurrection !

Farewell to wives, farewell their lives,
And all their household riches ;
Oh ! while they thought of girl or boy,
And dear domestic niches,
All down the side which holds the
heart,
That needle gave them stitches.

With deep amaze, the Stranger gaz'd
To see them so white-liver'd :
And walk'd abaft the binnacle,
To know at what they shiver'd ;
But when he stood beside the card,
St. Josef ! how it quiver'd !

No fancy-motion, brain-begot,
In eye of timid dreamer—
The nervous finger of a sot
Ne'er show'd a plainer tremor ;
To every brain it seem'd too plain,
There stood th' Infernal Schemer !

Mix'd brown and blue each visage
grew,
Just like a pullet's gizzard ;
Meanwhile the captain's wandering
wit,
From tacking like an izzard,
Bore down in this plain course at
last,
" It's Michael Scott—the Wizard !

A smile past o'er the ruddy face,
" To see the poles so falter
I'm puzzled, friends, as much as you,
For with no fiends I palter ;
Michael I'm not—although a Scott—
My christian name is Walter."

Like oil it fell, that name, a spell
On all the fearful faction ;
The Captain's head (for he had read)
Confess'd the Needle's action,
And bow'd to Him in whom the North
Has lodged its main attraction !



A STAR OF THE FIRST MAGNETUDE

SUMMER.—A WINTER ECLOGUE.

A Back Parlour at Camberwell. Sylvanus is seated at the breakfast-table, and greeteth his friend Civis.

SYL.—A good morrow to you, friend Civis, and a hearty welcome !
—How hath sleep dealt with you through the night ?

CIV.—Purely indeed, and with rare pastoral dreams. I have done nothing but walk through pleasant groves, or sit me down under shady boughs, the whole livelong night. A foretaste, my friend, of the rural delights yet to come, in strolling with you, amongst the dainty shades of this your verdant retreat. How have I yearned all through the month of June, to be a Jack-i-the-Green again amidst your leaves here ! You know my prospect in town.

SYL.—Aye, truly ; I did once spend, or rather misspend a whole week there in the dog-days. You looked out opposite on a scorching brick front of six stories, with a south aspect—studded with I know not how many badges of Assurance from fire, and not without need—for the shop windows below seemed all a-blaze with geranium-coloured silks, at that time the mode, and flamme d'enfer. The left-hand shop, next door, was all red, likewise, with regiments of lobsters, in their new uniforms ; beyond that, a terrible flaring Red Lion, newly done up with paint. At the next door, a vender of red morocco pocket-books—my eyes were in a scarlet fever, the whole time of my sojourning.

CIV.—A true picture, I confess. We are, indeed, a little strong in the warm tints ; but they give the more zest to your suburban verdure. All the way down overnight, I thought only of the two tall elm trees beside your gate, and which have always been to my city optics as refreshing as a pair of green spectacles. Surely of all spots I have seen, Camberwell is the greenest, as the poet says, that ever laid hold of Memory's waist.

SYL.—It hath been greener aforetime. But I pray you sit down and fall to.—Shall I help you to some of this relishing salted fish ?

CIV.—By your good leave, Sylvanus, I will first draw up these blinds. My bedroom, you know, looks out only to the road, and I am longing to help my eyes, to a little of what, as a citizen, I may truly call the green fat of nature.

SYL.—Nay, Civis—I pray you let the blinds alone. The rolls are getting cold. This ham is excellently well cured, and the eggs are new-laid. Come, take a seat.

CIV.—I beseech your patience for one moment. There !—the blind is up. What a brave flood of sunshine—and what a glorious blue sky !—What a rare dainty day to roam abroad in, dallying with the Dryads !—But what do I behold ! Oh, my Sylvanus, the Dryads are stripped of their green kirtles—stark naked ! The trees are all bare, God help me ! as bare as the “otamies in Surgeons' Hall !”

SYL.—You would take no forewarning—I bade you not pull up the blind. It was my intent to have broken the truth to you, after you had made a full meal; but now you must to breakfast with what appetite you may!

CIV.—As I hope to see Paradise—there is not a green bough between this and Peckham!

SYL.—No, truly, not a twig! I would not advise any forlorn Babes to die in our woods, for Cock Robin would be painfully perplexed to provide them with a pall. Alas! were a Butterfly to be born in our bowers, there is not a leaf to swaddle it in.

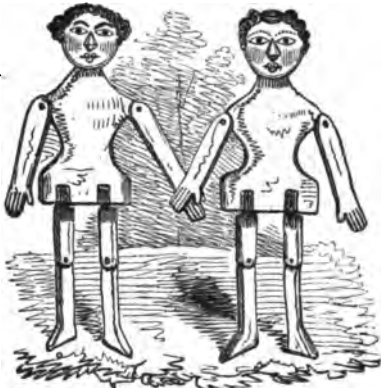
CIV.—Miserable man that I am, to have come down so late, or rather that winter should have arrived thus early! Ungenial climate! untimely Boreas!

SYL.—Blame not Boreas, nor winter neither. Boiling heat had more part than freezing point in this havoc. To think that even summer now-a-days should go by steam!

CIV.—You speak in Sphynxian riddles! O my Sylvanus, tell me in plain English prose what has become of the green emeralds of the forest?

SYL.—Destroyed in one day by a swarm of locusts. Not the locusts of Scripture, such as were eaten by St. John in the wilderness, but a new species. I caught one in the fact, on the very elm tree you wot of, and which it had stripped to the bone, saving one bough.

CIV.—I am glad, with all my heart, that you have him secure, for I delight to gaze on the wonders of nature, even of the destructive kinds. You shall show me



BABES IN THE WOOD.



A NEW LOCUST.

your new locust. Of course you thrust a pin through the body, and fixed it down to a cork after the manner of the entomologists.

SYL.—No, truly; for it knocked me down after the manner of the pugilists, and so made its escape.

CIV.—How! be they so huge, then? To my fancy, they seem more like flying dragons than locusts.

SYL.—It is true, notwithstanding. Some of them which I have seen, measured nearly six feet in length; others, that were younger, from three to five. One of these last, the *Minimi*, or small fry, I likewise took captive, though not without some shrewd kicking and biting, and striking with its fore-paws.

CIV.—The smallest of animals will do so to escape from bondage. I take for granted you knocked him on the head, for the sake of peace.

SYL.—No, indeed. I had not the heart; the visage was so strangely human,—ape or monkey could not look more like a man in the face. And then it cried and whined for all the world like a mere boy.

CIV.—It would have been a kind of petty murder to slay him. I do not think I could commit *Monkeycide* myself. They look, as *Lady Macbeth* says, so like our Fathers. To kill an ape would plant the whole stings of an apiary in my conscience. I pray you go on with the description.

SYL.—Willingly, and according to the system of the great *Linnæus*. *Antennæ* or horns he had none, thus differing from the common locust, but in lieu thereof, sundry bunches and tufts of coarse red hair; eyes brown, and tending inwards towards the proboscis or snout. Two fore-legs or arms terminating in ten palpi or feelers, and the same number of toes or claws on the hinder feet. On grasping truncus, or the trunk, it was cased in a loose skin resembling corduroy, the same being most curiously furnished with sundry bags or pouches, into which, like the provident pelican, it stuffed the forage it had collected from the trees.

CIV.—With submission, *Sylvanus*, to your better judgment, I should have taken this same Locust, from your description, to have been actually a mere human boy.

SYL.—Between ourselves, he was—though of what nation or parentage I know not. To use his own heathenish jargon, he was doing “a morning fake on the picking lay for a cove wot add a tea-crib in the monkey.”

CIV.—A strange gibberish, but I do remember that *Peter the Wild Boy* was wont to discourse in the same uncouth fashion. Poor savage of the woods! I do feel for his pitiful estate; but what could move him to pluck off all the green emeralds of the Forest?

SYL.—To make sham Hyson and mock Souchong. Even in June you would have deemed it was November, there were so many ragged Guys collecting gunpowder. Oh, *Civia*, thou hast no notion of the tea-trade that hath been carried on in these parts. Many times I have believed myself to be dwelling in Canton, and that my

name was Hum. Thrice I have caught myself marvelling at the huge feet of Mrs. S., and have groped behind my nape for the national pigtail.

CIV.—Sylvanus, spare me. I have but one green week in the year, and here it is all blotted out of the calendar. I pray you do not jest with me. What hath become of the leaves of yon sycamore?

SYL.—Plucked by a Blackamoor, who preferred it to the climbing of chimneys.

CIV.—And yonder Ashes, which I could mourn for in appropriate sackcloth?

SYL.—Stripped by the select young gentlemen of Seneca-house, who left the politer branches of education for the purpose. Scholars, you know, will play truant gratis, and these had the opportunity of performing it at twopence the hour. One Saturday they did turn their half holiday into a whole one, and were found by the geographical master picking Chinese Pekoe and Padre on the sloe bushes and willows of Peckham Rye.

CIV.—Oh, my Sylvanus, such then is the cause of the desolation I survey. To think that I may have myself helped to swallow the verdure that I should now be sitting under. That the green Druidical leaves, instead of clothing the Dryads, should be assisting in the sweeping of my own Kidderminster carpets!

SYL.—Verily so it is. The great god Pan is dead, and Pot will reign in his stead.

CIV.—Such a misfortune was never before read in a tea-cup! Oh, my Sylvanus, what is to become of patriotism or love of the country, when the best part of the country is turned to grouts?

SYL.—I have heard by way of rumour, that Mistress Shakerly of our village, attributes her palsy to a dash of aspen in her British Congo; indeed there be shrewd doubts abroad whether the great Projector hath been at all reforming by turning over a new leaf. Mr. Fairday, the notable chemist, hath sworn solemnly on his affidavit, that the tea is strongly emetical, having always acted upon his stomach as tea and turn out.

CIV.—Of a verity it ought to be tested by the doctors.

SYL.—They have tested it, and tasted it to boot. Dr. Budd, the Pennyroyal Professor of Botany, hath ranked it with the rankest of poisons, after experiment-



A GREAT PROJECTOR.

ing its destructive virtues on select tea parties of his relations and friends.

CIV.—And I doubt not Dr. Rudd, of the same Royal College, hath added a confirmation to this christening.

SYL.—You know the proverb. Doctors' opinions do not keep step, or match together, better than their horses. Dr. Rudd hath given this beverage with cream of tartar and sugar of lead to consumptives, and hath satisfied himself morally and physically that phthisic does not begin with tea.

CIV.—Dr. Rudd is an ass! Oh, my Sylvanus, I am sick at heart! Only two days since I did purchase a delectable book of poems, called "Foliage," purposely to read under your trees, but how can I enjoy it, when the very foliage of nature is, as the booksellers say, out of print! "Bare ruin'd quires where late the sweet birds sung."

SYL.—My friend, take comfort. This tea-tray will not be brought up another year, for the counterfeit herb hath all been seized, and condemned to be burnt in the yard of the Excise.

CIV.—I am glad on't, for it will be, as the French say, "a feu-de-joie;" and verily all the little singing-birds ought to collect on the chimney-pots to chaunt a Tea Deum. In the mean time I must borrow Job's patience under my boils, though they be of the size of kettles, and have boiled away my summer at a gallop. Possibly you may have fewer locusts another season; but by way of precaution, the next time I come down by the stage I shall attend to an old stage direction in Macbeth, namely, "Enter the army with their green boughs in their hands."



ALOE POISON.



RUNNING COUNTER.

PAIR'D NOT MATCH'D.

Of wedded bliss
 Bards sing amiss,
 I cannot make a song of it ;
 For I am small,
 My wife is tall,
 And that's the short and long of it .

When we debate
 It is my fate
 To always have the wrong of it ;
 For I am small
 And she is tall,
 And that's the short and long of it !

And when I speak
 My voice is weak,
 But here—she makes a gong of it ;
 For I am small,
 And she is tall,
 And that's the short and long of it ;

She has, in brief,
 Command in Chief,
 And I'm but Aide-de-camp of it ;
 For I am small,
 And she is tall,
 And that's the short and long of it !

She gives to me
 The weakest tea,
 And takes the whole Souchong of it ;
 For I am small,
 And she is tall,
 And that's the short and long of it ;

She'll sometimes grip
 My buggy whip,
 And make me feel the thong of it ;
 For I am small,
 And she is tall,
 And that's the short and long of it !

Against my life
 She'll take a knife,
 Or folk, and dart the prong of it ;
 For I am small,
 And she is tall,
 And that's the short and long of it '

I sometimes think
 I'll take to drink,
 And hector when I'm strong of it ;
 For I am small,
 And she is tall,
 And that's the short and long of it !



LONG COMMONS AND SHORT COMMONS.

O, if the bell
 Would ring her knell,
 I'd make a gay ding dong of it ;

For I am small,
 And she is tall,
 And that's the short and long of it !



"Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long."



PROTECTING THE FARE.

THE DUEL.

A Serious Ballad.

"Like the two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosogay."

IN Brentford town, of old renown,
There lived a Mister Bray,
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
And so did Mr. Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,
By all it was allow'd,
Such fair outsides are seldom seen,
Such Angels on a Cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
You choose to rival me,
And court Miss Bell, but there your
court
No thoroughfare shall be.

Unless you now give up your suit,
You may repent your love ;
I who have shot a pigeon match,
Can shoot a turtle dove.

So pray before you woo her more,
Consider what you do ;
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell,—
I'll pop it into you.

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,
Your threats I quite explode ;
One who has been a volunteer,
Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you unless
Your passion quiet keeps,
I who have shot and hit bulls' eyes,
May chance to hit a sheep's.

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
And that for copper red ;
But these two went away to give
Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend a-piece,
This pleasant thought to give—
When they were dead, they thus
should have
Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long
The seconds then forbore,
And having taken one rash step
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pan
Against the deadly strife,
By putting in the prime of death
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes,
But when they took their stands,
Fear made them tremble so they found
They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
Here one of us may fall,
And like St. Paul's Cathedral now,
Be doom'd to have a ball.

I do confess I did attack
Misconduct to your name ;

If I withdraw the charge, will then
Your ramrod do the same ?

Said Mr. B., I do agree—
But think of Honour's Courts !
If we go off without a shot,
There will be strange reports.

But look, the morning now is bright,
Though cloudy it begun ;
Why can't we aim above, as if
We had call'd out the sun ?

So up into the harmless air,
Their bullets they did send ;
And may all other duels have
That upshot in the end !



EXCHANGING—RECEIVING THE DIFFERENCE.

THE ROPE DANCER.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA,—AFTER RABELAIS.

I AM going, my masters, to tell you a strange romantic, aye neoromantic, sort of story—and yet every monosyllable of it is as true as the Legend of Dumpsius. If you should think otherwise, I cannot help it. All I can say is, you are not *experte credo*, or expert at believing.

You must know, then, that on a certain day, of a certain year, certain officers went on certain information, to a certain house, in a certain court, in a certain city, to take up a certain Italian for a certain crime. What gross fools are they who say there is nothing certain in this world! However, in they went, with a crash and a dash, and a grip and a grapple, and if they did not take him by the scruff of the neck, like a dog, there is no truth in St. Winifred's Well. He made no resistance, not so much as a left-hander, though he was by trade a smasher. As for any verbal defence, he never so much as attempted to lay a lie, much less to hatch one. There he was, caught in the very thing, act and fact, as poor a devil as need be to be making money. He was as dead as any die he had about him: as sure of a gallows and a rope, as if he had paid for them down on the nail of before-hand. Oh, ye city Crossuses, what think ye of a man having his quantum suffocate of twisted hemp for making money! For my own part, if I was to swing for saying so, I'd cry out like a Stentor, that one of God's images ought not to be made worm's meat of for only washing the King's face. 'Twould be a very hard-boiled case, and yet, 'fore Gog and Magog, so it was. For gilding a brass farthing he was to change twelve stone of good human flesh to a clod of clay; to change a jolly, laughing, smiling, grinning, crying, wondering, staring, face-making face for a mere *caput mortuum*; to change prime tripe, delicate cow-heel, succulent trotters, for a mouthful of dust; to change a garret for a grave; to change a neckcloth for a halter. Zounds! what a deal of change for a bad half sovereign! Well, there he was, caught like a rat, and going for a tit-bit to the furr'd Law-Cats, and without so much as giving a squeak for his life. The counterfeits were on him, so he had nothing to utter. I verily believe, if you had found him in twice as many melting pots, and crucibles, and dies, and white or brown gravy to boot, he could not have coined an excuse. As I said before, he was found *with the mould upon him*, and that, as the sexton of St. Sepulchre will tell you, is as good as a burial to you any day of your life. He was legally dead, and could not look, like other men, upon the sun as his sun-in-law, so he wisely shook hands with himself, and bade good bye to himself, and did not attempt with his tongue to lick the cub of guilt into a child of grace. All he asked, was to be allowed to take with him a little reptile, or insect of some sort that he had

brought over from Italy, belike to be a solace to his captivity ; for Baron Trenck, you know, made a bon-camarade of a prison rat, and Monsieur F., in the Bastile, as you know equally, made a long-standing friend of a daddy-long-legs. We live in a world of whims. We eat them, and drink them, and court them, and marry them, take them to bed and board with us, and why not to prison ? So Tonio begged for his whim to keep him company, and as it was a small gentle-looking whim, neither so fierce as a lion, nor so huge as an elephant, and moreover as it was a whim no ways dangerous to Church or State, he was allowed to take it with him in a little box, which he carried in his bosom.

Now, if curiosity should itch to know what his whim was like, let it be known, once for all, that it was like neither a toad, nor a spider, nor a viper, nor a snail, nor a black beetle, nor a newt, but something between the size of a crocodile and a cricket. And as for the manner of its going, it either flew, or swam, or hopped, or crawled, or lay still like an oyster, for the Newgate Calendar does not say which. Why it was not a monkey, or a tortoise, or a marmot, Tonio being an Italian, you must ask of the Foreign Secretary at the Court of the King of the Beggars.

May I transmigrate—when Brahma passes my soul into the parish of St. Brute—may I transmigrate, I say, into a butcher's daughter's pet-lamb, if it was not a piteous sight to see Tonio going off between the two law terriers to have an hour's wearing of that last cravat, which never goes to a laundress, but always hangs upon a line of its own. It must be owned, that he had his whim, but for all the whims that ever were whimmed I wouldn't have had his crick i' the neck. Let me, I say, stand on terra firma ; I'm content with the look-out I have of life without coveting a bird's-eye view. Old Haman, when he was forty cubits high, had not a better prospect of this world than I have from the ground floor. Poor Tonio ! It was a sorry sight ; and if I didn't pity him, from my soul,



A LEGAL CONVEYANCE.

may I be an hour behind time for seeing the next hanging bout, and all through getting, by mistake, into a blunderbus. A blunderbus, my masters, is the wrong omnibus.

Well, law took its course as usual, that is to say like a greyhound after a hare. Tony was put up, so-ho'd, run after, run over, run before, turned, tumbled and mumbled, scud and scut, and gripped by the jugulars. But that's a scurvy simile to another I have, lapped up in pancakes, so give the calendar a shove backwards, and suppose it Shrovetide, and poor Tony stuck up in dock by way of a shy-cock for the law limbs to shy at. You never saw such pelting in your life; no, not even when St. Swithin took it into her watery head to rain cats and dogs! First, the Foreman of the Grand Jury jerked a true bill at him, that took effect on his head. Thereupon the Clerk of Arraigns pitched a heavy indictment in his very teeth, so that it shivered into thirteen separate counts. Then the Council for the Crown heaved a brief of forty folios into the pit of his stomach; anon opening a masked battery, he threw in sworn witnesses in a volley like bombshells, and when they exploded there flew out from them two melting pots, four moulds, nine bulls, and seven-and-twenty hogs, and every hog of them weighed in evidence upwards of ninety stone. Finally, the Chief Pitcher himself pitched at him his great wig, and his fur gown, and his gold chain, and his mace, and his great inkstand, and the King's crown, and the lion and the unicorn, every thing in short he could catch up, and then, taking both hands, he heaved at him the Statutes at Large; not content with which he took next to pelt him with pairs of missiles at once. For instance, a horse and a hurdle, a gallows and a halter, a shovel-hat and a condemned sermon, a last dying speech and an elm coffin, and, last of all, may I die of the pip the next time I eat oranges, if he didn't cast at him the whole steeple of St. Sepulchre, death-bell and all, as if it had been only a snow-ball.



THROWING THE LASSO.

Never was St. Stephen so pelted. No wonder in the world, that under such a huge heap of rubbish, he became utterly dumbfounded, bamboozled, obfuscated, mizmazed, spifflicated, flummockst, and flabbergasted; seeing which the Chief Pitcher, as usual, inquired whether he had the infinitesimal of a word to say against being strangled into a blackamoor, with the very eyes of his head giving notice to quit. What matter that Tony had a bramble in his mind, that bore reasons like blackberries, and ripe ones too; as for example, that a tight rope round the gullet is very bad for the health, and particularly when one's health

requires to take pills, or even boluses, three times a day ? I say, he might have given a thousand such reasonable reasons against hanging, but the very momentous minute of opening his mouth, the Chief Pitcher pitched into it a prodigious great bung, as dab and apt and cleverly as if he had played at nothing else but chuck-farthing and pitch-in-the-hole ever since he was fourteen. So the mummy of silence being preserved, the Merlinising began, and hey presto ! before you could say Herman Boaz, the big wig was turned into a black cap ! After that you may tell the world that our Judges are no conjurors. Thus the trial ended, and Tony's sentence, as taken in the hieroglyphical short-hand, ran thus : namely, " that he was to be sent on a Black Monday to the Deaf and Dumb School that is kept in a coffin."

All this time, mark you, he had the whim with him in the dock, and to look at it now and then seemed his only comfort in life,—how it whisked and frisked, and looked about it, and fed heartily, as if there had been no such thing as law or law-cats in the blessed world ; and when Tony went back, like a volume of felony, to be bound in stone, the whim still went with him to his cell, and from his cell to the press-room, and from the press-room to the debtor's door, and from the debtor's door to death's door itself, which opens on the scaffold, as you turn off to the right hand or the left, in your way to nobody knows where. To take such a whim of a reptile with one to the gallows, seems whimsical enough ; but the Emperor Adrian, if you read the classics, had such a vagabondish, blandish, little animal, his animula vagula blandula, to be with him on his death-bed.

Well, Friday came, and Saturday, and Sunday, and Sunday's night ; he was posting to eternity with four bolters. I will bet the whole national debt he would have given eighteen-pence a mile, and half-a-crown to the boy, to have been posting on any other road. All the favour the law allowed him was to have an Ordinary at eight instead of an ordinary at one, a very ordinary favour to a man who was about to leave off dining. But the devil ought to have his due, and so should the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs. As they had neglected Tony a little, by not being with the other gossips at his christening, to usher him into this world, they attended very ceremoniously to show him out of it, each in his gilt coach ; and, with regard to the coachmen, the footmen, and even the very horses themselves, they were all Malthusians. Of course the Recorder brought the hanging-warrant, and if you would know what the hanging-warrant was like, it was like a map of *Cheshire* with the *Mersey* left out.

I forgot to tell you, that before it came to this pass, the Ordinary came oftentimes to the cell where Tony was, to pray, besides whom there was an Extraordinary, who examined him on his points of faith. And the points of faith were these ; namely, whether he believed the moon to be of green cheese, and as to the size of the mites thereon. Secondly, if he believed the puppet-play of Punch and Judy to be a type of the fall of Nineveh ; and, thirdly, concerning the lions in Pilgrim's Progress, whether they were bred at Mr. Wombwell's or Mr. Cross's, or

at the Tower of London. To all of which Tony giving decidedly serious answers, he was pronounced fit to die, and quite prepared to have his neck stretched, as long as the throttle of a claret-bottle when the wine is ripey.

Accordingly, on the morning of Monday, Time laid his long hand upon Tony's collar, and gave him eight distinct hints that his hour was come for being ornithologised by sentence of the great Law Bird, genus Black-cap, into jail bird, genus Wryneck. Never was there such mobbing to see a hanging. Half the Londoners that morning went without their breakfasts to be in time for the Old Bailey. Trot, trot, trot, canter and full gallop; away through Piccadilly; push on there, in the Strand, hey down Holborn Hill, with a yocks in Cheap-side, and a hark forward in Newgate Street, and a tally ho! in West Smithfield. They all meant to be in at the death. Never was there such a race, to see a man whose race was run losing it by a neck. And the order of the running was thus:—The Royal Humane Society got in first at the Drop, and had an excellent front row. The Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals was a good second; and may I die, if the Law Life Assurance hadn't the assurance to come third. Next came the Philanthropic Society, with the Society of Good Samaritans barely a length behind; and then the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, neck and neck with the London Benevolent Society; all racing till they panted again, to see Tony put out of breath. You never saw such a chevy! Luckily there was no Anniversary at St. Paul's, so the Sons of the Clergy cantered in with all the children of all the parishes that had any charity, to see an execution put in for the debt of Nature. Also the Medical Society came to see one die by the New Dropsy; and all the Knights of the Garter, with their orders, *it being a collar-day*, wherefore they wore their garters according to the fashion of Miss Bailey; and all the Foreign Ambassadors. Seeing which, Tony put on a good face, and walked stoutly up the ladder, saying softly to himself, "the eyes of Europe are upon you." All being ready, with the Ordinary on the right hand, and the Extraordinary on the left, and the Great Constrictor a little behind, Tony (who had his whim with him) was asked how he felt himself, and how his father and mother did, and all his little brothers and sisters; to which he answered thankfully, that they were all very well, and that for his own part, he felt very comfortable, and died in the faith of St. Vitus. Now the faith of St. Vitus is not exactly the faith of the Church of England, nor, in faith, do I well know what faith it is; but the Ordinary took no objection to it, for he was a man in favour of universal toleration, remembering the saying of the heathen Priest of Apollo to the Bishop of Magnum Bonum, "You have *your* thology, and let me have *my*thology." So the Ordinary held his peace, but the Extraordinary would fain have argued the point regularly and methodically, according to the dogmatical manner of Cerberus, namely, in a discourse with three heads; and if he had once begun to spin the triple yarn of controversy, prosyversy, and viceversy into a cable, there

is no saying on oath whether the other rope might have been used to this day. Seeing, therefore, how matters stood, Master Strangulator pushed in, with an elbowing manner, and began begging pardon of Tony for the part he was about to perform, who forgave him very readily, requesting him moreover to shake hands, and by Gog and Magog, such a shake was never shaken since the Shakers became a sect !

At the first grapple of their fingers, the Strangulator pulled away his hand with a jerk, as if a bear's palm had been palmed upon him instead of a human paw. Then, after making a frightful face, he gave a mighty great spring or vault upwards, a deal higher than the gallows, when, on coming down, he alighted with his legs a-straddle upon the beam, where he kept posturing for some five minutes ; now rowing with his arms and legs, like a fish, now hanging with his head downwards, first by one leg and then by the other, then by one hand, and then again by his chin ; you never saw a rope-dancer or tumbler of them all, at Bartlemy's or Astley's, more nimble. Then coming down to the stage with a bound, he threw three summersets forward, and then three backwards, as quick as thought. Anon, after standing for a minute in the first position, he fell a-dancing with all his might and main, and as fast as he could lift his feet, like a bear upon a hotted floor. Never was such a spring danced round about the gallows-tree ; Gilderoy was a fool to him. You may guess how the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and the Ordinary and Extraordinary, stared at such a caper, till their eyes grew as big as owls' ; and still more when they saw Tony, after making a round O of his mouth, fall to bouncing and bounding like another Oscar Byrne ! Shade of Holbein, what a Dance of Death ! Only think of Jack Ketch and the condemned dancing face to face on the drop, now poussetting, now setting to each other, now allemanding, now waltzing, and then, Father of Vestris, what a tableau ! Tony figuring, opera-fashion, on one leg, with Cheshire poising on tip-toe on the calf of the other ! As for his whim, it was jerked out of the box at the first frisk, and had enough to do, you may be sure, to scuttle out of the way of the skipping and hopping ; as it was, the poor reptile got more kicks than ha'pence.

In the meantime the Humanes, and the Samaritans, and the Benevolents, and the rest of the mob, did not stand and look on quite as mum as if it had been an overbrimming Quaker's meeting, with a collection afterwards at the door for the Deaf and Dumb. They chuckled, and crowed, and laughed till they brayed again ; and roared, and bellowed, and shouted, and shrieked like hyenas in hysterics. " Huzza ! huzzaw ! Go it Jack ! That's your sort ! encore—ancore—anker—ancoore,—bravo — brawvo—bravoo—brawvoo ! Well done Tony—Tony for ever—Tony for my money !—keep it up ! It's better than dancing upon nothing." If Laporte had been there, who knows what offer he might have made them ; for Taglioni herself never danced so—that is to say, gratis, and without music. On they jigged, however, without let or stint, and may I hang my hat up for ever, if the same whim did not suddenly take the marshal, janitor, or head

gaoler, however unfit for dancing, seeing that one of his legs was made of the same flesh as my oak table. Timber or not, he balanced on it for a whole minute, while the other foot's great toe, far above his hip, pointed exactly at the clock of St. Sepulchre, and then swinging his arms like a horizontal windmill, he spun off into a whirlwind of pirouettes that made one giddy to look at. That done, he struck in between the other two with a real step, and they immediately began to work out a dancing sum in the rule of three, which requires only one figure, namely, a figure of eight. Scuffle, shuffle, in and out, the three Kirk Alloway witches could not have footed it better. In fact, there was no resisting it. The whim took the very Ordinary himself, though less boisterously at first, by reason of the gravity of his calling, wherefore, taking a graceful grip with either hand of his cassock, he only glided off, to begin with, into the minuet de la cour. However, as the dancing grew more fast and furious, he gradually danced, in spite of himself, having been classically bred, into the College Hornpipe, and I defy any one to say they ever saw it better dandced, or more briskly by the very Doctors of Oxford and Cambridge. Mother of Almack's, what a quadrille! What a ball! The three Fates, though winders of thread, and spinsters in ordinary, had never seen such a Cotton ball! It was the strangest capriccio, the rarest mad morrice that ever was danced;

one minute a mazurka, then a polonaise, then a gallopade, then a fandango, then a bolero, then a sara-band, then a guaracha, then a Highland fling! Sometimes the Strangulator, by help of the halter which he waved this way and that, seemed executing the shawl dance; anon, he double-shuffled like Dusty Bob. Onemminute Tony appeared as measuring



A HIGHLAND FLING.

his steps with a duchess dowager of the time of Louis the Fourteenth; the next he was snapping his fingers with Maggie Lauder to the tune of Tullochgorum. You fancied one minute, that the Ordinary was dancing a pas seul, to the music of Haydn's slow movement, and before you could say Jack Robinson (now Earl of Ripon) he started off into as grotesque a burlesque as ever was flung, and floundered, and flounced, and bounced, and shuffled, and scuffled, and draggled, and wiggle-waggled, shamblled, gambolled, scrambled, and skimble-skambled by Grimaldi in Mother Goose. Blessed were they who were born to behold it,

though but from the mother's arms. It was worth going five miles to see, the first mile trundling a coach-wheel, the second picking up eggs, the third hopping on one leg, the fourth backwards, and the fifth jumped in a sack. If any man think otherwise, may he dance a country dance, that is to say, in a ten-acre meadow, with a mohawking bully of a bull for a partner.

The whim next seized the Extraordinary, and he danced like a dancing Fakir. He jumped, and thumped, and twirled, and whirled, and so did the rest, till the great drops rolled down their foreheads, for it was in the very middle of the dog-days, and verily if Sirius did not become a dancing dog it was not for want of masters. The clock struck nine, and still they were at it, cross hands, down the middle, and back again—'twas a mercy the bolt held. *Chassez-croisez, dos-a-dos!*—it was getting on for ten, and yet they never yet called a fresh set! high time, my masters, for authority to interfere; but the Head of the Corporation had no sooner set the foot of the corporation on the scaffold, than the whole of the corporation gave way to the whim, and was carried off with a swagger into the medley, as if it had been the great ball at Easter. There, I say, was the Mayor of London, scarlet cloak, and fur, and gold chain and all, capering like a climbing boy on the first of May. If you had seen that morris danced, 'tis long odda, Londoners, you would not have known your own May'r from a Hobbyhorse.

The Sheriffs came next, and they gave in to the same whim and danced, and so did three Phrenologists who were in waiting to take a cast of the skull, and another old woman who had got upon the scaffold to be stroked on the neck for a wen. Though her dancing day was over, she hobbled her best, and so did a Jew who came up to haggle for the criminal's clothes, and likewise an amateur in hangings, who meant to bid high for a piece of the rope. These all danced, and God knows how many more might have joined the corps de ballet, but for a certain leap that was leaped by the Lord Mayor, and which knocked the whim on the head. Now the Lord Mayor's weight in the city, in mere flesh, was a matter of sixteen stone (on the 10th of November a little more), and his gold chain was seventy-five pounds, as good Troy weight as if Priam had weighed it himself. He had besides in his pocket, two hundred and fifty thousand pounds in gold, ninety-five thousand pounds in silver, and five thousand seven hundred pounds in copper; moreover in his fob was an old family watch, formerly the clock of St. Dunstan, equal to ninety-five pounds and a half. Lastly, he carried on his person a huge bunch of keys, house keys, warehouse keys, shop keys, cellar keys, and particularly wine-cellar keys, cupboard keys, and especially pantry keys, and above all the Master Key of the city, which at any old iron shop would have been reckoned at a hundred pounds. Only think, my masters, when such a corporate body jumped, only think, I say, with what a confounding, astounding, crashing, smashing, flattening, pancake-making sole of a foot it would come down on any reptile short

of a crocodile. No wonder, then, that Tony's whim was completely atomised, obliterated, and annihilated, which it was so utterly, that if you were to search on the gallows to-morrow, with a solar microscope to help you, I don't believe, on my soul, that you would find the least article or particle of the cuticle of

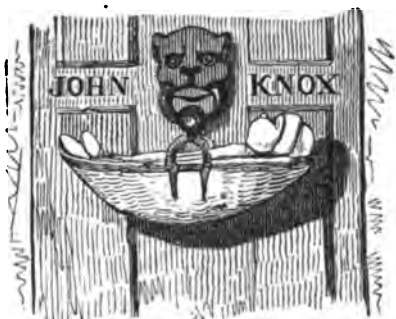


A TARANTULA.

SONNET TO VAUXHALL.

“The English Garden.”—MASON.

THE cold transparent ham is on my fork—
 It hardly rains—and hark the bell!—ding-dingle—
 Away! Three thousand feet at gravel work,
 Mocking a Vauxhall shower!—Married and Single
 Crush—rush;—Soak'd Silks with wet white Satin mingle.
 Hengler! Madame! round whom all bright sparks lurk,
 Calls audibly on Mr. and Mrs. Pringle
 To study the Sublime, &c.—(vide Burke)
 All Noses are upturn'd!—Whish—ish!—On high
 The rocket rushes—trails—just steals in sight—
 Then dooops and melts in bubbles of blue light—
 And Darkness reigns—Then balls flare up and die—
 Wheels whiz—smack crackers—serpents twist—and then
 Back to the cold transparent ham again!



"A CHILD'S call TO BE DISPOSED OF."

ODE TO MR. MALTHUS.

My dear, do pull the bell,
 And pull it well,
 And send those noisy children all up stairs,
 Now playing here like bears—
 You George, and William, go into the grounds,
 Charles, James, and Bob are there,—and take your string,
 Drive horses, or fly kites, or any thing,
 You're quite enough to play at hare and hounds,—
 You little May, and Caroline, and Poll,
 Take each your doll,
 And go, my dears, into the two-back pair,
 Your sister Margaret's there—
 Harriet and Grace, thank God, are both at school,
 At far off Ponty Pool—
 I want to read, but really can't get on—
 Let the four twins, Mark, Matthew, Luke, and John,
 Go—to their nursery—go—I never can
 Enjoy my Malthus among such a clan!

Oh Mr. Malthus, I agree
 In every thing I read with thee!
 The world's too full, there is no doubt,
 And wants a deal of thinning out,—
 It's plain—as plain as Harrow's Steeple—
 And I agree with some thus far,
 Who say the Queen's too popular,
 That is,—she has too many people.
 There are too many of all trades,
 Too many bakers,

Too many every-thing-makers,
 But not too many undertakers,—
 Too many boys,—
 Too many hobby-de-hoys,—
 Too many girls, men, widows, wives, and maids,—
 There is a dreadful surplus to demolish,
 And yet some Wrongheads,
 With thick not long heads,
 Poor metaphysicians !
 Sign petitions
 Capital punishment to abolish ;
 And in the face of censuses such vast ones
 New hospitals contrive,
 For keeping life alive,



LAYING THE FIRST STONE OF AN HOSPITAL.

Laying first stones, the dolts ! instead of last ones :—
 Others, again, in the same contrariety,
 Deem that of all Humane Society
 They really deserve thanks,
 Because the two banks of the Serpentine,
 By their design,
 Are Saving Banks.
 Oh ! were it given but to me to weed
 The human breed,
 And root out here and there some cumbering elf.

I think I could go through it,
 And really do it
 With profit to the world and to myself,—
 For instance, the unkind among the Editors,
 My debtors, those I mean to say
 Who cannot or who will not pay,
 And all my creditors.
 These, for my own sake, I'd destroy ;
 But for the world's, and every one's,
 I'd hoe up Mrs. G—'s two sons,
 And Mrs. B—'s big little boy,
 Call'd only by herself an "only joy."
 As Mr. Irving's chapel's not too full,
 Himself alone I'd pull—
 But for the peace of years that have to run,
 I'd make the Lord Mayor's a perpetual station,
 And put a period to rotation,
 By rooting up all Aldermen but one,—
 These are but hints what good might thus be done !
 But ah ! I fear the public good
 Is little by the public understood,—
 For instance—if with flint, and steel, and tinder,
 Great Swing, for once a philanthropic man,
 Proposed to throw a light upon thy plan,
 No doubt some busy fool would hinder
 His burning all the Foundling to a cinder.

Or, if the Lord Mayor, on an Easter Monday,
 That wine and bun-day,
 Proposed to poison all the little Blue-coats,
 Before they died by bit or sup,
 Some meddling Marplot would blow up,
 Just at the moment critical,
 The economy political
 Of saving their fresh yellow plush and new coats,

Equally 'twould be undone,
 Suppose the Bishop of London,
 On that great day
 In June or May,
 When all the large small family of charity,
 Brown, black, or carrotty,
 Walk in their dusty parish shoes,
 In too, too many two-and-twos,
 To sing together till they scare the walls
 Of old St. Paul's,
 Sitting in red, grey, green, blue, drab, and white,
 Some say a gratifying sight,

Tho' I think sad—but that's a schism—
 To witness so much pauperism—
 Suppose, I say, the Bishop then, to make
 In this poor overcrowded world more room,
 Proposed to shake
 Down that immense extinguisher, the dome—
 Some humane Martin in the charity *Gal*-way
 I fear would come and interfere,
 Save beadle, brat, and overseer,
 To walk back in their parish shoes,
 In too, too many two-and-twos,
 Islington—Wapping—or Pall Mall way!

Thus, people hatch'd from goose's egg,
 Foolishly think a pest, a plague,
 And in its face their doors all shut,
 On hinges oil'd with cajeput—
 Drugging themselves with drams well spiced and cloven,
 And turning pale as linen rags
 At hoisting up of yellow flags,
 While you and I are crying "Orange Boven!"
 Why should we let precautions so absorb us,
 Or trouble shipping with a quarantine—
 When if I understand the thing you mean,
 We ought to *import* the Cholera Morbus!



FANCY PORTRAIT—MR. MALTHUS.

A GOOD DIRECTION.

A CERTAIN gentleman, whose yellow cheek
Proclaimed he had not been in living quite

An Anchorite—

Indeed, he scarcely ever knew a well day ;
At last, by friends' advice, was led to seek
A surgeon of great note—named Aberfeldie.
A very famous Author upon Diet,
Who, better starr'd than Alchemists of old,
By dint of turning mercury to gold,
Had settled at his country house in quiet.

Our Patient, after some impatient rambles
Thro' Enfield roads, and Enfield lanes of brambles,
At last, to make inquiry had the *nous*,—

“ Here, my good man,

Just tell me if you can,

Pray which is Mr. Aberfeldie's house ?”

The man thus stopp'd—perusing for a while

The yellow visage of the man of bile,

At last made answer, with a broadish grin :

“ Why, turn to right—and left—and right agin,
The road's direct—you cannot fail to go it.”

“ But stop ! my worthy fellow !—one word more—
From other houses how am I to know it !”

“ How !—why you'll see *blue pillars* at the door !”



“AN ANCHORITE.”



A LEADING ARTICLE.

THE PLEASURES OF SPORTING.

THE consulter of Johnson's Dictionary under the term of Sport, or Sporting, would be led into a great mistake by the Doctor's definition. The word, with the great Lexicographer, signifies nothing but Diversion, Amusement, Play :—but I shall submit to the reader, with a few facts, whether it has not a more serious connexion, or to speak technically, whether it should be Play or Pay.—

When I was a young man, having a good deal of ready money, and little wit,—I went upon the Turf. I began cautiously, and as I thought, knowingly. I studied the stud-book, and learnt the pedigree of every new colt—yet somehow, between sire and dam, continually losing “the pony.” My first experiment was at Newmarket. By way of securing a leading article, I backed the Duke of *Leeds*, but the race came off, and the Duke was not placed. I asked eagerly who was *first*, and was told *Forth*. The winner was a slow but strong horse, and I was informed had got in front by being a *laster*. This was a *puzzle*, but I paid for my Riddlesworth, and prepared for the Derby. By good luck I selected an excellent colt to stand upon—he had been tried—it was a booked thing—but the day before the Derby there was a family wash, and the Landlady hung her wet linen



SWEEPSTAKES :—“EVERY JENNY HAS A JOCKEY.”

on his *lines*. I paid again. I took advice about the Oaks, and instead of backing a single horse, made my stand, like Ducrow, upon four at once. No luck. Terror did not start—Fury came roaring to the post—Belle was told out, and Comet was tail'd off. I paid again—and began dabbling in the Sweepstakes, and burning my fingers with the Matches. Amongst others, a bet offered that I conceived was peculiarly tempting, 20,000 to 20 against Post Obit—a bad horse indeed, yet such odds seemed unjustifiable, even against “an outsider.” But I soon found my mistake. The outsider was in reality an insider, —filling the stomachs of somebody's hounds.—Pay again! I resolved however to retaliate, and the opportunity presented itself. I had been confidently informed that Centipede had not a leg to stand on, and accordingly laid against him as thick as it would stick. The following was the report of the race: ‘Centipede jumped off at a tremendous pace,—had it all his own way—and justified his name by coming in a hundred feet in front.’—Pay again! These “hollow” matters however fretted me little, save in pocket. They were won easy, and lost to match—but the “near things” were unbearable. To lose only by half a head,—a few inches of horse-flesh! I remember two occasions when Giraffe won by “a neck,” and Elephant by “a nose.” I was almost tempted to blow out my brains by the nose, and to hang myself by the neck!

On one of those doubtful occasions, when it is difficult to name the winner, I thought I could determine the point, from some peculiar advantage of situation, and offered to back my opinion. I laid that Cobbler had won, and it was taken; but a signal from a friend decided me that I was wrong, and by way of hedge, I offered to lay that Tinker was the first horse. This was taken like the other, and the Judges declared a dead rob—I mean to say a dead heat.—Pay again!

A likelier chance next offered. There was a difference of opinion, whether Bohea would start for the Cup, and his noble owner had privately and positively assured me that he would. I therefore betted freely that he would *run* for the Plate, and he *walked* over!—Pay again! N. B. I found when it was too late, that I should not have paid in this case, but I did.

The Great St. Leger was still in reserve. Somewhat desperate, I betted round, in sums of the same shape, and my best winner became first favourite at the start. Never shall I forget the sight! I saw him come in ten lengths a-head of everything—hollow! hollow! I



THE COWS' REGATTA.

had no voice to shout with, and it was fortunate. Man and horse went, as usual, after the race, to be weighed, and were put into the scale. They rose a little in our eyes, and sunk proportionably in our estimation. Roguery was sniffed—the Jockey Club was appealed to, and it gave the stakes to the second horse. All bets went with the stakes, and so—Pay again!

It was time to cut the turf—and I was in a mood for burning it too. I was done by Heath, but the impression on my fortune was not in the finished style.

I now turned my attention to aquatics, and having been unfortunate at the One Tun, tried my luck in a vessel of twenty. I became a member of a Yacht Club, made matches which I lost—and sailed for a Cup at the Cowes Regatta, but carried away nothing but my own bowsprit. Other boats showed more speed, but mine most bottom; for after the match it upset, and I was picked up by a party of fishermen, who spared my life and took all I had, by way of teaching me, that a preserving is not a saving.—Pay again!



A PARTY OF PLEASURE.

It was time to dispose of *The Lucky Lass*. I left her to the mate, with peremptory orders to make a sale of her;—an instruction he fulfilled by making all the sail on her he could, and disposing of her—by contract—to a rock, while he was threading the Needles. In the meantime I betook myself to the chase. Sir W. W. had just cut his pack, and I undertook to deal with the dogs:—but I found dog's meat a dear item, though my friends killed my hunters for me, and I boil'd my own horses. The subscribers, moreover, were not punctual, and whatever differences fell out, I was obliged to make them up.—Pay again! At last I happened to have a dispute with a brother Nimrod as to the capability of his Brown and mine, and we agreed to decide their respective rates, as church rates, by a Steeple Chase. The wager was heavy. I rode for the wrong steeple—leapt a dozen gates—and succeeded in clearing my own pocket.—Pay again!

It was now necessary to retrench. I gave up hunting the county, lest the county should repay it in kind, for I was now getting into its debt. I laid down my horses and took up a gun, leased a shooting-box, and rented a manor, somewhat too far north

for me, for after a few moves, I ascertained that the game had been drawn before I took to it. It was useless therefore to try to beat—the dogs, for want of birds, began to point at butterflies. My friends, however, looked for grouse, so I bought them and paid the carriage. — Pay again !

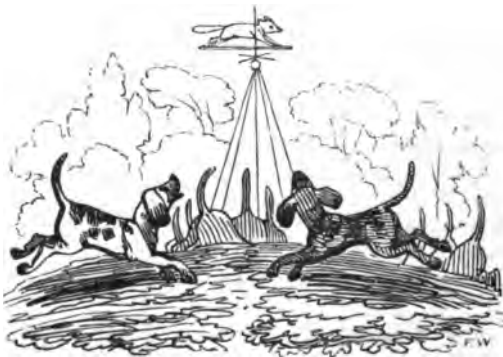
Other experiments I must abridge. I found Pugilistic Sporting, as usual—good with both hands at receiving :— at Cocking the “ in-goes ” were far exceeded by the “ out-goes : ”— and at the gaming table, that it was very difficult to pay my way— particularly in coming back. In short I learned pages of meanings

at school without trouble,—but the signification of that one word, Sporting, in manhood has been a long, and an uncomfortable lesson, and I have still an unconquerable relish of its bitterness, in spite of the considerate attentions of my Friends :—

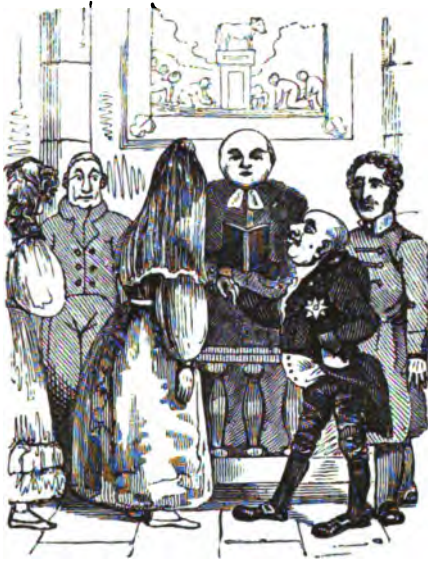


“ POINTER AND DISAPPOINTER.”

“ From Sport to Sport they hurry me
To banish my regret,
And when they win a smile from me
They think that I forget.”



A STEEPLE CHASE.



A POLITICAL UNION.

THERE'S NO ROMANCE IN THAT !

"So while I fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flattered myself that I should outwit and incense them all; behold, my hopes are to be crushed at once, by my aunt's consent and approbation, and I am myself the only dupe. But here, Sir,—here is the picture!"—*LYDIA LANGUISH.*

O DAYS of old, O days of Knights,
Of tourneys and of tilts,
When love was balk'd and valour
stalk'd
On high heroic stilts—
Where are ye gone?—adventures
cease,
The world gets tame and flat,—
We've nothing now but New Police—
There's no Romance in that !

I wish I ne'er had learn'd to read,
Or Radcliffe how to write;
That Scott had been a boor on Tweed,
And Lewis cloister'd quite!
Would I had never drunk so deep
Of dear Miss Porter's vat;
I only turn to life, and weep—
There's no Romance in that !

No Bandits lurk—no turban'd Turk
To Tunis bears me off—
I hear no noises in the night
Except my mother's cough,—
No Bleeding Spectre haunts the
house,
No shape,—but owl or bat,
Come flitting after moth or mouse,—
There's no Romance in that !

I have not any grief profound,
Or secrets to confess,
My story would not fetch a pound
For A. K. Newman's press;
Instead of looking thin and pale,
I'm growing red and fat,
As if I lived on beef and ale—
There's no Romance in that !

It's very hard, by land or sea
Some strange event I court,
But nothing ever comes to me
That's worth a pen's report :
It really made my temper chafe,
Each coast that I was at,
I vow'd, and rail'd, and came home
safe,—

There's no Romance in that ?

The only time I had a chance
At Brighton one fine day,
My chestnut mare began to prance,
Took fright, and ran away ;
Alas ! no Captain of the Tenth
To stop my steed came pat ;
A Butcher caught the rein at length,—
There's no Romance in that !

Love—even love—goes smoothly on
A railway sort of track—
No flinty sire, no jealous Don !
No hearts upon the rack ;
No Polydore, no Theodore—
His ugly name is Mat,
Plain Matthew Pratt and nothing
more—

There's no Romance in that !

He is not dark, he is not tall,—
His forehead's rather low,
He is not pensive—not at all,
But smiles his teeth to show ;
He comes from Wales and yet in size
Is really but a sprat ;
With sandy hair and greyish eyes—
There's no Romance in that !



TOM BOWLING.

He wears no plumes or Spanish cloaks,
Or long sword hanging down ;
He dresses much like other folks,
And commonly in brown ;
His collar he will not discard,
Or give up his cravat,
Lord Byron-like—he's not a Bard—
There's no Romance in that !

He's rather bald, his sight is weak,
He's deaf in either drum ;
Without a lisp he cannot speak,
But then—he's worth a plum.
He talks of stocks and three per cents.
By way of private chat,
Of Spanish Bonds, and shares, and
rents,—
There's no Romance in that !

I sing—no matter what I sing,
 Di Tanti—or Crudel,
 Tom Bowling, or God save the King
 Di piacer—All's well ;
 He knows no more about a voice
 For singing than a gnat—
 And as to Music "has no choice,"—
 There's no Romance in that !

Of light guitar I cannot boast,
 He never serenades ;
 He writes, and sends it by the post,
 He doesn't bribe the maids :
 No stealth, no hempen ladder—no !
 He comes with loud rat-tat,
 That startles half of Bedford Row—
 There's no Romance in that !

He comes at nine in time to choose
 His coffee—just two cups,
 And talks with Pa about the news,
 Repeats debates, and sups.
 John helps him with his coat aright,
 And Jenkins hands his hat ;
 My lover bows, and says good night—
 There's no Romance in that !

I've long had Pa's and Ma's consent
 My aunt she quite approves,
 My Brother wishes joy from Kent,
 None try to thwart our loves ;
 On Tuesday reverend Mr. Mace
 Will make me Mrs. Pratt,
 Of Number Twenty, Sussex Place—
 There's no Romance in that."



SOMETHING ABOVE THE COMMON.

THE ABSTRACTION.

— "draws honey forth that drives men mad."—LALLA ROOKE.

THE speakers were close under the bow-window of the inn, and as the sash was open, Curiosity herself could not help overhearing their conversation. So I laid down Mrs. Opie's "Illustrations of Lying,"—which I had found lying in the inn window,—and took a glance at the partners in the dialogue.

One of them was much older than the other, and much taller ; he seemed to have grown like quick-set. The other was thick-set.

"I tell you, Thomas," said Quickset, "you are a flat. Before you've

been a day in London, they'll have the teeth out of your very head. As for me, I've been there twice, and know what's what. Take my advice: never tell the truth on no account. Questions is only asked by way of pumping; and you ought always to put 'em on a wrong scent."

"But aunt is to send her man to meet me at the Old Bailey," said Thickset, "and to show me to her house. Now if a strange man says to me, 'young man, are you Jacob Giles,'—an't I to tell him?"

"By no manner of means," answered Quickset; "say you are quite another man. No one but a flat would tell his name to a stranger about London. You see how I answered them last night about what was in the waggon. Brooms, says I, nothing else. A flat would have told them there was the honey-pots underneath; but I've been to London before, and know a thing or two."

"London must be a desperate place," said Thickset.

"Mortal!" said Quickset, "fobs and pockets are nothing! Your watch is hardly safe if you carried it in your inside, and as for money"—

"I'm almost sorry I left Berkshire," said Thickset.

"Poo—poo," said Quickset, "don't be afeard. I'll look after ye; cheat me, and they've only one more to cheat. Only mind my advice. Don't say anything of your own head, and don't object to anything I say. If I say black's white, don't contradict. Mark that. Say everything as I say."

"I understand what you mean," said Thickset; and with this lesson in his shock head, he began to busy himself about the waggon, while his comrade went to the stable for the horses. At last Old Ball emerged from the stable-door with the head of Old Dumpling resting on his crupper; when a yell rose from the rear of the waggon, that startled even Number 55, at the Bush Inn, at Staines, and brought the company running from the remotest box in its retired tea-garden.

"In the name of everything," said the landlord, "what's the matter?"

"It's gone—all gone, by goles!" cried Thickset, with a bewildered look at Quickset, as if doubtful whether he ought not to have said it was *not* gone.



A TEA GARDEN.

"You don't mean to say the honey-pots!" said Quickset, with some alarm, and letting go the bridle of Old Ball, who very quietly led Old Dumpling back again into the stable; "you don't mean to say the honey-pots?"

"I *don't* mean to say the honey-pots," said Thickset, literally following the instructions he had received.

"What made you screech out then?" said Quickset, appealing to Thickset.

"What made me screech out then?" said Thickset, appealing to Quickset, and determined to say as he said.

"The fellow's drunk," said the landlord; "the ale's got into his head."

"Ale,—what ale has he had?" inquired Quickset, rather anxiously.

"Ale,—what ale have I had?" echoed Thickset, looking sober with all his might.

"He's not drunk," shouted Quickset; "there's something the matter."

"I'm not drunk; there *is* something the matter," bellowed Thickset, and with his fore-finger he pointed to the waggon.

"You don't mean to say the honey," said Quickset, his voice falling.

"I *don't* mean to say the honey," said Thickset, his caution rising.

The gesture of Thickset, however, had conveyed some vague notion of danger to his companion. With the agility of a cat he climbed on the waggon, and with the super-human activity of a demon, soon pitched down every bundle of brooms. There is a proverb that "new brooms sweep clean," and they certainly seemed to have swept every particle of honey clean out of the waggon.

Quickset was thunderstruck; he stood gazing at the empty vehicle in silence; while his hands wandered wildly through his hair, as if in search of the absent combs.

When he found words at last, they were no part of the Litany Words, however, did not suffice to vent his passion; and he began to stamp and dance about, till the mud of the stable-yard flew round like anything you like.

"A plague take him and his honey-pots, too," said the chamber-maid, as she looked at a new pattern on her best gingham.

"It's no matter," said Quickset, "I won't lose it. The house must stand the damage. Mr. Bush, I shall look to you for the money."

"He shall look to you for the money," *da-capo'd* Thickset.

"You may look till doomsday," said the landlord. "It's all your own fault; I thought nobody would steal brooms. If you had told me there was honey, I would have put the waggon under lock and key."

"Why, there *was* honey," said Quickset and Thickset.

"I don't know that," said Mr. Bush, "you said last night in the kitchen there was nothing but brooms."

"I heard him," said John Ostler; "I'll take my oath to his very words!"

"And so will I," roar'd the chambermaid, glancing at her damaged gown.

"What of that?" said Quickset; "I know I said there was nothing but brooms."

"I know," said Thickset, "I'm positive, he said there was nothing but brooms."

"He confesses it himself," said the landlady.

"And his own man speaks agin him," said the chambermaid.

"I saw the waggon come in, and it didn't seem to have any honey in it," said the head waiter.

"May be the flies have eaten it," said the postilion.

"I've seen two chaps the very moral of them two at the bar of the Old Bailey," said Boots.

"It's a swindle, it is," said the landlady, "and Mr. Bush shan't pay a farthing."

"They deserve tossing in a blanket," said the chambermaid.

"Duck 'em in the horsepond," shouted John Ostler.

"I think," whispered Thickset, "they are making themselves up for mischief!"

There was no time to be lost. Quickset again lugged Old Ball and Old Dumpling from the stable, while his companion tossed the brooms into the waggon. As soon as possible they drove out of the unlucky yard, and as they passed under the arch, I heard for the last time the voice of Thickset:

"You've been to London before, and to be sure know best; but somehow, to my mind, the telling the untruth don't seem to answer."

The only reply was a thwack, like the report of a pistol, on the crupper of each of the horses. The poor animals broke directly into something like a canter; and as the waggon turned a corner of the street, I shut down the sash, and resumed my "Illustrations of Lying."



STAGE EFFECT.



FANCY PORTRAIT: THE DUKE OF WELL—— AND PRINCE OF WATER——

A WATERLOO BALLAD.

To Waterloo, with sad ado,
And many a sigh and groan,
Amongst the dead, came Patty Head,
To look for Peter Stone.

"O prithee tell, good sentinel,
If I shall find him here?
I'm come to weep upon his corse,
My Ninety-Second dear!



"THE IDES OF MARCH ARE COME!"

"Into our town a sergeant came
With ribands all so fine,
A-flaunting in his cap—alas.
His bow enlisted mine!

"They taught him how to turn histoes,
And stand as stiff as starch;
I thought that it was love and May,
But it was love and March!

"A sorry March indeed to leave
The friends he might have kep',—
No March of Intellect it was,
But quite a foolish step.

"O prithee tell, good sentinel,
If hereabout he lies?
I want a corpse with reddish hair,
And very sweet blue eyes."

Her sorrow on the sentinel
Appear'd to deeply strike :—
"Walk in," he said, "among the dead,
And pick out which you like."

And soon she pick'd out Peter Stone,
Half turned into a corse ;
A cannon was his bolster, and
His matrrass was a horse.

"O Peter Stone, O Peter Stone,
Lord here has been a skrimmage!
What have they done to your poor
breast
That used to hold my image?"

"O Patty Head, O Patty Head,
You're come to my last kissing ;
Before I'm set in the Gazette
As wounded, dead, and missing!

"Alas! a splinter of a shell
Right in my stomach sticks ;
French mortars don't agree so well
With stomachs as French bricks.

"This very night a merry dance
At Brussels was to be ;—
Instead of opening a ball,
A ball has open'd me.



WAR DANCE.—THE OPENING OF THE BALL.

"Its billet every bullet has,
And well it does fulfil it ;—
I wish mine hadn't come so straight,
But been a 'crooked billet.'

"And then there came a cuirassier
And cut me on the chest ;—
He had no pity in his heart,
For he had *steel'd his breast*.

"Next thing a lancer, with his lance,
Began to thrust away ;
I call'd for quarter, but, alas!
It was not Quarter-day.

"He ran his spear right through my
arm,
Just here above the joint :—
O Patty dear, it was no joke,
Although it had a point.

" With loss of blood I fainted off,
As dead as women do—
But soon by charging over me,
The *Coldstream* brought me to.

" With kicks and cuts, and balls and
I throb and ache all over ; [blows,
I'm quite convinc'd the field of Mars
Is not a field of clover !

" O why did I a soldier turn
For any royal Guelph ?
I might have been a butcher, and
In business for myself !

" O why did I the bounty take
(And here he gasp'd for breath)
My shillingworth of 'list is nail'd
Upon the door of death !

" Without a coffin I shall lie
And sleep my sleep eternal :
Not ev'n a *shell*—my only chance
Of being made a *Kernel* !

" O Patty dear, our wedding bells
Will never ring at Chester !
Here I must lie in Honour's bed,
That isn't worth a *tester* !

" Farewell, my regimental mates,
With whom I used to dress !
My corps is changed, and I am now,
In quite another mess.

" Farewell, my Patty dear, I have
No dying consolations,
Except, when I am dead, you'll go
And see th' Illuminations."



FANCY PORTRAIT :—MR. HOBLER.

MILLER REDIVIVUS.

"He is become already a very promising miller."—*Bell's Life in London*

I WAS walking very leisurely one evening down Cripplegate, when I overtook—who could help overtaking him?—a lame elderly gentleman, who, by the nature of his gait, appeared to represent the Ward. Like certain lots at auctions, he seemed always going, but never gone :

it was that kind of march that, from its slowness, is emphatically called halting. Gout, in fact, had got him into a sad hobble, and, like terror, made his flesh creep.

There was, notwithstanding, a lurking humorousness in his face, in spite of pace, that reminded you of Quick or Liston in *Old Rapid*. You saw that he was not slow, at least, at a quirk or quip,—not backward at repartee,—not behind-hand with his jest,—in short, that he was a great wit though he could not jump.

There was something, besides, in his physiognomy, as well as his dress and figure, that strongly indicated his locality. He was palpably a dweller, if not a native, of that clime distinguished equally by “the rage of the vulture and the love of the turtle,”—the good old City of London. But an accident soon confirmed my surmises.

In plucking out his handkerchief from one of his capacious coat pockets, the Bandana tumbled out with it a large roll of manuscript; and as he proceeded a good hundred yards before he discovered the loss, I had ample time before he struggled back, in his Crawly Common pace, to the spot, to give the paper a hasty perusal, and even to make a few random extracts. The MS. purported to be a Collection of Civic Facetiae, from the Mayoralty of Alderman * * * * up to the present time: and, from certain hints scattered up and down, the Recorder evidently considered himself to have been, for wise saws or witty, the Top Sawyer. Not to forestal the pleasure of self-publication, I shall avoid all that are, or may be, his own sayings, and give only such *jeux de mots* as have a distinct parentage.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MS.

“Alderman F. was very hard of hearing, and Alderman B. was very hard on his infirmity. One day, a dumb man was brought to the Justice-room charged with passing bad notes. B. declined to enter upon the case. ‘Go to Alderman F.’ he said; ‘when a dumb man utters, a deaf one ought to hear it.’”

“B. was equally hard on Alderman V.’s linen-drapery. One day he came late into Court. ‘I have just come,’ said he, ‘from V.’s villa. He had family prayers last night, and began thus—Now let us read the Psalm Nunc *Dimitis*.’”

“Old S., the tobacconist of Holborn Hill, wore his own hair tied behind in a queue, and had a favourite seat in the shop, with his back to the window. Alderman B. pointed him out once to me. ‘Look! there he is, as usual, advertising his *pigtail*.’”

“Alderman A. was never very remarkable for his skill in orthography. A note of his writing is still extant, requesting a brother magistrate to preside for him, and giving, *literatim*, the following reason for his own absence:—‘Jackson the painter is to take me off in my Rob of Office, and I am gone to give him a *cit*.’ His pronunciation

was equally original. I remember his asking Alderman C., just before the 9th of November, whether he should have any men in armour in his *show*."

"Guildhall and its images were always uppermost with Alderman A. It was he who so misquoted Shakspeare—'A Parish Beadle, when he's trod upon, feels as much corporal suffering as Gog and Magog.'"

"A well-known editor of a morning paper inquired of Alderman B., one day, what he thought of his journal. 'I like it all,' said the Alderman, 'but its *Broken English*.' The editor stared and asked for an explanation. 'Why, the *List of Bankrupts*, to be sure!'"

"When Alderman B. was elected Mayor, to give greater éclat to his banquet, he sent for Dobbs, the most celebrated cook of that time, to take the command of the kitchen. Dobbs was quite an enthusiast in his art, and some culinary deficiencies on the part of the ordinary Mansion-House professors driving him at least to desperation, he leapt upon one of the dressers, and began an oration to them, by this energetic apostrophe,—'Gentlemen! do you call yourselves cooks!'"

"One of the present Household titles in the Mansion-House establishment was of singular origin. When the celebrated men in armour were first exhibited, Alderman P., who happened to be with his Lordship previous to the procession, was extremely curious in examining the suits of mail, &c., expressing, at the same time, an eager desire to try on one of the helmets. The Mayor, with his usual consideration, insisted on first sending it down to the kitchen to be aired, after which process the ambition of the Alderman met with its gratification. For some little time he did not perceive any inconvenience from his new beaver, but by degrees the enclosure became first uncomfortably, and then intolerably warm; the confined heat being aggravated by his violent but vain struggles to undo the unaccustomed fastenings. An armourer was obliged to be sent for before his face could be let out, red and rampant as a Brentford Lion from its iron cage. It appeared, that in the hurry of the Pageant, the chief Cook had clapped the casque upon the fire, and thus found out a recipe for stewing an Alderman's head in its own steam, and for which feat he has retained the title of the Head-Cook, ever since!"

"G. the Common-council-man, was a Warden of his own Company, the Merchant Tailors'. At one of their frequent Festivals, he took with him, to the dinner, a relation, an officer of the Tenth foot. By some blunder, the soldier was taken for one of the fraternity, but G. hastened to correct the mistake:—'Gentlemen, this isn't one of the Ninth parts of a man—he's one of the Tenth!'"

"One day there was a dispute, as to the difficulty of Catch-Singing, Alderman B. struck in, 'Go to Cheshire the Hangman—he'll prove to you there's a good deal of *Execution* in a *Catch*.'"



"A REPORT ON THE FARM."

A ZOOLOGICAL REPORT.

To Harvey Williams, Esq., Regent's Terrace, Portland Park.

HONNERED SUR,

Being maid a Feller of the Zoological Satiety, and I may say by your Honner's meens, threw the carrachter your Humbel was favered with, and witch provd sattisfacktry to the Burds and Besta, considring I was well quailifid threw having Bean for so menney hears Hed Guardner to your Honner, besides lookin arter the Pigs and Poltry. Begs to axnolige my great fullness for the Sam, and ham quit cumfittable and happy, sow much sow as wen I ham among the Any-mills to reckin myself like Addam in Parodies, let alone my Velvoteens.

Honnerd Sur,—awar of your parshalty for Liv Stox and Kettle Breeding, ham indust to faver with a Statement of wat is dun at the Farm, havin tacken provintial Noats wile I was at Kings-ton with a Pekin elefant for chainges of Hair. As respex a curacy beg to say, tho the Sectary draw up his Report from his hone datums and memorandusses, and never set his eyes on my M.E.S.S., yet we has tallys to our tails in the Mane.

Honnerd Sir,—I will sit out with the Qadripids, tho weave add the wust lux with them. Scarse anny of the Anymills with fore legs has moor nor one Carf. Has to the Wappity Dears, hits wus then the Babby afore King Sollyman, but their his for one littel Dear

betwin five femail she hinds. The Sambo Dear as was sent by Mr. Spring was so unnatral has to heat up her Forn and in consequins the Sing-Sing is of no use for the lullabia. Has for Corsichan hits moor Boney nor ever, But the Axis on innquiries as too littel Axes about a munth hold. The Neil Gow has increst one Carf, but their his no Foles to the Quaggys. Their his too littel Zebry but one as not rum to grow; the Report says, "the Mail Owen to the Nesessary Confinement in regard to Spaiace is verry smal."

Honnerd Sur, the Satiety is verry rich in Assis, both Commun assis and uncommon assis, and as the Report recumends will do my Inndever to git the Maltese Cross for your Honner. The Kangroes as reerd up a large smal fammily but looks to be ill nust and not well put to there feat, and at the surjesting of a femail Feller too was put out to the long harmd Babboon to dry nus, but she was too voilent and dandled the pure things to deth. The infunt Zebew is allso ded owen to Atemps with a backbord to prevent groing out of the sholders, both parrents being defourmd with umphs; but the spin as is suposed was hert in the exspearmint, and it sudenly desist. Mr. Wallack will be glad to here the Wallachian Sheap has add sick lams, but one was pisened by eating the ewes in the garden witch is fattle to kattle. Has to Gots we was going on prospus in the Kiddy line, but the Billy Gots becum so vishus and did so meny butts a weak, we was obleeged to do away with the Entire. As regards Rabits a contiguous disorder havin got into the Stox, we got rid of the Hole let alone one Do and Brewd, witch was all in good Helth up to Good Fridy wen the Mother brekfisted on her bunnis. The increas in the Groth of Hairs as bean maid an object, and the advice tacken of Mr. Prince and Mr. Roland, who recumendid Killin one of the Bares for the porpus of Greece. We hav a grate number of ginny pigs—their is moor than twenty of them in one Pound.

About Struthus Burds the Ostreachas is in perfic helth and full of Plums. The femail Hen lade too eggs wile the Committy was sittin and we hop they will atch, as we put them under a she Hemew as was sittin to Mr. Harvy. We propos breeding Busturds xept we hav not got a singel specieman of the specious. Galnations Burds. I am sory to say The Curryso has not bread. Hits the moor disapinting as we consider these Birds as our Crax. We sucksid in razing a grate meny Turkyes and some intresting expearimints was maid on them by the Committy and the Counsel on Crismus day. Lickwise on Poltry Fouls with regard to there being of Utility for the Tabel and "under the latter head" the report informs "sum results hav bean obtained witch air considered very satisfactry," but their will be more degested trials of the subjex as the Report says "the expearimints must be repetid in order to istablish the accuracy of the deduckshuns." Wat is remarkable the hens pressented by Mr. Crockford hav not provd grate layers tho provided with a Better Yard and plenty of Turf. We hav indeavourd to bread the grate Cok of the Wud onely we have no Wud for him to be Cok of—and now for aquotic Warter Burds we hav

wite Swons but they hav not any cygnitures, and the Black is very un-risenable as to expens but Mr. Hunt has offerd to black one very lo on condishun hits not aloud to go into the Warter. The Polish swons wood hav bread onely they did not lay. The Satiety contanes a grate number of Gease and witch thriv all most as well as they wood on a commun farm and the Sam with Dux. We wonted to have dukelings from the Mandereen Dux but they shook there Heds. Too ears a go a qantitty of flounders and also a qantitty of heals of witch an exact account is recordid wear turned into one of the Ponds but there State as not bean looked into since they wear plaiced their out of unwillingness to disturb the Hotter. At pressent their exists in one Pond a stock of Karpes and in too others a number of Gould Fish of the commun Sort. The number left as bean correcly tacken and the ammount checkt by the Pellycanes and Herrins and Spunbills and Guls and other piskiverous Burds. Looking at the hole of the Farm in one Pint of Vue we hav ben most suckcesful with Rabits and Poltry and Piggins and Ginny Pigs but the breeding of sich being well none to Skullboys, I beg as to their methodistical principals* to refer your Honner to Master Gorge wen he cums home for the Holedays. I furgot to say the Parnassian Sheep was acomidated with a Pen to it self but produst nothin worth riting. But the attemps we hav maid this here, will be prosycutid next here with new Vigors.

Honnerd Sur,—their is an aggitating Skeam of witch I humbly approve verry hiley. The plan is owen to sum of the Femail Fellers,—and that is to make the Farm a Farm Ornay. For instances the Buffloo and Fallo dears and cetra to have their horns Gildid and the Mufflons and Sheaps is to hav Pink ribbings round there nex. The munkys is to ware fancy dressis and the Ostreachers is to have their plums stuck in their heds, and the Pecox tales will be always spred out on fraim wurks like the hispaliers. All the Bares is to be tort to Dance to Wippert's Quadrils and the Lions mains is to be subjective to pappers and the curling-tongues. The gould and silver Fesants is to be Pollisht evry day with Plait Powder and the Cammils and Drumdearis and other defourmd anymills is to be paddid to hide their Crukidnes. Hr. Howerd is to file down the tusks of the wild Bores and Peckaris and the Spoons of the Spoonbills is to be maid as like the Kings Patten as possible. The elifunt will be himbelisht with a Suggester candid Castle maid by Gunter and the Flaminggoes will be toucht up with French ruge and the Damisels will hav chaplits of heartiftial Flours. The Sloath is proposd to hav an ellegunt Stait Bed—and the Bever is to ware one of Perren's lite Warter Proof Hats—and the Balld Vulters baldnes will be hided by a small Whig from Trewfits. The Crains will be put into trousers and the Hippotomus tite laced for a waste. Experience will dictait menney more imbellishing modes, with witch I conclud that I am

Your Honners

Very obleessed and humbel former Servant,

STEPHEN HUMPHREYS.

LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

“Commengons par le commencement.”

THE very earliest of one's literary recollections must be the acquisition of the alphabet; and in the knowledge of the first rudiments I was placed on a par with the Learned Pig, by two maiden ladies that were called Hogsflesh. The circumstance would be scarcely worth mentioning, but that being a day boarder, and taking my dinner with the family, I became aware of a Baconian brother, who was never mentioned except by his Initial, and was probably the prototype of the sensitive “Mr. H.” in Lamb's unfortunate farce. The school in question was situated in Token-house Yard, a convenient distance for a native of the Poultry, or Birch-lane, I forget which, and in truth am not particularly anxious to be more certainly acquainted with my parish. It was a metropolitan one, however, which is recorded without the slightest repugnance; firstly, for that, practically, I had no choice in the matter; and secondly, because, theoretically, I would as lief have been a native of London as of Stoke Pogis or Little Pedlington. If such local prejudices be of any worth, the balance ought to be in favour of the capital. The Dragon of Bow Church, or Gresham's Grasshopper, is as good a terrestrial sign to be born under as the dunghill cock on a village steeple. Next to being a citizen of the world, it must be the best thing to be born a citizen of the world's greatest city. To a lover of his kind, it should be a welcome dispensation that cast his nativity amidst the greatest congregation of the species; but a literary man should exult rather than otherwise that he first saw the light—or perhaps the fog—in the same metropolis as Milton, Gray, De Foe, Pope, Byron, Lamb, and other town-born authors, whose fame has nevertheless triumphed over the Bills of Mortality. In such a goodly company I cheerfully take up my livery; and especially as Cockneyism, properly so called, appears to be confined to no particular locality or station in life. Sir Walter Scott has given a splendid instance of it in an Orcadian, who prayed to the Lord to bless his own tiny ait, “not forgetting the neighbouring island of Great Britain;” and the most recent example of the style I have met with, was in the Memoirs of Sir William Knighton, being an account of sea perils and sufferings during a passage across the Irish Channel by “the First Gentleman in Europe.”

Having alluded to my first steps on the ladder of learning, it may not be amiss in this place to correct an assertion of my biographer in the Book of Gems, who states, that my education was finished at a certain suburban academy. In this ignorant world, where we proverbially live and learn, we may indeed leave off school, but our education only terminates with life itself. But even in a more limited sense, instead of my education being finished, my own impression is, that it never so much as progressed towards so desirable a consumma-

tion at any such establishment, although much invaluable time was spent at some of those institutions where young gentlemen are literally boarded, lodged, and *done for*. My very first essay was at one of those places improperly called *semi-naries*, because they do not half teach any thing; the principals being probably aware that the little boys are as often consigned to them to be "out of a mother's way," as for any thing else. Accordingly, my memory presents but a very dim image of a pedagogical powdered head, amidst a more vivid group of females of a composite charter-part dry-nurse, part housemaid, and part governess,—with a matronly figure in the back ground, very like Mrs. S., allegorically representing, as Milton says, "our universal mother." But there is no glimpse of Minerva. Of those pleasant associations with early school days, of which so much has been said and sung, there is little amongst my retrospections, excepting, perhaps, some sports which, like charity, might have been enjoyed at home, without the drawbacks of sundry strokes, neither apoplectic nor paralytic, periodical physis, and other unwelcome extras. I am not sure whether an invincible repugnance to early rising may not be attributable to our precocious wintry summonses, from a warm bed into a dim damp school-room, to play at filling our heads on an empty stomach; and perhaps I owe my decided sedentary habits to the disgust at our monotonous walks, or rather processions, or maybe to the sufferings of those longer excursions of big and little, where a pair of compasses had to pace as far and as fast as a pair of tongs. Nevertheless, I yet recall, with wonder, the occasional visits of grown-up scholars to their old school, all in a flutter of gratitude and sensibility at recognising the spot where they had been caned, and horsed, and flogged, and fagged, and brimstone-and-treacled, and blackdoosed, and stickjawed, and kibed, and fined,—where they had caught the measles and the mumps, and been overtaken, and undertaught—and then, by way of climax, sentimentally offering a presentation snuff-box to their revered preceptor, with an inscription, ten to one, in dog Latin on the lid!

For my own part, were I to revisit such a haunt of my youth, it would give me the greatest pleasure, out of mere regard to the rising generation, to find Prospect House turned into a Floor Cloth Manufactory, and the playground converted to a bleachfield. The *tabatière* is out of the question. In the way of learning, I carried off nothing in exchange for my knife and fork, and spoon, but a prize for Latin without knowing the Latin for prize, and a belief which I had afterwards to unbelieve again, that a block of marble could be cut in two with a razor.

To be classical, as Ducrow would say, the Athenians, the day before the Festival of Theseus, their Founder, gratefully sacrificed a ram, in memory of Corridas the schoolmaster, who had been his instructor; but in the present day, were such offerings in fashion, how frequently would the appropriate animal be a donkey, and especially too big a donkey to get over the Pons Asinorum!

From the preparatory school, I was transplanted in due time to what is called by courtesy, a finishing one, where I was immediately set to begin every thing again at the beginning. As this was but a backward way of coming forward, there seemed little chance of my ever becoming what Mrs. Malaprop calls "a progeny of learning;" indeed my education was pursued very much after the plan laid down by that feminine authority. I had nothing to do with Hebrew, or Algebra, or Simony, or Fluxions, or Paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches; but I obtained a supercilious knowledge of accounts, with enough of geometry to make me acquainted with the contagious countries. Moreover, I became fluent enough in some unknown tongue to protect me from the French Mark; and I was sufficiently at home (during the vacations) in the quibbles of English grammar, to bore all my parents, relations, friends, and acquaintance, by a pedantical mending of their "cakeology." Such was the sum total of my acquirements; being, probably, quite as much as I should have learned at a Charity School, with the exception of the parochial accomplishment of hallooing and singing of anthems.

I have entered into these personal details, though pertaining rather to illiterate than to literary reminiscences, partly because the important subject of Education has become of prominent interest, and partly to hint that a writer may often mean in earnest what he says in jest. One of my readers at least has given me credit for a serious purpose. A schoolmaster called, during the vacation, on the father of one of his pupils, and in answer to his announcement of the re-opening of his establishment, was informed that the young gentleman was not to return to the academy. The worthy parent declared that he had read the "Carnaby Correspondence," in the *Comic Annual*, and had made up his mind. "But, my dear Sir," expostulated the pedagogue, "you cannot be serious; why the *Comic Annual* is nothing but a book full of jokes!" "Yes, yes," returned the father, "but it has let me into a few of your tricks. I believe Mr. Hood. James is not coming again!"

And now, it may be reasonably asked, where I did learn anything if not at these establishments, which promise Universal Knowledge—extras included—and yet unaccountably produce so very few Admirable Crichtons*? It may plausibly be objected, that I did not duly avail myself of such overflowing opportunities to dabble, dip, duck in, and drink deeply of, the Pierian spring, that I was an Idler, Lounger, Tatler, Rambler, Spectator, anything rather than a student. To which my reply must be, first, that the severest punishment ever inflicted on my shoulders was for a scholar-like offence, the being "fond of my book," only it happened to be *Robinson Crusoe*; and secondly, that I did go ahead at another guess sort of academy, a reference to which will be little flattering to those Houses which claim Socrates, Aristotle,

* In spite of hundreds of associates, it has never happened to me, amongst the very many distinguished names connected with science or literature, to recognise one as belonging to a school-fellow.

Alfred, and other *Learnedissimi Worthii*, as their Sponsors and Patron Saints. The school that really schooled me being comparatively of a very humble order—without sign—without prospectus,—without ushers—without ample and commodious premises—in short, without pretension, and consequently, almost without custom.

The autumn of the year 1811, along with a most portentous comet, “with fear of change perplexing monarchs,” brought, alas! a melancholy revolution in my own position and prospects, by the untimely death of my father; and my elder brother shortly following him to the grave, my bereaved mother naturally drew the fragments of the family more closely around her, so that thenceforward her dearest care was to keep her “only son, myself, at home.” She did not, however, neglect my future interest, or persuade herself by any maternal vanity that a boy of twelve years old could have precociously finished his education; and accordingly, the next spring found me at what might have been literally called a High School, in reference to its distance from the ground.

In a house, formerly a suburban seat of the unfortunate Earl of Essex—over a grocer’s shop—up two pair of stairs, there was a very select day-school, kept by a decayed Dominie, as he would have been called in his native land. In his better days, when my brother was his pupil, he had been master of one of those wholesale concerns in which so many ignorant men have made fortunes, by favour of high terms, low ushers, gullible parents, and victimized little boys. As our worthy Dominie, on the contrary, had failed to realize even a competence, it may be inferred, logically, that he had done better by his pupils than by himself; and my own experience certainly went to prove that he attended to the interests of his scholars, however he might have neglected his own. Indeed, he less resembled, even in externals, the modern worldly trading Schoolmaster than the good, honest, earnest, olden Pedagogue—a pedant, perchance, but a learned one, with whom teaching was “a labour of love,” who had a proper sense of the dignity and importance of his calling, and was content to find a main portion of his reward in the honourable proficiency of his disciples. Small as was our College, its Principal maintained his state, and walked gowned and covered. His cap was of faded velvet, of black, or blue, or purple, or sad green, or as it seemed, of all together, with a *nuance* of brown. His robe, of crimson damask, lined with the national tartan. A quaint, carved, highbacked, elbowed article, looking like an *émigré*, from a set that had been at home in an aristocratical drawing-room, under the *ancien régime*, was his Professional Chair, which with his desk was appropriately elevated on a dais, some inches above the common floor. From this moral and material eminence, he cast a vigilant yet kindly eye over some dozen of youngsters; for adversity, sharpened by habits of authority, had not soured him, or mingled a single tinge of bile with the peculiar red-streak complexion, so common to the healthier natives of the North. On one solitary occasion, within my memory, was he seriously yet

characteristically discomposed, and that was by his own daughter, whom he accused of "forgetting all regard for common decorum;" because, forgetting that he was a Dominie as well as a Parent, she had heedlessly addressed him in public as "Father," instead of "Papa." The mere provoking contrariety of a dunce never stirred his spleen, but rather spurred his endeavour, in spite of the axiom, to make Nihil fit for any thing. He loved teaching for teaching's sake; his kill-horse happened to be his hobby: and doubtless, if he had met with a penniless boy on the road to learning, he would have given him a lift, like the charitable Waggoner to Dick Whittington—for love. I recall, therefore, with pleasure, the cheerful alacrity with which I used to step up to recite my lesson, constantly forewarned—for every true schoolmaster has his stock joke—not to "stand in my own light." It was impossible not to take an interest in learning what he seemed so interested in teaching; and in a few months my education progressed infinitely farther than it had done in as many years under the listless superintendence of B. A., and L. L. D. and Assistants. I picked up *some* Latin, was a tolerable English Grammarian, and so good a French scholar, that I earned a few guineas—my first literary fee—by revising a new edition of "Paul et Virginie" for the press. Moreover, as an accountant, I could work a *summum bonum*—i. e. a good sum.

In the mean time,—so generally unfortunate is the courtship of that bashful undertoned wooer, Modest Merit, to that loud, brazen masculine, worldly heiress, Success—the school did not prosper. The number of scholars diminished rather than increased. At least no new boys came—but one fine morning, about nine o'clock, a great "she gal," of fifteen or sixteen, but so remarkably well grown that she might have been "any of our mothers," made her unexpected appearance with bag and books. The sensation that she excited is not to be described! The apparition of a Governess, with a Proclamation of a Gynecocracy could not have been more astounding! Of course SHE instantly formed a class; and had any form SHE might prefer to herself:—the most of us being just old enough to resent what was considered as an affront on the corduroy sex, and just young enough to be beneath any gallantry to the silken one. The truth was, *sub rosa*, that there was a plan for translating us, and turning the unsuccessful Boy's School, into a Ladies' Academy; to be conducted by the Dominie's eldest daughter—but it had been thought prudent to be well on with the new set before being off with the old. A brief period only had elapsed when, lo! a leash of female school *Fellows*—three sisters, like the Degrees of Comparison personified, Big, Bigger, and Biggest—made their unwelcome appearance, and threatened to push us from our stools. They were greeted, accordingly, with all the annoyances that juvenile malice could suggest. It is amusing, yet humiliating, to remember the nuisances the sex endured at the hands of those who were thereafter to honour the shadow of its shoe-tie—to groan, moan, sigh, and sicken for its smiles,—to become poetical, prosaic, nonsensical, lack-a-daisical, and

perhaps even melodramatical for its sake. Numberless were the desk-quakes, the ink-spouts, the book-bolts, the pea-showers, and other unregistered phenomena, which likened the studies of those four unlucky maidens to the "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties,"—so that it glads me to reflect, that I was in a very small minority against the persecution; having already begun to read poetry, and even to write something which was egregiously mistaken for something of the same nature. The final result of the struggle in the academic nest—whether the hen-cuckoos succeeded in ousting the cock-sparrows, or vice versa—is beyond my record; seeing that I was just then removed from the scene of contest, to be introduced into that Universal School where, as in the preparatory ones, we have very unequal shares in the flogging, the fagging, the task-work, and the pocket-money; but the same breaking-up to expect, and the same eternity of happy holidays to hope for in the Grand Recess.

In brief, a friend of the family having taken a fancy to me, proposed to initiate me in those profitable mercantile mysteries which enabled Sir Thomas Gresham to gild his grasshopper; and like another Frank Osbaldestone, I found myself planted on a counting-house stool, which nevertheless served occasionally for a Pegasus, on three legs, every foot, of course, being a dactyl or a spondee. In commercial matters, the only lesson imprinted on my memory is the rule that when a ship's crew from Archangel, come to receive their L. S. D., you must lock up your P. Y. C.



THE WINNER OF THE LEDGER.



SHOOTING WITH ROVER AND RANGER.

SHOOTING PAINS.

“The charge is prepared.”—MACHKATH.

If I shoot any more I'll be shot,
 For ill-luck seems determined to star me,
 I have march'd the whole day
 With a gun,—for no pay—
 Zounds, I'd better have been in the army!

What matters Sir Christopher's leave;
 To his manor I'm sorry I came yet!
 With confidence fraught,
 My two pointers I brought,
 But we are not a point towards game yet!

And that gamekeeper too, with advice!
 Of my course he has been a nice chalker,
 Not far, were his words,
 I could go without birds:
 If my legs could cry out, they'd cry “Walker!”

Not Hawker could find out a flaw,—
 My appointments are modern and Mantony,
 And I've brought my own man,
 To mark down all he can,
 But I can't find a mark for my Antony !

The partridges,—where can they lie ?
 I have promised a leash to Miss Jervas,
 As the least I could do ;
 But without even two
 To brace me,—I'm getting quite nervous !

To the pheasants—how well they're preserved !
 My sport's not a jot more beholden,
 As the birds are so shy,
 For my friends I must buy,
 And so send "silver pheasants and golden "

I have tried ev'ry form for a hare,
 Every patch, every furze that could shroud her,
 With toil unrelax'd,
 Till my patience is tax'd,
 But I cannot be taxed for hare-powder.

I've been roaming for hours in three flats
 In the hope of a snipe for a snap at ;
 But still vainly I court
 The percussioning sport,
 I find nothing for "setting my cap at !"

A woodcock,—this month is the time,—
 Right and left I've made ready my lock for,
 With well-loaded double,
 But spite of my trouble,
 Neither barrel can I find a cock for !

A rabbit I should not despise,
 But they lurk in their burrows so lowly
 This day's the eleventh,
 It is not the seventh,
 But they seem to be keeping it hole-y.

For a mallard I've waded the marsh,
 And haunted each pool, and each lake—oh !
 Mine is not the luck,
 To obtain thee, O Duck,
 Or to doom thee, O Drake, like a Draco !

For a field-fare I've fared far a-field,
 Large or small I am never to sack bird,
 Not a thrush is so kind
 As to fly, and I find
 I may whistle myself for a black-bird !



CANVASSING A BURROW—"COME TO THE POLK."

I am angry, I'm hungry, I'm dry,
 Disappointed, and sullen, and goaded,
 And so weary an elf,
 I am sick of myself,
 And with Number One seem overloaded.

As well one might beat round St. Paul's,
 And look out for a cock or a hen there ;
 I have search'd round and round
 All the Baronet's ground,
 But Sir Christopher hasn't a wren there !

Joyce may talk of his excellent caps,
 But for nightcaps they set me desiring,
 And it's really too bad,
 Not a shot I have had
 With Hall's Powder, renown'd for "quick firing."

If this is what people call sport,
 Oh! of sporting I can't have a high sense,
 And there still remains one
 More mischance on my gun—
 " Fined for shooting without any license."



A DOUBLE BARREL.

THE RUN-OVER.

"Do you see that 'ere gentleman in the buggy, with the clipt un?" inquired Ned Stocker, as he pointed with his whip at a chaise, some fifty yards in advance. "Well, for all he's driving there so easy like, and comfortable, he once had a gig-shaft, and that's a fact, driv right through his body!"

"Rather him than me," drawled a passenger on the box, without removing his cigar from his mouth.

"It's true for all that," returned Ned, with a nod of his head equal to an affidavit. "The shaft run in under one armpit, right up to the tug, and out again at t'other, besides pinning him to the wall of the stable—and that's a thing such as don't happen every day."

"Lucky it don't," said the smoker, between two puffs of his cigar.

"It an't likely to come often," resumed Ned, "let alone the getting over it afterwards, which is the wonderfulest part of it all. To see him bowling along there, he don't look like a man pinned to a stable-wall with the rod through him, right up to the tug—do he?"

"Can't say he does," said the smoker.

"For my part," said Ned, "or indeed any man's part, most people in such a case would have said, it's all up with me, and good reason why, as I said afore, with a shaft clean through your inside, right up to the tug—and two inches besides into the stable wall, by way of a benefit. But somehow he always stuck to it—not the wall, you know

—but his own opinion, that he should get over it—he was as firm as flints about that—and sure enough the event came off exactly.”

“The better for him,” said the smoker.

“I don’t know the rights on it,” said Ned, “for I warn’t there—but they do say when he was dextricated from the rod, there was a regular tunnel through him, and in course the greatest danger was of his ketching cold in the lungs from the thorough draught.”

“Nothing more likely,” said the fumigator.

“Howsomever,” continued Ned, “he was cured by Dr. Maiden of Stratford, who giv him lots of physic to provoke his stomach, and make him eat hearty: and by taking his feeds well,—warm mashies at first, and then hard meat, in course of time he filled up. Nobody hardly believed it, though when they see him about on his legs again—myself for one—but he always said he would overcome it, and he was as good as his word. If that an’t game, I don’t know what is.”

“No more do I,” said the man with the Havannah.

“I don’t know the philosophy on it,” resumed Ned, “but it’s a remark of mine about recovering, if a man says he will, he will,—and if he says he wont, he won’t—you may book that for certain. Mayhap a good pluck helps the wounds in healing kindly,—but so it is, for I’ve observed it. You’ll see one man with hardly a scratch on his face, and says he, I’m done for—and he turns out quite correct—while another as is cut to ribbons will say—never mind,—I’m good for another round, and so he proves, particularly if he’s one of your small farmers. I’ll give you a reason why.”

“Now then,” said the smoker.

“My reason is,” replied Ned, “that they’re all as hard as nails—regular pebbles for game. They take more thrashing than their own corn, and that’s saying something. They’re all fortitude, and nothing else. Talk about punishment! nothing comes amiss to ’em, from butt-ends of whips and brickbats down to bludgeons loaded with lead. You can’t hurt their feelings. They’re jist like badgers, the more you welt ’em the more they grin, and when it’s over, maybe a turn-up at a cattle fair, or a stop by footpads, they’ll go home to their missises all over blood and wounds as cool and comfortable as cowcumpers, with holes in their heads enough to scarify a whole hospital of army surgeons.”

“The very thing Scott has characterised,” I ventured to observe, “in the person of honest Dandie.”

“Begging your pardon, Sir,” said Ned, “I know Farmer Scott very well, and he’s anything but a dandy. I was just a going to bring forward, as one of the trumps, a regular out-and-outer. We become friends through an axident. It was a darkish night you see, and him a little lusher or so, making a bit of a swerve in his going towards the middle of the road, before you could cry Snacks! I was over him with the old Regulator.”

“Good God!” exclaimed my left-hand companion on the roof. “Was not the poor fellow hurt?”

"Why, not much for HIM," answered Ned, with a very decided emphasis on the pronoun. "Though it would have been a quietus for nine men out of ten, and, as the Jews say, Take your pick of the basket. But he looked queer at first, and shook himself, and made a wryish face, like a man that hadn't got the exact bit of the joint he preferred."

"Looked queer!" ejaculated the compassionate passenger, "he must have looked dreadful! I remember the Regulator, one of the oldest and heaviest vehicles on the road. But of course you picked him up, and got him inside, and——"

"Quite the reverse," answered Ned, quietly, "and far from it; he picked himself up, quite independent, and wouldn't even accept a lift on the box. He only felt about his head a bit, and then his back, and his arms, and his thighs, and his lines, and after that he guv a nod, and says he, 'all right,' and away he toddled."

"I can't credit it," exclaimed the man on the roof.

"That's just what his wife said," replied Ned, with considerable composure, in spite of the slur on his veracity. "Let alone two black eyes, and his collar bone, and the broke rib, he'd a hole in his head, with a flint sticking in it bigger than any one you can find since Macadamizing. But he made so light on it all, and not being very clear besides in his notions, I'm blest if he didn't tell her he'd only been knocked down by a man with a truck!"

"Not a bad story," said the smoker, on the box.

I confess I made internally a parallel remark. Naturally robust as my faith is, I could not, as Hamlet says, let "Belief lay hold of me," with the coachman's narrative in his hand, like a copy of a writ. I am no stranger, indeed, to the peculiar hardihood of our native yeomanry; but Ned, in his zeal for their credit, had certainly overdrawn the truth. As to his doctrine of presentiments, it had never been one of the subjects of my speculations; but on a superficial view, it appeared to me improbable that life or death, in cases of casualty, could be pre-determined with such certainty as he had averred; and particularly as I happen to know a certain lady, who has been accepting the Bills of Mortality at two months' date, for many years past—but has never honoured them when due. It was fated, however, that honest Ned was to be confirmed in his theories and corroborated in his facts.

We had scarcely trotted half a mile in meditative silence, when we overtook a sturdy pedestrian, who was pacing the breadth as well as the length of the road, rather more like a land surveyor than a mere traveller. He evidently belonged to the agricultural class, which Ned had distinguished by the title of Small Farmers. Like Scott's Liddesdale yeoman, he wore a shaggy dreadnought, below which you saw two well-fatted calves, penned in a pair of huge top-boots—the tops and the boots being of such different shades of brown as you may observe in two arable fields of various soil, a rich loan and a clay. In his hand he carried a formidable knotted club-stick, and a member of the Heralds' College would have set him down at once a tenant of the Earl of Leicester, he looked so like a bear with a ragged staff.

I observed that Ned seemed anxious. One of his leaders was a bolter, and his wheelers were far from steady; and the man ahead walked not quite so straightly as if he had been ploughing a furrow. We were almost upon him—Ned gave a sharp halloo—the man looked back, and wavered. A minute decided the matter. He escaped Scylla, but Charybdis yawned for him—in plain prose, he cleared the Rocket, but contrived to get under the broad wheel of a Warwickshire waggon, which was passing in the opposite direction. There was still a chance,—even a fly-waggon may be stopped without much notice—but the waggoner was inside, sweethearting with three maids that were going to Coventry. Every voice cried out Woh! but the right one. The horses plodded on—the wheels rumbled—the bells jingled—we all thought a knell.

Ned instantly pulled up, with his team upon their haunches—we all alighted, and in a moment the sixteen the Rocket was licensed to carry were at the fatal spot. In the midst of the circle lay, what we considered a bundle of last linen just come home from the mangle.

"That's a dead un," said the smoker, throwing away as he spoke the butt-end of a cigar.

"Poor wretch," exclaimed the humane man from the roof, "what a shocking spectacle!"

"It's over his chest," said I.

"It's all over," said the passenger on my right.

"And a happy release," said a lady on my left; "he must have been a cripple for life."

"He can't have a whole rib in his body," said a man from the dickey.

"Hall to hattums," said a gentleman from the inside.

"The worst I ever see, and I've had the good luck to see many," said the guard.

"No, he can't get over that," said Ned himself.

To our astonishment, however, the human mass still breathed. After a long sigh it opened one eye—the right—then the other—the mouth gasped—the tongue moved—and at last even spoke, though in disjointed syllables.

"We're nigh—hand—an't we—the nine—milestun?"

"Yes—yes—close to it," answered a dozen voices, and one in its bewilderment asked, "Do you live there?" but was set right by the sufferer himself.

"No—a mile fudder."

"Where is there a surgeon?" asked the humane man, "I will ride off for him on one of the leaders."

"Better not," said the phlegmatic smoker, who had lighted a fresh cigar with some German tinder and a lucifer—"not used to saddle—may want a surgeon yourself."

"Is there never a doctor among the company?" inquired the guard.

"I am a medical man," replied a squat vulgar-looking personage. "I sell Morison's pills—but I haven't any about me."

"Glad of it," said the smoker, casting a long puff in the other's face.

"Poor wretch!" sighed the compassionate man. "He is beyond human aid. Heaven help the widow and the fatherless—he looks like a family man!"

"I weren't to blame," said the waggoner. "The woife and childer in can't coom upon I."

"Does any one know who he is?" inquired the coachman, but there was no answer.

"Maybe the gemman has a card or summut," said the gentleman from the inside.

"Is there no house near?" inquired the lady.

"For to get a shutter off on," added the gentleman.

"Ought we not to procure a postchaise," inquired a gentleman's footman.

"Or a shell, in case," suggested the man from the dickey.

"Shell be hanged!" said the sufferer, in a tone that made us all jump a yard backwards. "Stick me up agin the mile-stun—there, easy does it—that's comfortable—and now tell me, and no nonsense,—be I flat?"

"A little pancakey," said the man with the cigar.

"I say," repeated the sufferer, with some earnestness, "be I flat—quite flat—as flat like as a sheet of paper? Yes or no?"

"No, no, no," burst from sixteen voices at once, and the assurance seemed to take as great a load off his mind as had lately passed over his body. By an effort he contrived to get up and sit upon the mile-stone, from which he waved us a goodbye, accompanied by the following words:—

"Gentlefolk, my best thanks and my sarvice to you, and a pleasant journey. Don't consarn yourselves about me, for there's nothing dangerous. I shall do well, I know I shall; and I'll tell you what I go upon—if I bean't flat I shall get round."



"THIS IS THE TIME WHEN CHURCH-YARDS YAWN."



THE ISLE OF MAN.

THE BOY AT THE NORE.

“ Alone I did it !—Boy ! ”—CORIOLANUS.

I SAY, little Boy at the Nore,
Do you come from the small Isle of Man ?
Why, your history a mystery must be,—
Come tell us as much as you can,
Little Boy at the Nore !

You live it seems wholly on water,
Which your Gambier calls living in clover ;—
But how comes it, if that is the case,
You're eternally half seas over,—
Little Boy at the Nore ?

While you ride—while you dance—while you float—
Never mind your imperfect orthography ;—
But give us as well as you can,
Your watery auto-biography,
Little Boy at the Nore !

LITTLE BOY AT THE NORE LOQUITUR.

I'm the tight little Boy at the Nore,
 In a sort of sea negus I dwells ;
 Half and half 'twixt saltwater and Port,
 I'm reckon'd the first of the swells—
 I'm the Boy at the Nore !

I lives with my toes to the flounders,
 And watches through long days and nights ;
 Yet, cruelly eager, men look—
 To catch the first glimpse of my lights—
 I'm the Boy at the Nore.

I never gets cold in the head,
 So my life on salt water is sweet,—
 I think I owes much of my health,
 To being well used to wet feet—
 As the Boy at the Nore.



THE BUOY AT THE NORE.

There's one thing, I'm never in debt :
 Nay !—I liquidates more than I *oughter* * ;
 So the man to beat Cits as goes by,
 In keeping the head above water,
 Is the Boy at the Nore.

* A word caught from some American Trader in passing

I've seen a good deal of distress,
 Lots of Breakers in Ocean's Gazette ;
 They should do as I do—rise o'er all ;
 Aye, a good floating capital get,
 Like the Boy at the Nore !

I'm a'ter the sailor's own heart,
 And cheers him, in deep water rolling ;
 And the friend of all friends to Jack Junk,
 Ben Backstay, Tom Pipes, and Tom Bowling,
 Is the Boy at the Nore !

Could I e'er but grow up, I'd be off
 For a week to make love with my wheedles ;
 If the tight little Boy at the Nore
 Could but catch a nice girl at the Needles,
 We'd have two at the Nore !

They thinks little of sizes on water,
 On big waves the tiny one skulks,—
 While the river has Men of War on it—
 Yes—the Thames is oppress'd with Great Hulks,
 And the Boy's at the Nore !

But I've done—for the water is heaving
 Round my body, as though it would sink it !
 And I've been so long pitching and tossing,
 That sea-sick—you'd hardly now think it—
 Is the Boy at the Nore !



AS SAFE AS THE BANK.

JOHNSONIANA.

"None despise puns but those who cannot make them."—SWIFT.

To the Editor of the Comic Annual.

SIR,

As I am but an occasional reader in the temporary indulgence of intellectual relaxation, I have but recently become cognizant of the metropolitan publication of Mr. Murray's Mr. Croker's Mr. Boswell's Dr. Johnson: a circumstance the more to be deprecated, for if I had been simultaneously aware of that amalgamation of miscellaneous memoranda, I could have contributed a personal quota of characteristic colloquial anecdotes to the biographical reminiscences of the multitudinous lexicographer, which, although founded on the basis of indubitable veracity, has never transpired among the multifarious effusions of that stupendous complication of mechanical ingenuity, which, according to the technicalities in usage in our modern nomenclature, has obtained the universal cognomen of the press. Expediency imperiously dictates that the nominal identity of the hereditary kinsman, from whom I derive my authoritative responsibility, shall be inviolably and umbrageously obscured: but in future variorum editions his voluntary addenda to the already inestimable concatenation of circumstantial particularisation might typographically be discriminated from the literary accumulations of the indefatigable Boswell and the vivacious Piozzi, by the significant classification of Boz, Poz, and Coz.

In posthumously eliciting and philosophically elucidating the phenomena of defunct luminaries, whether in reference to corporeal, physiological, or metaphysical attributes, justice demands the strictest scrupulosity, in order that the heterogeneous may not preponderate over the homogeneous in the critical analysis. Metaphorically speaking, I am rationally convinced that the operative point I am about to develop will remove a pertinacious film from the eye of the biographer of the memorable Dr. Johnson; and especially with reference to that reiterated verbal aphorism so preposterously ascribed to his conversational inculcation, namely, that "he who would make a pun would pick a pocket;" however irrelevant such a doctrinarian maxim to the irrefragable fact, that in that colossal monument of etymological erudition erected by the stupendous Doctor himself (of course implying his inestimable Dictionary), the paramount gist, scope, and tendency of his laborious researches was obviously to give as many meanings as possible to one word. In order, however, to place hypothesis on the immutable foundation of fact, I will, with your periodical permission, adduce a few Johnsonian repartees from my cousin's anecdotal memorabilia, which will perspicuously evolve the synthetical conclusion, that the inimitable author of *Rasselas* did not dogmatically predicate such

an aggravated degree of moral turpitude in the perpetration of a double entendre.

Apologetically requesting indulgence for the epistolary laxity of an unpremeditated effusion,

I remain, Sir,

Your very humble obedient servant,

SEPTIMUS REARDON.

Lichfield, October 1, 1833.

"Do you really believe, Dr. Johnson," said a Lichfield lady, "in the dead walking after death?"—"Madam," said Johnson, "I have no doubt on the subject; I have heard the Dead March in Saul." "You really believe then, Doctor, in ghosts?"—"Madam," said Johnson, "I think *appearances* are in their favour."

The Doctor was notoriously very superstitious. The same lady once asked him—"if he ever felt any presentiment at a winding-sheet in the candle."—

"Madam," said Johnson, "if a *mould* candle, it doubtless indicates death, and that somebody will go out like a *snuff*; but whether at Hampton *Wick* or in *Greece*, must depend upon the *graves*."



AN ILLUMINATED MS.

Dr. Johnson was not comfortable in the Hebrides.

"Pray, Doctor, how did you sleep?" inquired a benevolent Scotch hostess, who was so extremely hospitable that some hundreds always occupied the same bed.—"Madam," said Johnson, "I had not a wink the whole night long; sleep seemed to *flee* from my eyelids, and to *bug* from all the rest of my body."

The Doctor and Boswell once lost themselves in the Isle of Muck, and the latter said they must "*spier* their way at the first body they met." "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "you're a scoundrel: you may spear anybody you like, but I am not going to 'run a-Muck and tilt at all I meet.'"

"What do you think of whisky, Dr. Johnson?" hiccupped Boswell after emptying a sixth tumbler of toddy. "Sir," said the Doctor, "it penetrates my very soul like 'the *small-still* voice of conscience,' and doubtless the worm of the still is the 'worm that never dies.'" Boswell afterwards inquired the Doctor's opinion on illicit distillation, and

how the great moralist would act in an affray between the smugglers and the Excise. "If I went by the *letter* of the law I should assist the Customs, but according to the *spirit* I should stand by the contrabands."

The Doctor was always very satirical on the want of timber in the North. "Sir," he said to the young Laird of Icombally, who was going to join his regiment, "may Providence preserve you in battle, and especially your nether limbs. You may grow a walking-stick here, but you must import a wooden leg." At Dunsinane the old prejudice broke out. "Sir," said he to Boswell, "Macbeth was an idiot; he ought to have known that every wood in Scotland might be carried in a man's hand. The Scotch, Sir, are like the frogs in the fable: if they had a Log they would make a King of it."

Boswell one day expatiated at some length on the moral and religious character of his countrymen, and remarked triumphantly that there was a Cathedral at Kirkwall, and the remains of a Bishop's Palace. "Sir," said Johnson, "it must have been the poorest of Sees: take your *Rum* and *Egg* and *Mull* altogether, and they won't provide for a *Bishop*."

East India company is the worst of all company. A Lady fresh from Calcutta once endeavoured to curry Johnson's favour by talking of nothing but howdahs, doolies, and bungalows, till the Doctor took, as usual, to *tiffn*. "Madam," said he, in a tone that would have scared a tiger out of a jungle, "India's very well for a rubber or for a bandana, or for a cake of ink; but what with its Bhurtapore, Pahlumpore, Barrackpore, Hyderapore, Singapore, and Nagpore, its Hyderabad, Astrabad, Bundlebad, Sindbad, and Guzzaratbadbad, it's a *poor* and *bad* country altogether."

Master M., after plaguing Miss Seward and Dr. Darwin, and a large tea party at Lichfield, said to his mother that he would be good if she would give him an apple. "My dear child," said the parent, feeling herself in the presence of a great moralist, "you ought not to be good on any consideration of gain, for 'virtue is its own reward.' You ought to be good disinterestedly, and without thinking what you are to get for it." "Madam," said Dr. Johnson, "you are a fool; would you have the boy *good for nothing*?"

The same lady once consulted the Doctor on the degree of turpitude to be attached to her son's robbing an orchard. "Madam," said Johnson, "it all depends upon the weight of the boy. I remember my schoolfellow Davy Garrick, who was always a little fellow, robbing a dozen of orchards with impunity, but the very first time I climbed up an apple tree, for I was always a heavy boy, the bough broke with me, and it was called a judgment. I suppose that's why Justice is represented with a pair of scales."

Caleb Whitefoord, the famous punster, once inquired seriously of Dr. Johnson, whether he really considered that a man ought to be transported, like Barrington, the pickpocket, for being guilty of a double meaning. "Sir," said Johnson, "if a man means well, the more he means the better."

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT MARY-LE-BONE.

"Do you never deviate?"—JOHN BULL.

It was on the evening of the 7th of November, 18—, that I went by invitation to sup with my friend P., at his house in High-street, Mary-le-bone. The only other person present was a Portuguese, by name Senor Mendez, P.'s mercantile agent at Lisbon, a person of remarkably retentive memory, and most wonderful power of description. The conversation somehow turned upon the memorable great earthquake at Lisbon, in the year of our Lord ———, and Senor Mendez, who was residing at that time in the Portuguese capital, gave us a very lively picture—if lively it may be called—of the horrors of that awful convulsion of nature. The picture was dreadful; the Senor's own house, a substantial stone mansion, was rent from attic to cellar! and the steeple of his parish church left impending over it at an angle surpassing that of the famous Leaning Tower of Bologna!

The Portuguese had a wonderfully expressive countenance, with a style of narration indescribably vivid; and as I listened with the most intense interest, every dismal circumstance of the calamity became awfully distinct to my apprehension. I could hear the dreary ringing of the bells, self-tolled from the rocking of the churches; the swaying to and fro of the steeples themselves, and the unnatural heavings and swellings of the Tagus, were vividly before me. As the agitations increased, the voice of the Senor became awfully tremulous, and his seat seemed literally to rock under him. I seemed palsied, and could see from P.'s looks that he was similarly affected. To conceal his disorder, he kept swallowing large gulps from his rummer, and I followed his example.

This was only the first shock;—the second soon followed, and, to use a popular expression, it made us both "shake in our shoes." Terrific, however, as it was, the third was more tremendous; the order of nature



"DO THY SPIRITING GENTLY."

seemed reversed ; the ships in the Tagus sank to the bottom, and their ponderous anchors rose to the surface ; volcanic fire burst forth from the water, and water from dry ground ; the air, no longer elastic, seemed to become a stupendous solid ; swaying to and fro, and irresistibly battering down the fabrics of ages ; hollow rumblings and moanings as from the very centre of the world, gave warning of deafening explosions, which soon followed, and seemed to shake the very stars out of the sky. All this time, the powerful features of the Senor kept working, in frightful imitation of the convulsion he was describing, and the effect was horrible ! I saw P. quiver like an aspen—there seemed no such thing as *terra firma*. Our chairs rocked under us ; the floor tossed and heaved ; the candles wavered, the windows clattered, and the teaspoons rang again, as our tumblers vibrated in our hands.

Senor Mendez at length concluded his narrative, and shortly took leave ; I staid but a few minutes after him, just to make a remark on the appalling character of the story, and then departed myself,—little thinking, that any part of the late description was to be so speedily realized by my own experience !

The hour being late, and the servants in bed, P. himself accompanied me to the door. I ought to remark here that the day had been uncommonly serene,—not a breath stirring, as was noticed on the morning of the great catastrophe at Lisbon ; however, P. had barely closed the door, when a sudden and violent motion of the earth threw me from the step on which I was standing, to the middle of the pavement ; I had got partly up when a second shock, as smart as the first, threw me again on the ground. With some difficulty I recovered my legs a second time, the earth in the mean time heaving about under me like the deck of a ship at sea. The street lamps, too, seemed violently agitated, and the houses nodded over me as if they would fall every instant. I attempted to run, but it was impossible—I could barely keep on my feet. At one step I was dashed forcibly against the wall ; at the next I was thrown into the road ; as the motion became more violent I clung to a lamp-post, but it swayed with me like a rush. A great mist came suddenly on, but I could perceive people hurrying about, all staggering like drunken men ; some of them addressing me, but so confusedly as to be quite unintelligible ; one—a lady—passed close to me in evident alarm : seizing her hand, I besought her to fly with me from the falling houses, into the open fields ; what answer she made I know not, for at that instant, a fresh shock threw me on my face with such violence as to render me quite insensible. Providentially, in this state I attracted the notice of some of the night police, who humanely deposited me, for safety, in St. Anne's watch-house, till the following morning ; when being sufficiently recovered to give a collected account of that eventful evening, the ingenious Mr. W., of the Morning Herald, was so much interested by my narrative that he kindly did me the favour of drawing it up for publication in the following form.

Police Intelligence.—Bow Street.

"This morning a stout country gentleman, in a new suit of mud, evidently town made, was charged with having walked *Waverly* overnight till he got his *Kennelworth* in a gutter in Mary-le-bone. The Jack-o'-lanthorn who picked him up could make nothing out of him, but that he was some sort of a *Quaker*, and declared that the whole country was in a *shocking* state. He acknowledged having taken rather too much *Lisbon*; but according to Mr. Daly, he sniffed of whiskey 'as strong as natur.' The defendant attempted with a *sotto voce* (anglice, a tipsy voice), to make some excuse, but was stopped and fined in the usual sum, by Sir Richard. He found his way out of the office, muttering that he thought it very hard to have to pay *five hogs* for being only as drunk as *one*."



"WELL! I NEVER COULD KEEP MY LEGS!"



PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

ODE TO ST. SWITHIN.

"The rain it raineth every day."

THE Dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,
 On ev'ry window-frame hang beaded damps
 Like rows of small illumination lamps,
 To celebrate the Jubilee of Show'rs!
 A constant sprinkle patters from all leaves,
 The very Dryads are not dry, but soppers,
 And from the Houses' eaves
 Tumble eaves-droppers.

The hundred clerks that live along the street,
 Bondsmen to mercantile and city schemers,
 With squashing, sloshing, and galloshing feet,
 Go paddling, paddling, through the wet, like steamers,
 Each hurrying to earn the daily stipend—
 Umbrellas pass of every shade of green,
 And now and then a crimson one is seen,
 Like an Umbrella *ripen'd*.

Over the way a waggon
 Stands with six smoking horses, shrinking, blinking,
 While in the George and Dragon
 The man is keeping himself dry—and drinking !
 The Butcher's boy skulks underneath his tray,
 Hats shine—shoes don't—and down droop collars,
 And one blue Parasol cries all the way
 To school, in company with four small scholars !

Unhappy is the man to-day who rides,
 Making his journey sloppier, not shorter ;
 Aye, there they go, a dozen of outsides,
 Performing on "a Stage with real water !"
 A dripping Pauper crawls along the way,
 The only real willing out-of-doorer,
 And says, or seems to say,
 " Well, I am poor enough—but here's a *pourer* ! "

The scene in water colours thus I paint,
 Is your own Festival, you Sloppy Saint !
 Mother of all the Family of Rainers !
 Saint of the Soakers !
 Making all people croakers,
 Like frogs in swampy marshes, and complainers !
 And why you mizzle forty days together,
 Giving the earth your water-soup to sup,
 I marvel—Why such wet, mysterious weather ?
 I wish you'd *clear it up* !

Why cast such cruel dampers
 On pretty Pic Nics, and against all wishes
 Set the cold ducks a-swimming in the hampers,
 And volunteer, unask'd, to wash the dishes ?
 Why drive the Nymphs from the selected spot,
 To cling like lady-birds around a tree—
 Why spoil a Gipsy party at their tea,
 By throwing your cold water upon hot ?

Cannot a rural maiden, or a man,
 Seek Hornsey-Wood by invitation, sipping
 Their green with Pan,
 But souse you come, and show their Pan all dripping !
 Why upon snow-white table-cloths and sheets,
 That do not wait, or want a second washing,
 Come squashing ?
 Why task yourself to lay the dust in streets,

As if there were no Water-Cart contractors,
 No pot-boys spilling beer, no shop-boys ruddy
 Spooning out puddles muddy,
 Milkmaids, and other slopping benefactors !

A Queen you are, raining in your own right,
 Yet oh ! how little flatter'd by report !
 Even by those that seek the Court,
 Pelted with every term of spleen and spite.
 Folks rail and swear at you in every place ;
 They say you are a creature of no bowel ;
 They say you're always washing Nature's face,
 And that you then supply her,
 With nothing drier,

Than some old wringing cloud by way of towel !
 The whole town wants you duck'd, just as you duck it,
 They wish you on your own mud porridge supper'd,
 They hope that you may kick your own big bucket,
 Or in your water-butt go souse ! heels up'ard !
 They are, in short, so weary of your drizzle,
 They'd spill the water in your veins to stop it—
 Be warn'd ! You are too partial to a mizzle—
 Pray *drop it !*



" IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS."



A FIGURE OF SPEECH :—A BROAD SCOTCHMAN.

THE APPARITION.

A TRUE STORY.

“To keep without a reef in a gale of wind like that—Jock was the only boatman on the Firth of Tay to do it!”—

“He had sail enough to blow him over Dundee Law.”—

“She’s emptied her ballast and come up again,—with her sails all standing—every sheet was belayed with a double turn.”

I give the sense rather than the sound of the foregoing speeches, for the speakers were all Dundee ferry-boatmen, and broad Scotchmen, using the extra-wide dialect of Angus-shire and Fife.

At the other end of the low-roofed room, under a coarse white sheet, sprinkled with sprigs of rue and rosemary, dimly lighted by a small candle at the head, and another at the feet, lay the object of their comments—a corpse of startling magnitude. In life, poor Jock was of unusual stature, but stretching a little, perhaps, as is usual in death, and advantaged by the narrow limits of the room, the dimensions seemed absolutely supernatural. During the warfare of the Allies against Napoleon, Jock, a fellow of some native humour, had distinguished himself by singing about the streets of Dundee, ballads, I believe his own, against old Boney. The nick-name of Ballad-Jock was not his only reward; the loyal burghesses subscribed among themselves, and made him that fatal gift, a ferry-boat, the management of which we have just heard so seriously reviewed. The catastrophe

took place one stormy Sunday, a furious gale blowing against the tide, down the river—and the Tay is anything but what the Irish call “weak tay,” at such seasons. In fact, the devoted Nelson, with all sails set,—fair-weather fashion,—caught aback in a sudden gust,—after a convulsive whirl capsized, and went down in forty fathoms, taking with her two-and-twenty persons, the greater part of whom were on their way to hear the celebrated Dr. Chalmers,—even at that time highly popular,—though preaching in a small church at some obscure village, I forget the name, in Fife. After all the rest had sunk in the waters, the huge figure of Jock was observed clinging to an oar, barely afloat,—when some sufferer probably catching hold of his feet, he suddenly disappeared, still grasping the oar, which afterwards springing upright into the air, as it rose again to the surface, showed the fearful depth to which it had been carried. The body of Jock was the last found; about the fifth day, it was strangely enough deposited by the tide almost at the threshold of his own dwelling, at the Craig, a small pier or jetty, frequented by the ferry-boats. It had been hastily caught up, and in its clothes laid out in the manner just described, lying as it were in state, and the public, myself one, being freely admitted, as far as the room would hold, it was crowded by fish-wives, mariners, and other shore-haunters, except a few feet next the corpse, which a natural awe towards the dead kept always vacant. The narrow death's door was crammed with eager listening and looking heads, and by the buzzing without, there was a large surplus crowd in waiting before the dwelling for their turn to enter it.

On a sudden, at a startling exclamation from one of those nearest the bed, all eyes were directed towards that quarter. One of the candles was guttering and sputtering near the socket,—the other just twinkling out, and sending up a stream of rank smoke,—but by the light, dim as it was, a slight motion of the sheet was perceptible just at that part where the hand of the dead mariner might be supposed to be lying at his side! A scream and shout of horror burst from all within, echoed, though ignorant of the cause, by another from the crowd without. A general rush was made towards the door, but egress was impossible. Nevertheless horror and dread squeezed up the company in the room to half their former compass: and left a far wider blank between the living and the dead! I confess at first I mistrusted my sight; it seemed that some twitching of the nerves of the eye, or the flickering of the shadows, thrown by the unsteady flame of the candle, might have caused some optical delusion; but after several minutes of sepulchral silence and watching, the motion became more awfully manifest, now proceeding slowly upwards, as if the hand of the deceased, still beneath the sheet, was struggling up feebly towards his head. It is possible to conceive, but not to describe, the popular consternation,—the shrieks of women,—the shouts of men—the struggles to gain the only outlet, choked up and rendered impassable by the very efforts of desperation and fear!—Clinging to each other, and with ghastly faces that *dared* not turn from the object

of dread, the whole assembly backed with united force against the opposite wall, with a convulsive energy that threatened to force out the very side of the dwelling—when, startled before by silent motion, but now by sound,—with a smart rattle something fell from the bed to the floor, and disentangling itself from the death drapery, displayed—a large pound Crab!—The creature, with some design, perhaps sinister, had been secreted in the ample clothes of the drowned seaman, but even the comparative insignificance of this apparition gave but little alleviation to the superstitious horrors of the spectators, who appeared to believe firmly, that it was only the Evil One himself, transfigured.—Wherever the crab straddled sidelong, infirm beldame and sturdy boatman equally shrank and retreated before it,—aye, even as it changed place, to crowding closely round the corpse itself, rather than endure its diabolical contact. The crowd outside, warned by cries from within, of the presence of Mahound, had by this time retired to a respectful distance, and the crab, doing what herculean sinews had failed to effect, cleared itself a free passage through the door in a twinkling, and with natural instinct began crawling as fast as he could clapperclaw, down the little jetty before mentioned that led into his native sea. The Satanic Spirit, however disguised, seemed everywhere distinctly recognised. Many at the lower end of the Craig leapt into their craft; one or two even into the water, whilst others crept as close to the verge of the pier as they could, leaving a thoroughfare—wide as “the broad path of honour,”—to the Infernal Cancer. To do him justice, he straddled along with a very unaffected unconsciousness of his own evil importance. He seemed to have no aim higher than salt water and sand, and had accomplished half the distance towards them, when a little decrepit poor old sea-roamer, generally known as “Creel Katie,” made a dexterous snatch at a hind claw, and before the Crab-Devil was aware, deposited him in her patch-work apron, with an “Hech Sirs, what for are ye gaun to let gang siccan a braw partane?” In vain a hundred voices shouted out “Let him bide, Katie,—he’s no cannie;” fish or fiend, the resolute old dame kept a fast clutch of her prize, promising him, moreover, a comfortable simmer in the mickle pat, for the benefit of herself and that “puir silly body the gudeman:” and she kept her word. Before night the poor Devil was dressed in his shell, to the infinite horror of all her neighbours. Some even said that a black figure, with horns, and wings, and hoofs, and forky tail, in fact old Clooty himself, had been seen to fly out of the chimney. Others said that unwholesome and unearthly smells, as of pitch and brimstone, had reeked forth from the abominable thing, through door and window. Creel Kate, however, persisted, aye, even to her dying day and on her deathbed, that the Crab was as sweet a Crab as ever was supped on; and that it recovered her old husband out of a very poor low way,—adding, “And that was a thing, ye ken, the Deil a Deil in the Dub of Darkness wad hae dune for siccan a gude man, and kirk-going Christian body, as my ain douce Davie.”



PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S MOTTO.

"The Admiral compelled them all to strike."—*LIFE OF NELSON.*

HUSH ! silence in School—not a noise !
 You shall soon see there's nothing to jeer at,
 Master Marsh, most audacious of boys !
 Come !—"Palmam qui meruit ferat !"

So this morn in the midst of the Psalm,
 The Miss Siffkins's school you must leer at,
 You're complained of—Sir ! hold out your palm,—
 There !—"Palmam qui meruit ferat !"

You wilful young rebel, and dunce !
 This offence all your sins shall appear at,
 You shall have a good caning at once—
 There !—"Palmam qui meruit ferat !"

You are backward, you know, in each verb,
 And your pronouns you are not more clear at,
 But you're forward enough to disturb,—
 There !—"Palmam qui meruit ferat !"

You said Master Twigg stole the plumbs,
When the orchard he never was near at,
I'll not punish wrong fingers or thumbs,—
There!—"Palnam qui meruit ferat!"

You make Master Taylor your butt,
And this morning his face you threw beer at,
And you struck him—do *you* like a cut?
There!—"Palnam qui meruit ferat!"

Little Biddle you likewise distress,
You are always his hair, or his ear at,—
He's my *Opt*, Sir, and you are my *Pess*:
There!—"Palnam qui meruit ferat!"

Then you had a pitcht fight with young Rous,
An offence I am always severe at!
You discredit to Cicero-House!
There!—"Palnam qui meruit ferat!"

You have made too a plot in the night,
To run off from the school that you rear at!
Come, your other hand, now, Sir,—the right,
There!—"Palnam qui meruit ferat!"

I'll teach you to draw, you young dog!
Such pictures as I'm looking here at!
"Old Mounseer making soup of a frog,"
There!—"Palnam qui meruit ferat!"

You have run up a bill at a shop,
That in paying you'll be a whole year at,—
You've but twopence a week, Sir, to stop!
There!—"Palnam qui meruit ferat!"

Then at dinner you're quite cock-a-hoop,
And the soup you are certain to sneer at—
I have sipped it—it's very good soup,—
There!—"Palnam qui meruit ferat!"

To other day when I fell o'er the form,
Was my tumble a thing, Sir, to cheer at?
Well for you that my temper's not warm,—
There!—"Palnam qui meruit ferat!"

Why, you rascal! you insolent brat!
All my talking you don't shed a tear at,
There—take that, Sir! and that! that! and that!
There!—"Palnam qui meruit ferat!"



A MISGUIDED MAN.

A BLIND MAN

Is a Blackamoor turned outside in. His skin is fair, but his lining is utter dark ; his eyes are like shotten stars,—mere jellies ; or like mock-painted windows since the tax upon daylight : what his mind's eye can be, is yet a mystery with the learned, or if he hath a mental capacity at all—for, “out of sight is out of mind.”

Wherever he stands, he is antipodean, with his midnight to your noon. The brightest sunshine serves only to make him the gloomier object ; like a dark house at a general illumination. When he stirs, it is like a Venetian blind, being pulled up and down by a string ; he is a human kettle tied to a dog's tail, and with much of the same tin twang in his tone. With botanists he is a species of solanum, or night-shade, whereof the berries are in his eyes ;—amongst painters he is only contemned, for his ignorance of clare-obscure ; but by musicians marvelled at for playing, ante-sight, on an invisible fiddle. He stands against a wall with his two blank orbs, like a figure in high relief, howbeit but seldom relieved ; and though he is fond of getting pence, yet he is confessedly blind to his own interest.

In his religion he is a materialist, putting no faith but in things palpable. In politics, no visionary ; in his learning a smatterer, his knowledge of all being superficial ; in his age a child, being yet in leading-strings ; in his life immortal, for death may lengthen his night,

but can put no end to his days ; in his courage heroic, for he winks at no danger ; in his pretensions humble, confessing that he is nothing, even in his own eyes ; in his malady hopeless, for eyes of *looking-glass* would not help him to see. To conclude—he is pitied by the rich, relieved by the poor, oppressed by the beadle, and horse-whipped by the fox-hunter, for not giving the view holla !



“ BE TO THEIR FAULTS A LITTLE BLIND.”

THE SUPPER SUPERSTITION.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

“ Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fabled !”—*MERCUTIO.*

I.
’Twas twelve o’clock by Chelsea
chimes,
When all in hungry trim,
Good Mister Jupp sat down to sup
With wife, and Kate, and Jim.

II.
Said he, “ Upon this dainty cod
How bravely I shall sup,”—
When, whiter than the table-cloth,
A GHOST came rising up !

III.
“ O, father dear, O, mother dear,
Dear Kate, and brother Jim,—
You know when some one went to
sea,—
Don’t cry—but I sm him !

IV.
“ You hope some day with fond em-
brace
To greet your absent Jack,
But oh, I am come here to say
I’m never coming back !

V.
“ From Alexandria we set sail,
With corn, and oil, and figs,
But steering ‘too much Sow,’ we struck
Upon the Sow and Pigs !

VI.
“ The Ship we pump’d till we could see
Old England from the tops ;
When down she went with all our
hands,
Right in the Channel’s Chops.

Y

VII.

"Just give a look in Norey's chart,
The very place it tells ;
I think it says twelve fathom deep,
Clay bottom, mix'd with shells.

VIII.

"Well there we are till 'hands aloft,'
We have at last a call ;
The pug I had for brother Jim,
Kate's parrot too, and all.

IX.

"But oh, my spirit cannot rest,
In Davy Jones's sod,
Till I've appear'd to you and said,—
Don't sup on that 'ere Cod !

X.

"You live on land, and little think
What passes in the sea ;
Last Sunday week, at 2 P. M.
That Cod was picking me !

XI.

"Those oysters too, that look so plump,
And seem so nicely done,
They put my corpse in many shells,
Instead of only one.

XII.

"O, do not eat those oysters then,
And do not touch the shrimps ;

When I was in my briny grave,
They suck'd my blood like imps !

XIII.

"Don't eat what brutes would never eat,
The brutes I used to pat,
'I hey'll know the smell they used to
smell,
Just try the dog and cat !"

XIV.

The Spirit fled—they wept his fate,
And cried, Alack, alack !
At last up started brother Jim,
"Let's try if Jack was Jack !"

XV.

They call'd the Dog, they call'd the
Cat,
And little Kitten too,
And down they put the Cod and sauce,
To see what brutes would do.

XVI.

Old Tray lick'd all the oysters up,
Puss never stood at crimps,
But munch'd the Cod,—and little Kit
Quite feasted on the shrimps !

XVII.

The thing was odd, and minus Cod
And sauce, they stood like posts ;
O, prudent folks, for fear of hoax,
Put no belief in Ghosts !



FRRIENDS AWAITING A SAILOR'S RETURN.



THE BOA AFTER A MEAL.

A SNAKE-SNACK.

"Twist ye, twine ye."—SIR W. SCOTT.

It was my good fortune once, at Charing Cross's, to witness the feeding of the Boa Constrictor; rather a rare occurrence, and difficult of observation, the reptile not being remarkable for the regularity of its dinner-hour; and a very considerable interval intervenes, as the world knows, between Gorge the First, and Gorge the Second; Gorge the Third, and Gorge the Fourth. I was not in time to see the serpent's first dart at the prey; she had already twisted herself round her victim,—a living White Rabbit—who with a large dark eye gazed piteously through one of the folds, and looked most eloquently that line in Hamlet—

"O could I shuffle off this mortal coil!"

The Snake evidently only embraced him in a kill-him-when-I-want-him manner, just firmly enough to prevent an escape—but her lips were glued on his, in a close "Judas' kiss." So long a time elapsed, in this position, both as marble-still as poor old Laocoon with his Leaches on, that I really began to doubt the tale of the Boa's ability in swallowing; and to associate the hoax before me, with that of the Bottle Conjuror. The head of the snake, in fact, might have gone without difficulty into a wine-glass, and the throat, down which the rabbit was to proceed whole, seemed not at all thicker than my thumb. In short, I thought the reported *cram* was nothing but *stuff*, and the only other visitor declared himself of my opinion: "If that 'ere little wiper swallows up the rabbit, I'll bolt um both!" and he seemed capable of the feat. He looked like a personification of what Political

Economists call the Public Consumer ; or, Geoffrey Crayon's Stout Gentleman, seen through Carpenter's Solar Microscope ; a genuine Edax Rerum ; one of your devourers of legs of mutton and trimmings, for wagers ; the delight of eating-houses, and the dread of ordinaries. The contrast was whimsical, between his mountain of mummy, and the slim *Macaroni* figure of the Snake, the reputed Glutton. However, the Boa began at last to prepare for the meal, by lubricating the muzzle of the Rabbit with her slimy tongue, and then commenced in earnest,

As far as in her lay to take him in,
A stranger dying with so fair a skin.

The process was tedious—"one swallow makes a summer"—but it gradually became apparent, from the fate of the head, that the whole body might eventually be "lost in the Serpentine." The Reptile, indeed, made ready for the rest of the interment by an operation rather horrible. On a sudden, the living cable was observed, as a sailor would say, to haul in her slack, and with a squeeze evincing tremendous muscular power, she reduced the whole body into a compass that would follow the head with perfect ease. It was like a regular smash in business :—the poor rabbit was completely broken—and the wily winder-up of his affairs recommenced paying herself in full. It was a sorry sight and sickening. As for the Stout Gentleman, he could not control his agitation. His eyes rolled and watered ; his jaws constantly yawned like a panther's ; and his hands with a convulsive movement were clasped every now and then on his stomach ;—but when the whole rabbit was smothered in snake, he could restrain himself no longer, and rushed out of the menagerie as if he really expected to be called upon to fulfil his rash engagement. Anxious to ascertain the true nature of the impulse, I hurried in pursuit of him, and after a short but sharp chase, I saw him dash into the British Hotel, and overheard his familiar voice—the same that had promised to swallow both Snake and Snack—bellowing out, guttural with hunger—"Here !—waiter !—Quick !—Rabbits in onions for two !"



THE GREAT SEA SERPENT DISCOVERED FROM THE MAST-HEAD.



AN ABRIDGMENT OF ALL THAT IS PLEASANT IN MAN.

A STORM AT HASTINGS, AND THE LITTLE UNKNOWN.

Twas August—Hastings every day was filling—
Hastings, that “greenest spot on memory’s waste!”
With crowds of idlers willing or unwilling
To be bedipped—be noticed—or be braced,
And all things rose a penny in a shilling.
Meanwhile, from window and from door, in haste
“Accommodation bills” kept coming down,
Gladding “the world of letters” in that town.

Each day pour’d in new coach-fulls of new cito,
Flying from London smoke and dust annoying,
Unmarried Misses hoping to make hits,
And new-wed couples fresh from Tunbridge toying.
Lacemen and placemen, ministers and wits,
And quakers of both sexes, much enjoying
A morning’s reading by the ocean’s rim,
That sect delighting in the sea’s broad brim.

And lo! amongst all these appear’d a creature,
So small, he almost might a twin have been
With Miss Crachami—dwarfish quite in stature,
Yet well proportion’d—neither fat nor lean,
His face of marvellously pleasant feature,
So short and sweet a man was never seen—

All thought him charming at the first beginning—
Alas, ere long they found him far too winning !

He seem'd in love with chance—and chance repaid
His ardent passion with her fondest smile,
The sunshine of good luck, without a shade,
He staked and won—and won and staked—the bile
It stirr'd of many a man and many a maid,
To see at every venture how that vile
Small gambler snatch'd—and how he won them too—
A living Pam, omnipotent at loo !



A TIDE-WAITER.

Miss Wiggins set her heart upon a box,
'Twas handsome, rosewood, and inlaid with brass,
And dreamt three times she garnish'd it with stocks
Of needles, silks, and cottons—but alas !
She lost it wide awake.—We thought Miss Cox
Was lucky—but she saw three caddies pass
To that small imp ;—no living luck could loo him !
Sir Stamford would have lost his Raffles to him !

And so he climb'd—and rode, and won—and walk'd,
The wondrous topic of the curious swarm
That haunted the Parade. Many were balk'd
Of notoriety by that small form
Pacing it up and down :—some even talk'd
Of ducking him—when lo ! a dismal storm

Stepp'd in—one Friday, at the close of day—
And every head was turn'd another way—

Watching the grander guest. It seem'd to rise
Bulky and slow upon the southern brink
Of the horizon—fann'd by sultry sighs—
So black and threatening, I cannot think
Of any simile, except the skies
Miss Wiggins sometime *shades* in Indian ink—
Miss-shapen blotches of such heavy vapour,
They seem a deal more solid than her paper.

As for the sea, it did not fret, and rave,
And tear its waves to tatters, and so dash on
The stony-hearted beach ;—some bards would have
It always rampant, in that idle fashion,—
Whereas the waves roll'd in, subdued and grave,
Like schoolboys, when the master's in a passion,
Who meekly settle in and take their places,
With a very quiet awe on all their faces.

Some love to draw the ocean with a head,
Like troubled table-beer,—and make it bounce,
And froth, and roar, and fling,—but this, I've said,
Surged in scarce rougher than a lady's flounce :—
But then, a grander contrast thus it bred
With the wild welkin, seeming to pronounce
Something more awful in the serious ear,
As one would whisper that a lion's near—

Who just begins to roar : so the hoarse thunder
Growl'd long—but low—a prelude note of death,
As if the stifling clouds yet kept it under,
But still it mutter'd to the sea beneath
Such a continued peal, as made us wonder
It did not pause more oft to take its breath,
Whilst we were panting with the sultry weather,
And hardly cared to wed two words together,

But watch'd the surly advent of the storm,
Much as the brown-check'd planters of Barbadoes
Must watch a rising of the Negro swarm :—
Meantime it steer'd, like Odin's old Armadas,
Right on our coast ;—a dismal, coal-black form ;—
Many proud gaits were quell'd—and all bravadoes
Of folly ceased—and sundry idle jokers
Went home to cover up their tongues and pokers.

So fierce the lightning flashed.—In all their days
 The oldest smugglers had not seen such flashing,
 And they are used to many a pretty blaze,
 To keep their Hollands from an awkward clashing
 With hostile cutters in our creeks and bays :—
 And truly one could think without much lashing
 The fancy, that those coasting clouds so awful
 And black, were fraught with spirits as unlawful.

The gay Parade grew thin—all the fair crowd
 Vanish'd—as if they knew their own attractions,—
 For now the lightning through a near hand cloud
 Began to make some very crooked fractions—
 Only some few remain'd that were not cow'd,
 A few rough sailors, who had been in actions,
 And sundry boatmen, that with quick yeo's,
 Lest it should *blow*,—were pulling up the *Rose* :

(No flower, but a boat)—some more hauling
 The *Regent* by the head :—another crew
 With that same cry peculiar to their *calling*—
 Were heaving up the *Hope* :—and as they knew
 The very gods themselves oft get a mauling
 In their own realms, the seamen wisely drew
 The *Neptune* rather higher on the beach,
 That he might lie beyond his billows' reach.

And now the storm, with its despotic power
 Had all usurp'd the azure of the skies,
 Making our daylight darker by an hour,
 And some few drops—of an unusual size—
 Few and distinct—scarce twenty to the shower,
 Fell like huge tear-drops from a Giant's eyes—
 But then this sprinkle thicken'd in a trice
 And rain'd much *harder*—in good solid ice.

Oh ! for a very storm of words to show
 How this fierce crash of hail came rushing o'er us !
 Handel would make the gusty organs blow
 Grandly, and a rich storm in music score us ;—
 But ev'n his music seem'd composed and low,
 When we were *handled* by this Hailstone Chorus ;
 Whilst thunder rumbled, with its awful sound,
 And frozen comfits roll'd along the ground—

As big as bullets :—Lord ! how they did batter
 Our crazy tiles :—And now the lightning flash'd

Alternate with the dark, until the latter
 Was rarest of the two :—the gust too dash'd
 So terribly, I thought the hail must shatter
 Some panes,—and so it did—and first it smash'd
 The very square where I had chose my station
 To watch the general illumination.

Another, and another, still came in,
 And fell in jingling ruin at my feet,
 Making transparent holes that let me win
 Some samples of the storm :—Oh! it was sweet
 To think I had a shelter for my skin,
 Culling them through these “loopholes of retreat”—
 Which in a little we began to glaze—
 Chiefly with a jacktowel and some baize !

By which, the cloud had pass'd o'erhead, but play'd
 Its crooked fires in constant flashes still,
 Just in our rear, as though it had array'd
 Its heavy batteries at Fairlight Mill,
 So that it lit the town, and grandly made
 The rugged features of the Castle Hill
 Leap, like a birth, from chaos, into light,
 And then relapse into the gloomy night—

As parcel of the cloud :—the clouds themselves,
 Like monstrous crags and summits everlasting,
 Piled each on each in most gigantic shelves,
 That Milton's devils were engaged in blasting.—
 We could e'en fancy Satan and his elves
 Busy upon those crags, and ever casting
 Huge fragments loose,—and that we *felt* the sound
 They made in falling to the startled ground.

And so the tempest scowl'd away,—and soon
 Timidly shining through its skirts of jet,
 We saw the rim of the pacific moon,
 Like a bright fish entangled in a net,
 Flashing its silver sides,—how sweet a boon,
 Seem'd her sweet light, as though it would beget,
 With that fair smile, a calm upon the seas—
 Peace in the sky—and coolness in the breeze !

Meantime the hail had ceased :—and all the brood
 Of glaziers stole abroad to count their gains ;—
 At every window, there were maids who stood
 Lamenting o'er the glass's small remains,—

Or with coarse linens made the fractions good,
 Stanching the wind in all the wounded panes,—
 Or, holding candles to the panes, in doubt :
 The wind resolved—blowing the candles out.

No house was whole that had a southern front,—
 No green-house but the same mishap befell ;—
Bow-windows and *bell*-glasses bore the brunt,—
 No sex in glass was spared !— For those who dwell
 On each hill side, you might have swam a punt
 In any of their parlours ;—Mrs. Snell
 Was slopp'd out of her seat,—and Mr. Hitchin
 Had a *flow'r*-garden wash'd into a *Kitchen*.

But still the sea was mild, and quite disclaim'd
 The recent violence.— Each after each
 The gentle waves a gentle murmur framed,
 Tapping, like Woodpeckers, the hollow beach
 Howbeit his *weather eye* the seaman aim'd
 Across the calm, and hinted by his speech
 A gale next morning—and when morning broke,
 There was a gale—" quite equal to bespoke."

Before high water—(it were better far
 To christen it not *water* then, but *waiter*,
 For then the tide is *serving at the bar*)
 Rose such a swell—I never saw one greater !



SEE FROM OCEAN RISING.

Black, jagged billows rearing up in war
 Like ragged roaring bears against the baiter.

With lots of froth upon the shingle shed,
Like stout pour'd out with a fine *beachy head*.

No open boat was open to a fare,
Or launch'd that morn on seven-shilling trips,
No bathing woman waded—none would dare
A dipping in the wave—but waived their dips,
No seagull ventured on the stormy air,
And all the dreary coast was clear of ships ;
For two *lea shores* upon the river Lea
Are not so perilous as one at sea.

Awe-struck we sat, and gazed upon the scene
Before us in such horrid hurly-burly,—
A boiling ocean of mix'd black and green,
A sky of copper colour, grim and surly,—
When lo, in that vast hollow scoop'd between
Two rolling Alps of water,—white and curly !
We saw a pair of little arms a-skimming,
Much like a first or last attempt at swimming !

Sometimes a hand—sometimes a little shoe—
Sometimes a skirt—sometimes a hank of hair
Just like a dabbled seaweed rose to view,
Sometimes a knee, sometimes a back was bare—
At last a frightful summerset he threw
Right on the shingles. Any one could swear
The lad was dead—without a chance of perjury,
And batter'd by the surge beyond all surgery !

However we snatch'd up the corse thus thrown
Intending, Christian-like, to sod and turf it,
And after venting Pity's sigh and groan,
Then Curiosity began with *her* fit ;
And lo ! the features of the Small Unknown !
'Twas he that of the surf had had this surfeit !—
And in his fob, the cause of late monopolies,
We found a contract signed Mephistophiles !

A bond of blood, whereby the sinner gave
His forfeit soul to Satan in reversion,
Providing in this world he was to have
A lordship over luck, by whose exertion
He might control the course of cards, and brave
All throws of dice,—but on a sea excursion
The juggling Demon, in his usual vein,
Seized the last cast—and *Nick'd* him in the *main* !



KETCHING ITS PRAY.

LINES

TO A LADY ON HER DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

Go where the waves run rather Holborn-hilly,
And tempests make a soda-water sea,
Almost as rough as our rough Piccadilly,
And think of me !

Go where the mild Madeira ripens *her* juice,—
A wine more praised than it deserves to be !
Go pass the Cape, just capable of ver-juice,
And think of me !

Go where the Tiger in the darkness prowleth,
Making a midnight meal of he and she ;
Go where the Lion in his hunger howleth,
And think of me !

Go where the serpent dangerously coileth,
Or lies along at full length like a tree,
Go where the Suttie in her own soot broileth,
And think of me !

Go where with human notes the Parrot dealeth
 In mono-*polly*-logue with tongue as free,
 And like a woman, all she can revealeth,
 And think of me !

Go to the land of muslin and nankeening,
 And parasols of straw where hats should be,
 Go to the land of slaves and palankeening,
 And think of me !

Go to the land of Jungles and of vast hills,
 And tall bamboos—may none *bamboozle* thee !
 Go gaze upon their Elephants and Castles,
 And think of me !

Go where a cook must always be a currier,
 And parch the pepper'd palate like a pea,
 Go where the fierce musquito is a worrier,
 And think of me !

Go where the maiden on a marriage plan goes,
 Consign'd for wedlock to Calcutta's quay,
 Where woman goes for mart, the same as mangoes,
 And think of me !

Go where the sun is very hot and fervent,
 Go to the land of pagod and rupee,
 Where every black will be your slave and servant,
 And think of me !



"A BOW WESTER OFF THE CAPE :—PIGS IN THE TROUGH OF THE SEA."

THE NELSON.

This here, your honour, upon wheels, is the true genuine real *Nelson's Car*.
GUIDE TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

"THE Nelson." I repeated to myself, as I read that illustrious name on the dickey of the vehicle—"the Nelson." My fancy instantly converted the coach into a first-rate, the leaders and wheelers into sea-horses, the driver into Neptunus, brandishing a trident, and the guard into a Triton blowing his wreathed shell. There was room for one on the box, so I climbed up, and took my seat beside the coachman. "Now, clap on all sail," said I, audibly, "I am proud to be one of the crew of the great Nelson, the hero of Aboukir."

"Begging your pardon," Sir, said the coachman, "the Hero an't a booker at Mrs. Nelson's: it goes from some other yard." Gracious powers! what a tumble down stairs for an idea! As for mine, it pitched on its head, as stunned and stupefied as if it had rolled down the whole flight at the Monument. "I have made a Bull, indeed," I exclaimed, as the noted inn at Aldgate occurred to my memory; "but we are the slaves of association," I continued, addressing the coachman, "and the name of Nelson identified itself with the Union Jack."

"I really can't say," replied the coachman, very civilly, "whether the name of Mrs. Nelson is down to the Slave Associations or not: but as for Jack, if you mean Jack Bunce, he's been off the Union these six months. Too fond of the *Bar*, Sir" (here he tipped me the most significant of winks), "to keep his seat on the *Bench*."

"I alluded, my good fellow, to Nelson, the wonder of the maritime world—the dauntless leader when yard was opposed to yard, and seas teemed with blood."

"We're all right—as right as a trivet," said the coachman, after a pause of perplexity; "I thought our notions were getting rather wide apart, and that one of us wanted putting straight; but I see what you mean, and quite go along with your opinion, step for step. To be sure, Mrs. Nelson has done the world and all for coaching; and the Wonder is the crack of all the drags in London, and so is the Dauntless, let yard turn out agin yard, as you say, any day you like. And as for leaders, and teams full of blood, there's as pretty a sprinkling of blood in the tits I'm now tooling of—"

"The vehicles of the proprietress, and the appearance of the animals, with their corresponding caparisons," said I, "have often gratified my visual organs and elicited my mental plaudits."

"That's exactly what I says," replied the coachman, very briskly, "there's no humbug nor no nonsense about Mrs. Nelson. You never see her a standing a-foaming and fretting in front o' the Bank, with a regular mob round her, and looking as if she'd bolt with the Quick-silver. And you never see her painted all over her body, wherover there's room for 'em, with Saracen Heads and Blue Boars, and Brown Bears, from her roller bolts to her dickey and hind boot. She's plain

and neat, and nothin else—and is fondest of having her body of a claret colour, pick'd out with white, and won't suffer the Bull no where, except on the back-gammon-board."

I know not how much further the whimsical description might have gone, if a strapping, capless, curly-headed lass, running with all her might and main, had not addressed a screaming retainer to the coachman. With some difficulty he pulled up, for he had been tacitly giving me a proof that the craft of *his* Nelson was a first-rate, with regard to its rate of travelling.

"If you please, Mr. Stevens," said the panting damsel, holding up something towards the box—"if you please, Mr. Stevens, mother's gone to Lonnon—in the light cart—and will you be so kind as to give her—her linchpin."

Mr. Stevens took the article with a smile, and I fancied with a sly squeeze of the hand that delivered it.

"If such a go had been any one's but your mother's, Fanny," he slyly remarked, "I should have said it was somebody in love." The Dispatch was too strictly timed to allow of further parley; the horses broke, or were rather broken, into a gallop, in pursuit of the mother of Fanny, the Flower of Waltham; and the pin secretly acting as a spur, we did the next five miles in something like twenty minutes.

In spite, however, of this unusual speed, we never overtook Mrs. Merryweather and her cart till we arrived at the Basing-House, where we found her chirping over a cup of ale; as safe and sound as if linchpins had never been invented; in fact, she made as light of the article, when it was handed to her, as if it had been only a pin out of her gown!

"Well, I must say one thing for Mrs. Nelson," said our coachman, as he resumed his seat on the box, "and that's this. There's no pinning at the Bull. She sets her face against every thing but the patent boxes. She may come to a run-away with a bolter—or drop the ribbons—or make a mistake in clearing a gate, by being a little lushy—but you'll never see Mrs. Nelson laying flat on her side in the middle of the road, with her insides gone to smash, and her outsides well distributed, because she's been let go out of the yard without one of her pins."



FANCY PORTRAIT—MRS. NELSON.



THE STAMP DUTY ON SCOTCH LINEN.

SONNET

TO A SCOTCH GIRL, WASHING LINEN AFTER HER COUNTRY FASHION.

WELL done and wetly, thou Fair Maid of Perth.
 Thou mak'st a washing picture well deserving
 The pen and pencilling of Washington Irving:
 Like dripping Naiad, pearly from her birth,
 Dashing about the water of the Firth,
 To cleanse the calico of Mrs. Skirving,
 And never from thy dance of duty swerving
 As there were nothing else than dirt on earth!
 Yet what is thy reward? Nay, do not start!
 I do not mean to give thee a new damper,
 But while thou fillest this industrious part
 Of washer, wearer, mangler, presser, stamper,
 Deserving better character—thou art
 What Bodkin would but call—"a common tramper."

MY APOLOGY.

GENTLE READERS,

For the present month, there must be what Dr. Johnson called a solution of continuity in my "Literary Reminiscences." Confined to my chamber by what ought to be termed *roomatism*—then attacked by my old livery complaint—and finally, by a minor, but troublesome malady, the Present has too much prevailed over the Past, to let me indulge in any retrospective reviews. In such cases, on the stage, when a Performer is unable to support his character, a substitute is usually found to read the part; but unfortunately, in the present case there is no part written, and consequently it cannot be read. But apropos of theatricals—there is an anecdote on point.

In the Olympic days of the great Elliston, there was one evening a tremendous tumult at his Theatre, in consequence of the absence of a favourite performer. One man in the pit—a Butcher—was especially vociferous in his cry for "Carl! Carl! Carl!" Others called for the Manager, who duly made his appearance, and black as the weather looked, he was the very sort of pilot to weather the storm. With one of his princely bows he proceeded to address the House. "Ladies and Gentlemen—but by your leave I will address myself to a single individual. I will ask that gentleman (pointing to the vociferous Butcher) what right he has to demand the appearance of Mr. Carl?" "'Cos," said the Butcher, "'cos he's down in the Bill." Such an undeniable answer would have staggered any other Manager than Elliston, but he was not easily to be disconcerted. "Because he is down in the bill!" he echoed, in a tone of the loftiest indignation: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the Mr. Carl, so unseasonably, so vociferously and so unfeelingly called for, is at this very moment labouring under severe illness—he is in bed. And let me ask, is a man, a fellow-creature, a human being, to be torn from his couch, from his home, on a cold night, from the affectionate attentions of his wife and family, at the risk of his valuable life perhaps, to go through a fatiguing part because he happens to be **DOWN IN THE BILL?**" [Cries of "Shame! shame!" from all parts of the house.] And yet, ladies and gentlemen, there stands a man—if I may call him so—a Butcher, that for his own selfish gratification—the amusement of a few short hours—would risk the very existence of a deserving member of society, a good husband, father, friend, and one of your favourite actors, and all, forsooth, because he is **DOWN IN THE BILL!**" [Universal hooting, with cries of "Turn him out."] "By all means," acquiesced the Manager, with one of his best bows—and the indignant pittites actually hooted and kicked their own champion out of the theatre, as something more than a Butcher, and less than a Christian.

Now I am myself, gentle readers, in the same predicament with Mr. Carl. Like him I am an invalid—and like him I am unfortunately down in the Bill. It would not become me to set forth my

own domestic or social virtues, or to hint what sort of gap my loss would make in society—still less would it consist with modesty to compare myself with a favourite actor—but as a mere human being I throw myself on your mercy, and ask, in common charity, would you have had me leave my warm bed, to shiver in a printer's damp sheets, at the risk of my reputation perhaps, and for the mere amusement of some half hour, or more probably for no amusement at all—simply because I was "*down in the Bill*?"

But there is no such Butcher, or Butcheress, or little Butcherling, amongst you; and by your good leave and patience, the instalment of my Reminiscences that is over due, shall be paid with interest in the

NEXT NUMBER.



THE TOP OF HIS PROFESSION.

SONNET TO A DECAYED SEAMAN.

HAIL! seventy-four cut down! Hail, Top and Lop!
 Unless I'm much mistaken in my notion,
 Thou wast a stirring Tar, before that hop
 Became so fatal to thy locomotion;—
 Now, thrown on shore, like a mere weed of ocean,
 Thou readest still to men a lesson good,
 To King and Country showing thy devotion,
 By kneeling thus upon a stump of wood!
 Still is thy spirit strong as alcohol;
 Spite of that limb, begot of acorn-egg,—
 Methinks,—thou Naval History in one Vol.—
 A virtue shines, e'en in that timber leg,
 For unlike others that desert their Poll,
 Thou walkest ever with thy "Constant Peg!"

THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION.

Dreadful Fire—Destruction of both Houses of Parliament—The Speaker's House gutted—Reports of Incendiarism.

It is our unexpected lot to announce that the Houses of Lords and Commons, so often threatened with combustion, are in a state of actual ignition. At this moment, both fabrics are furiously burning. We are writing this paragraph without the aid of lamp or candles; by the mere reflection of the flames. Nothing is known of the origin of the fire, although it is throwing a light upon every thing else.—*Evening Star*.

The devouring element which destroyed Covent Garden and Drury Lane, the Royalty and the Pantheon, has made its appearance on a new stage, equally devoted to declamatory elocution. St. Stephen's Chapel is in flames! The floor which was trodden by the eloquent legs of a Fox, a Burke, a Pitt, and a Sheridan, is reduced to a heap of ashes; and the benches which sustained the Demosthenic weight of a Wyndham, a Whitbread, and a Wilberforce, are a mere mass of charcoal. The very roof that re-echoed the classicalities of Canning is nodding to its fall. In Parliamentary language, Fire is in possession of the House: the Destructive spirit is on its legs, and the Conservative principle can offer but a feeble opposition.—*Daily Post*.

The blow is struck. What we have long foreseen has come to pass. Incendiarism triumphs! The whole British Empire, as represented by the three estates, is in a blaze! The Throne, the Lords, and the Commons, are now burning. The cycle is complete. The spirit of Guy Fawkes revives in 1834!

England seems to have changed places with Italy; London with Naples. We stand hourly on the brink of a crater; every step we take is on a solfaterra—not a land of Sol Fa, as some musical people would translate it; but a frail crust, with a treacherous subsoil of ardent brimstone! At length the eyes of our rulers are opened; but we must ask, could nothing short of such an eruption awaken them to a sense of the perilous state of the country? For weeks, nay, months past, at the risk of being considered alarmists, we have called the attention of the legislature and magistracy to a variety of suspicious symptoms and signs of the times, and in particular to the multiplied chemical inventions, for the purpose of obtaining instantaneous lights. Well are certain matches or fire-boxes called Lucifers, for they may be applied to the most diabolical purposes! The origin of the fire cannot raise the shadow of a doubt in any reasonable mind. Accident is out of the question. Tell us not of tallies. We have just tried our milk-woman's, and it contained so much water, that nothing could make it ignite.—*Britannic Guardian*.

The Houses of Parliament are in flames. We shall stop the press to

give full particulars. Our reporters are at the spot, and Mons. C——, the celebrated Salamander, is engaged to give a description of the blazing interiors, exclusively for this journal.—*Daily Times*.

From a Correspondent.

On Thursday evening, towards seven o'clock, I was struck by the singular appearance of the moon silvering the opposite chimneys with a blood-red light, a lunar phenomenon, which I conceived belonged only to our theatres. It speedily occurred to me that there must be a conflagration in my vicinity, and after a little hunting by scent as well as sight, I found myself in front of the Houses of Lords and Commons, which were burning with a rapidity and brilliancy that I make bold to say did not always characterise their proceedings. By favour of my natural assurance, which seemed to identify me with the fireman, I was allowed to pass through the lines of guards and policemen, who surrounded the blazing pile, and was thus enabled to select a favourable position for overlooking the whole scene. It was an imposing sight. The flames rose from the Peers' in a volume, as red as the Extraordinary Red Book, and the House of Commons was not at all behind-hand in voting supplies of timber and other combustibles. Westminster Hall reminded me vividly of a London cry, "Hall hot, Hall hot," that was familiar in our childhood—and the Gothic architecture of the Abbey seemed unusually *florid*. Instead of dingy stone, the venerable pile appeared to be built of the well-baked brick of the Elizabethan age. Indeed, so red-hot was its aspect, that it led to a ludicrous misapprehension on the part of the populace. A procession, bearing several male and female figures in a state of insensibility, naturally gave rise to the most painful conjectures, inferring loss of human life by the devouring element, but I have reason to believe it was only the Dean and Chapter saving the Wax-Work. As far as my own observation went, the first object carried out certainly bore a strong resemblance to General Monk.

In the mean time a select party had effected an entrance into the Hall, but not without some serious delay, occasioned, I believe, by



PLAYING AT HAZARD.

somebody within bringing the wrong key, that belonged to a tea-caddy. However, at last they entered, and I followed their example. The first person I beheld was the veteran Higginbottom, so unfairly, but facetiously, put to death by the authors of the Rejected Addresses; for no man is more alive to his duty. But he was sadly hampered. First came one Hon. Gent. said to be Mr. Morrison, and insisted on directing the *Hose* department; and next arrived a noble Lord from Crockford's, who wouldn't sit out, but persisted in taking a hand, and playing, though every body agreed that he played too high. I mention this, because some of the journals have imputed mismanagement to the engines, and have insinuated that the pipes wanted organising; indeed, I myself overheard a noble director of the Academy of Music lamenting that the firemen did not "play in concert."

The same remark applies with greater force to the House of Commons. Here all was confusion worse confounded, and Higginbottom's station was enviable, compared with that of some of the poor fellows in St. Stephen's Chapel. A considerable number of members had arrived, and without any attention to their usual parliamentary rules, were all making motions at once, which nobody seconded. The most prominent, I was informed, were Mr. Hume, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Attwood, Mr. Buckingham, Mr. Pease, Sir Andrew, and Mr. Buxton—the latter almost covered with blacks. The clamour was terrific, and I really expected that the poor foremen who held the pipes would be torn in pieces. Every body wanted to command the Coldstream. Nothing but shouts of "Here! here! here!" answered like an Irish echo by cries of "There! there! there!" "Oh, save my savings!"—"My poor, Poor Bill!" "More water—more water for my Drunkenness!" "Work awa, lads, work awa—it's no the Sabbath, and ye may just play at what ye like!"

In pleasing contrast to this tumult, was the unusual and cordial unanimity of the members of both Houses, in rescuing whatever was portable from the flames. It was a delightful novelty to see the Lords helping the Commons in whatever they moved or carried. No party spirit—no Whig, pulling at one leg of the table, whilst a Tory tugged at another in the opposite direction. They seemed to belong to the Hand-in-Hand. Peers and Commoners were alike seen burthened with loads of papers or furniture. Mr. Calvert, in particular, worked like any porter. Of course, in rescuing the papers and parchments, there was no time for inspecting their contents, and some curious results were the consequence. Every body remembers the pathetic story in the Tatler, of the lover who saved a strange lady from a burning theatre, under the idea that he was preserving the mistress of his affections, and some similar mistakes are currently reported to have occurred at the late conflagration—and equally to the chagrin of the parties. I go by hearsay, and cannot vouch for the facts, but it is said that the unpopular Six Acts, including what I believe is called the Gagging Act, were actually preserved by Mr. Cobbett. Mr. O'Connell saved the Irish Coercion Bill, whilst the Reform Bill was snatched like "a

brand out of the fire," by a certain noble Duke, who resolutely set his face against it in all its stages! Amongst others, Mr. Ricardo saved on old tattered flag, which he thought was "the standard of value."

However deficient in general combination, and concentration of energies, individual efforts were beyond all praise. The instances of personal exertion and daring were numerous. Mr. Rice worked amidst the flames till he was nearly baked; and every body expected that Mr. Pease would be parched. The greatest danger was from the melted metal pouring down from the windows and roof. The heads of some of the Hon. Gentlemen, were literally nothing but lead. Great apprehensions were entertained of the falling in of one of the walls, which eventually gave way, but fortunately every body had retreated on the timely warning of a gentleman, Mr. O'Connell, I believe, who declared that he saw a Rent in it.

I did not enter the House of Lords, which was now one mass of glowing fire, but directed my attention towards the Speaker's mansion, which was partially burning. The garden behind was nearly filled with miscellaneous property—and numbers of well-dressed gentlemen were every moment rushing into the house, from which they issued again, laden with spits, sauce-pans, and other culinary implements. I, myself, saw one zealous individual thus encumbered—with a stew-pan on his head, the meat-screen under one arm, the dripping-pan under the other, the frying-pan in his right hand, the grid-iron in his left, and the rolling-pin in his mouth. Indeed, it is said that every article in the kitchen was saved down to the salt-box; and the cook declares that such was the anxiety to save her she was "cotched up in twelve gentlemen's arms, and never felt her feet till the corner of Abingdon Street."



CRIBBAGE :—ONE FOR HIS NOB AND TWO FOR HIS NEKKA.

The whole of the Foot Guards were in attendance, as well as a great number of the police, but the thieves had mustered in great force, and there was a good deal of plundering, which was however checked temporarily by a gentleman said to be one of the members.

for Essex, who jumped up on a railing and addressed the populace to the following effect, "How do you hall dare!"

The origin of the fire is involved in much mystery; nor is it correctly ascertained by whom it was first discovered. Some say that one of the serjeants, in taking up the insignia, was astonished to find the mace as hot as ginger. Others relate that a Mr. Spell, or Shell, or Snell, whilst viewing the House, although no dancer, began suddenly, and in his boots, to the utter amazement of his companions and Mrs. Wright, the housekeeper, to jump and caper like a bear upon a hotted floor. This story certainly seems to countenance a report that the mischief originated in the warming apparatus, an opinion that is very current, but, for my own part, I cannot conceive that the Collective Wisdom, which knows how to lay down laws for us all, should not know how to lay down flues. Rumours of Incendiarism are also very generally prevalent, and stories are in circulation of the finding of half-burnt matches and other combustibles. But these facts rest on very frail foundations. The links said to have been found in the Speaker's garden have turned out to be nothing but German sausages; and another cock-and-a-bull that has got abroad will probably come to no better end. A Mr. Dudley affirms that he smelt the fire before it broke out, at Cooper's Hill; but such olfactories are too much like manufactories to be believed.

I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

X. Y. Z.

Another Account.

The writer of these lines, who resides in Lambeth, was first awakened to a sense of conflagration by a cry of "Fire" from a number of persons who were running in the direction of Westminster Bridge. Owning myself a warm enthusiast on the subject of ignition, and indeed not having missed a fire for the last fifty years, except one, and that was only a chimney, it may be supposed the exclamation in question had an electric effect. We are all the slaves of some physical bias, strange as it may appear to others with opposite tendencies. It is recorded of some great marshal that he disliked music, but testified the liveliest pleasure at a salvo of artillery or a roll of thunder, and the rumble of an engine has the same effect on the author of these lines. To say I am a guebre, or fire-worshipper, is only to confess the truth. I have a sort of observatory erected on the roof of my house, from which, if there be a break-out within the circuit of the metropolis, it may be discovered, and before going to bed I invariably visit this look-out.

Every man has his hobby-horse, and, figuratively speaking, mine was always kept harnessed and ready to run to a fire with the first engine. Many a time I have arrived before the turncocks, though I perhaps had to traverse half London, and I scarcely remember an instance that I did not appear long before the water. Habit is second nature—I verily believe I could sniff a conflagration by instinct; and

if I was not, I ought to have been, the trainer of the firemen's dog, which at present attracts so much of the public attention, by his eager running along with the Sun, the Globe, the British, and the Hand-in-Hand.

Of course I have seen a great many fires in my time—Rotherhithe, the theatres, the Custom-house, &c. &c. I remember in the days of Thistlewood and Co., when the metropolis was expected to be set on fire, I slept for three weeks in my clothes in order to be ready for the first alarm; for I had the good fortune to witness the great riots of 1780, when no less than eight fires were blazing at once, and a lamentable sight it was. I say lamentable, because it was impossible to be present at them all at the same time; but my good genius directed me to Langdale's the Distiller, which made (excuse the vulgar popular phrase) a very satisfactory flare-up.



'TIS THE DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT TO THE VIEW.

The Rotherhithe fire, not the recent little job, but some fifteen or twenty years ago, was also on a grand scale, and very lasting. The engine-pipes were wilfully cut; and I remember some of my friends rallying me on my well-known propensity, jocularly accusing me of lending my knife and my assistance. The Custom-house was a disappointment; it certainly cleared itself effectually, but it was done by day-light, and consequently the long-room fell short of my anticipations. Drury-lane and Covent-garden were better; but I have observed generally that theatres burn with more attention to stage effect. They avoid the noon: a dark night to a fire is like the black letters in a benefit-bill, setting off the red ones.

The destruction of the Kent Indiaman I should like to have witnessed, but contrary to the opinion of many experienced amateurs I conceive the Dartford Mills must have been a failure. Powder magazines make very indifferent conflagrations; they are no sooner on fire than they are off,—all is over before you know where you are, and there is no getting under, which quite puts you out. But fires, generally, are not what they used to be. What with gas, and new police, steam, and one cause or other, they have become what one might call slow explosions. A body of flame bursts from all the windows at once, and before B 25 can call fi-er in two syllables, the roof falls in;

and all is over. It was not so in *my* time. First a little smoke would issue from a window-shutter, like the puff of a cigar, and after a long spring of his rattle, the rheumatic watchman had time to knock double and treble knocks, from No. 9 to No. 35, before a spark made its appearance out of the chimney-pot. The Volunteers had time to assemble under arms, and muffle their drums, and the bell-ringers to collect in the belfry, and pull an alarm peal backwards. The parish engines even, although pulled along by the pury churchwardens, and the paralytic paupers, contrived to arrive before the fire fairly broke out in the shape of a little squib-like eruption from the garret-window. The affrighted family, fourteen in number, all elaborately drest in their best Sunday clothes, saved themselves by the street-door, according to seniority, the furniture was carefully removed, and after an hour's pumping, the fire was extinguished without extending beyond the room where it originated, namely a bedroom on the second floor. Such was the progress in *my time* of a fire, but it is the fashion now to sacrifice everything to *pace*. Look at our race-horses, and look at our fox-hounds,—and I will add look at our conflagrations. All that is cared for is a burst—no matter how short, if it be but rapid. The devouring element never sits down now to a regular meal—it pitches on a house and *bolts* it.

But I am wandering from the point. The announcement of both Houses of Parliament being in flames thrilled through every fibre. It seemed to promise what I may call a crowning event to the Conflagratory Reminiscences of an Octogenarian. I snatched up my hat, and rushed into the street, at eighty years of age, with the alacrity of eighteen, when I ran from Highgate to Horselydown, to be present at the gutting of a ship chandler's. As the bard says—

“Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires,”

and I could almost have supposed myself a fireman belonging to the Phoenix. My first step into the street discouraged me, the moonlight was so brilliant, and in such cases the most splendid blaze is somewhat “shorn of its beams.” But a few steps re-assured me. Even at the Surrey side of the river the sparks and burning particles were falling like flakes of snow—I mean of course the red snow formerly discovered by Captain Ross, and the light was so great that I could have read the small print of the Police Gazette with the greatest ease, only I don't take it in. I of course made the best of my way towards the scene, but the crowd was already so dense that I could only attain a situation on the strand opposite Cotton Gardens, up to my knees in mud. Both Houses of Parliament were at this time in a blaze, and no doubt presented as striking objects of conflagration as the metropolis could offer. I say, “no doubt,”—for getting jammed against a barge with my back towards the fire, I am unable to state any thing on my own authority as an eye-witness, excepting that the buildings on the Surrey side exhibited a glowing reflection for some hours. At last the flowing of the tide caused the multitude to retreat, and releasing me from my

retrospective position allowed me to gaze upon the ruins. By what I hear, it was a most imposing sight—but in spite of my Lord Althorp, I cannot help thinking that Westminster Hall, with its long range, would have made up an admirable fire. Neither can I agree with the many that it was an Incendiary Act, that passed through both houses so rapidly. To enjoy the thing, a later hour and a darker night would certainly have been chosen. Fire-light and moon-light do not *mix well*:—they are best *neat*.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

SENEX.

Various Accounts.

We are concerned to state that Sir Jacob Jubb the new member for Shrops was severely burnt, by taking his seat in the House, on a bench that was burning under him. The danger of his situation was several times pointed out to him, but he replied that his seat had cost him ten thousand pounds, and he wouldn't quit. He was at length removed by force.—*Morning Ledger*.

A great many foolish anecdotes of the fire are in circulation. One of our contemporaries gravely asserts that the Marquis of Culpepper was the last person who left the South Turret, a fact we beg leave to question, for the exquisite reason that noble Lord alluded to is at present at Constantinople.—*The Real Sun*.

We are enabled to state that the individual who displayed so much coolness in the South Turret was Captain Back.—*The Public Journal*.

It is said that considerable interest was evinced by the members of the House of Commons who were present at the fire, as to the fate of their respective Bills. One honourable gentleman, in particular, was observed anxiously watching the last scintillations of some burnt paper. "Oh, my Sabbath Observance!" he exclaimed, "There's an end of religion! There go the Parson and Clerk!"—*Public Diary*.

The Earl of M. had a very narrow escape. His Lordship was on the point of kicking a bucket when a labourer rushed forward and snatched it out of the way. The individual's name is M'Farrel. We understand he is a sober, honest, hard-working man, and has two wives, and a numerous family; the eldest not above a year old.—*Daily Chronicle*.

The exclamation of a noble Lord, high in office, who was very active



FANCY PORTRAIT:—CAPTAIN BACK.

at the fire, has been very incorrectly given. The words were as follows:—"Blow the Commons! let 'em flare up—but oh,—for a save-all! a save-all."—*Morning News*.

The public attention has been greatly excited by the extraordinary statement of a commercial gentleman, that he smelt the fire at the Cock and Bottle, in Coventry. He asserts that he mentioned the fact in the commercial room to a deaf gentleman, and likewise to a dumb waiter, but neither have any recollection of the circumstance. He has been examined before the Common Council, who have elicited that he actually arrived at Coventry on the night in question, by the Tally-ho! and the near leader of that coach has been sent for by express.—*New Monitor*.

We were in error in stating that the Atlas was the first engine at the scene of action. So early as five o'clock Mr. Alderman A. arrived with his own garden engine, and began immediately to play upon the Thames.—*British Guardian*.

It must have struck every one who witnessed the operations in the House of Commons, that there was a lamentable want of "order! order! order!" A great many gentlemen succeeded in making pumps of themselves, without producing any check on the flames. The conduct of the military also was far from unexceptionable. On the arrival of the Coldstream at the fire they actually refused to fall in. Many declined to stand at ease on the burning rafters—but what is the public interest to a private?—*Public Advertiser*.

Monsieur C.'s Account. (Exclusive.)

WHEN I am come first to the fire it was not long burnt up; and I was obliged to walk up and down the floor to keep myself warm. At last, I take my seat on the stove, quite convenient to look about. In the House of Commons there was nobody, and I am all alone. The first thing I observe was a great many rats, rattling about—but they did not know which way to turn. So they were all burnt dead. The flames grew very fast: and I am interested very much with the seats, how they burned, quite different from one another. Some seats made what you call a great splutter, and popped and bounced, and some other seats made no noise at all. Mr. Bulwer's place burned of a blue colour; Mr. Buckstone's turned quite black; and there was one made a flame the colour of a drab. I observe one green flame and one orange, side by side, and they hiss and roar at one another very furious. The gallery cleared itself quite quickly, and the seat of Messieurs the reporters, exploded itself like a cannon of forty-eight pounds. The speaking chair burnt without any sound at all.

When every thing is quite done in the Commons I leave them off, and go to the House of Lords, where the fire was all in one sheet, and almost the whole of its inside burnt out. I was able in this room to take off my great coat. I could find nothing to be saved except one great ink-stand, that was red hot, and which I carry away in my two hands. Likewise here, as well as in the Commons, I bottled up

several bottles of smoke, to distribute afterwards, at five guineas a-piece, and may be more ; for I know the English people admire such things, and are fond after reliques, like a madness almost. I did not make a long stop, for whenever I was visible, the pompiers was so foolish as play water upon me, and I was afraid of a catch-cold. In fact, when I arrive at home, I find myself stuffed in my head, and fast in my chest, and my throat was a little horse. I am going for it into a bath of boiling water, and cannot write any more at full length."

A Letter to a Labouring Man.

BUSHELL,

When you made a holiday last Whitsuntide to see the Sights of London, in your way to the Waxwork and Westminster Abbey, you probably noticed a vast pile of buildings in Palace Yard, and you stood and scratched that shock head of yours, and wondered whose fine houses they were. Seeing you to be a country clodpole, no doubt some well-dressed vagabond, by way of putting a hoax upon the haw-buck, told you that in those buildings congregated all the talent, all the integrity and public spirit of the country—that beneath those roofs the best and wisest, and the most honest men to be found in three kingdoms, met to deliberate and enact the most wholesome and just, and judicious laws for the good of the nation. He called them the oracles of our constitution, the guardians of our rights, and the assertors of our liberties. Of course, Bushell, you were told all this ; but nobody told you, I dare say, that within those walls your master had lifted up his voice, and delivered the only sound, rational, and wholesome, upright, and able speeches that were ever uttered in St. Stephen's Chapel. No, nobody told you that. But when I come home, Bushell, I will lend you all my printed speeches, and when you have spelt them, and read them, and studied them, and got them by heart, bumpkin as you are, Bushell, you will know as much of legislation as all our precious members together.

Well, Bushell, the fine houses you stood gaping at are burnt down.



"OUR CONSTITUTION'S GONE !"

guttled, as the vulgar call it, and nothing is left but the bare walls. You saw Farmer Gubbins' house, or, at least, the shell of it, after the fire there; well, the Parliament Houses are exactly in the same state. There is news for you! and now, Bushell, how do you feel? Why, if the well-dressed vagabond told you the truth, you feel as if you had had a stroke—for all the British Constitution is affected, and you are a fraction of it, that is to say, a British subject. Your bacon grows rusty in your mouth, and your table-beer turns to vinegar on your palate. You cannot sleep at night, or work by day. You have no heart for any thing. You can hardly drag one clouted shoe after another. And how do you look? Why, as pale as a parsnep, and as thin as a hurdle, and your carrotty locks stand bolt upright as if you had just met old Lawson's ghost with his head under his arm. I say thus you must feel and look, Bushell, if what the well-dressed vagabond told you is the truth. But is that the case? No. You drink your small-beer with a sigh and smack of delight; and you bolt your bacon with a relish, as if, as the virtuous Americans say, you could "go the whole hog." Your clouted shoes clatter about as if you were counting hob-nails with the Lord Mayor, and you work like a young horse, or an old ass, and at night you snore like an oratorio of jews' harps. Your face is as bold and ruddy as the Red Lion's. Your carrotty locks lie sleek upon your poll, and as for poor old Lawson's ghost, you could lend him flesh and blood enough to set him up again in life. But what, say you, does all this tend to? I will tell you, Bushell. There are a great many well-dressed vagabonds, besides the one you met in Palace Yard, who would persuade a poor man that a House of Lords or Commons is as good to him as his bread, beer, beef, bacon, bed, and breeches; and therefore I address this to you, Bushell, to set such notions to rights by an appeal to your own back and belly. And now I will tell you what you shall do. You shall go three nights a week to the Red Lion (when your work is done), and you may score up a pint of beer, at my cost, each time. And when the parson, or the exciseman, or the tax-gatherer, or any such gentry, begin to talk of the deplorable great burning, and the national calamity, and such-like trash, you shall pull out my letter and read to them—I say, Bushell, you shall read this letter to them, twice over, loudly and distinctly, and tell them from me, that the burning of twenty Parliament Houses wouldn't be such a national calamity as a fire at No. 1, Bolt Court.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

To Mary Price, Fenny Hall, Lincolnshire.

O Mary,—I am writing in such a quiver, with my art in my mouth, and my tung sticking to it. For too hole hours I've been Doin nothink but taking on and going off, I mean into fits, or crying and blessing goodness for my miraculus escape. This day week I wear inwallopped in flames, and thinkin of roth to cum, and fire everlasting. But thenka

to Diving Providings, hear I am, althowgh with loes of wan high brew scootched off, a noo cap and my rite shew. But I hav bean terrifid to deth. Wen I was ate, or it mite be nine, I fell on the stow, and hav had a grate dred of fire evver since. Gudge then how low I felt at the idear of burning along with the Lords and Communer's. It as bean a Warnin, and never, no, never never never agin will I go to Clandestiny parties behind Mississis backs. I now see my error, but temtaashun prevaled, tho the clovin fut of the Wicked Wan had a hand in it all: Oh Mary, down on yure marrybones, and bless yure stars for sitiating you in a loanly stooped poky place, wear you cant be lead into liteness and gayty, if you was evver so inclind. Fore whipping willies and a windmill is a dullish luck out, shure enuff, but its better then moor ambishus prospex, and stairing at a grate fire, like a suckin pig, till yure eyes is redly to drop out of yure hed!

You no wen Lady Manners is absent, a certin person allways givs a good rowt:—and I had a card in Coarse. I went verry ginteel, my Cloke cost I wont say Wot, and a hat and fethers to match. But it warnt to be. After takin off my things, I had barely set down, wen at the front dore there cums a dubble nock without any end to it, and a ring of the bell at the saim time, like a triangle keepin cumpany with a big drum. As soon as the door were opened a man with a pail face asked for the buckits, and that was the fust news we had of the fire. Oh Mary, never trust to the mail sects! They are all Alick from the Botcher and Backer that flirts at the front dore, down to the deer dissevers you throw away yure arts upon. For all their fine pufessions, they are ony filling yure ears with picrust, they make trifles of yure afections, and destroy yure comfits for life. They think no moore of parjuring themselves then I do of sweeping the earth. If yure wise you will sit yure face agin all menkind and luv nonsense, as I meen to in futer, or may be, wen you are dreeming of brid cake and wite fevers, you may find yureself left with nothink but breeches of prommis. John Futman is a proof in pint. Menny tims Ive giv him a hiding at number fore, and he allways had the best of the lardur at our stolin meatings, and God noose Ive offun alloud him to idelize me wen I ort to hav bean at my wurks, besides larning to rite for his sack.

Twenty housis afire ort not to hav abaited his warmth, insted of witch to jump up at the fust allurm and run away, leaving me to make my



"WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE?"

hone shifts. A treu luvver wood have staid to shear my fat. O Mary, if ever there was a terryfickle spectikle that was won! Flams before and flams behind, and flams over-head. Sich axing and hollowing out, and mobbing and pumpin, and cussing and swaring, and the peple's rushes into the Hous purvented all gitting out. For my hone parts, I climed up the dresser, and skreeked, but nobbody was man enuff to purtect. Men ant what they was. I am sick of the retches! It used to be femails fust, but now its furniter. I fully thort one gintleman was comin to cotch me up in arms, but he prefered the fish kettle. As for the sogers they marcht off to the wind seller, and the pantry, ware they maid beleave to preserve the gusberry gam. How I was reskewd at last Lord nose, for my hed was unsensible tell I found meself setten on the pickid pinted ralings of St. Margret's Church, with my fethers all frizzild, and a shew off. But of all lossis, my ridicule was most serine, for it had my puss in it.

How and ware it broke out is a mistery. Sum say both Howses was under minded. Sum say the Common members got over heatid in there fluency. A grate deal of property was burned, in spit of Lord Allthorp, who ingaged every cotch, cab, and gobbing porter as conveyancers. Westmunster may thenk his Lordship it did not lose its All. They say the Lords and Communs was connectid with a grate menny historicle associashuns, wich of coarse will hav to make good all dammage.

Fortunately, the Speker's mornin, noon, and evning services of plait was not at home, or it mite hav sufferd, for they say goold and silver as stud the fire verry well, melted down when it got furthur off. Tauking of plait a gentilman, who giv his card, Mr. William Soames, were verry kind and partickler in his inquerries efter Mr. Speker's vallybles. I hope he will hav a place givn him for his indevvers.

Ware the poor burnt-out creturs will go noboddy nose. Sum say Exter Hall, sum say the Refudge for the Destitut, and sum say the King will lend them his Bensh to set upon! All I no is, I've had a frite that will go with me to my grave. I am allways snifing fire by day and dreeming on it by nite. Ony last Fryday I allarmd the hole naberhood by screaching out of winder for the warter to be plugged up. Liting fires, or striking lite, or making tindur, throes me into fits.

I shall never be the womman I was; but that is no excus for John's unconstancy. I don't dare to take my close off to go to bed, and I practice clambering up and down by a rop in case, and I giv police M 25 a shillin now and than to keep a specious eye to number fore, and be reddey to ketch anny won in his harms. But it cums to munny, and partiely givin the ingin keeper a pint of bear from time to time, and drams to the turncox: where there's nabers fires will happen, howevver cerefull and precocius you may be youreself. I dred our too nex dores; number three is a Gurmin fammily, and them orrid forriners think nothink of smocking siggars in bed, witch will ketch sum day to a curtainty. Number fiv is wus; since his wif's deth Mr. Sanders has betuck himself to comicle studia, and offin has a littel

blo up among his pistles and morters. O! Mary, how happy is them as
 live lick you, as the song says, "Fur from the buzzy aunts of men." If
 yu're inflam'd its nobbody's folt
 bnt yure hone. Pray take the
 greatest car. Have yure eyes
 about you, and luck out for
 sparks; watever the men may
 say, don't allow backer pips or
 long snufs, and let evvery boddy
 be thurrowly put out. Don't
 neglect to rake out evvery nite,
 see that evvery sole in the hows
 is turnd down or xtinguished,
 and allways blo yureself out
 befour you go to yure piller.
 Think gudness you nevvver larnd
 to reed, and therefor will not
 take anny bucks to bed with
 you. Allways ware stuff or



A REFINED WOMAN.

woollin, insted of lite cottons and gingums, in case of the coles
 throwin out coffens or pusses, by witch menny persons gains
 their ends. In case of yure pettycots catchin don't forgit standin
 on yure hed, as recommended by the Human Society, becoz fire burns
 uppards, but its a posishun as requiers practis. Have yure chimblly
 swept reglar wonce a munth, and wen visitors cum neveer put hot coles
 in the warmin pan, for fear you forgit and leave it in the spair bed.

Remember fire is a good
 sarvent but a bad master,
 and sure enuff wen it is
 master it never gives a
 sarvent a munth's notis.
 To be shure we have won
 marsy in town that is un-
 benone in the country, and
 that is Swingeing; there
 is no cornstax or heyrrix in
 St. Jims's Square. That
 is yure week pint, and I
 trembil for the barns; a
 rockite or a roaming can-
 del mite set you in a blaze.
 But I hop and trust wat I
 say will never prove the truth. Oppydildock is good for burns, and I
 am, dear Mary,



THE SWELL MOB.

Yure old and afexionate feller sarvent,

ANN GALE.

THE JUBB LETTERS.

*From Lady Jubb to Mrs. Phipps, Housekeeper at the Shrubbery,
Shrewsbury, Shrops.*

MRS. PHIPPS,

You will prepare the house directly for the family's return, not that our coming back is absolutely certain, but events have happened to render our stay in Portland-Place very precarious. All depends upon Sir Jacob. In Parliament or out of Parliament his motions must guide ours. By this time what has happened will be known in Shropshire, but I forbid your talking. Politics belong to people of property, and those who have no voice in the country ought not to speak. In your inferior situations it's a duty to be ignorant of what you know. The nation is out of your sphere, and besides, people out of town cannot know the state of the country. I want to put you on your guard; thanks to the press, as Sir Jacob says, public affairs cannot be kept private, and the consequence is, the ignorant are as well informed as their betters. The burning of both Houses of Parliament I am afraid cannot be hushed up—but it is not a subject for servants, that have neither upper nor lower members amongst them, and represent nobody, I trust to you, Mrs. Phipps, to discourage all discussions in the kitchen, which isn't the place for parliamentary canvassing. The most ridiculous notions are abroad. I should not be surprised even to hear that Sir Jacob had lost his seat, because the benches were burnt, but we have been deprived of none of our dignities or privileges. You will observe this letter is *franked*; the fire made no difference to your master, he is not dissolved, whatever the Blues may wish—he is still Sir Jacob Jubb, Baronet, M.P.

The election of Sir Jacob at such a crisis was an act of Providence. His firmness at the fire affords an example to posterity; although the bench was burning under him he refused to retreat, replying emphatically, "I will sit by my order." As far as this goes you may mention, and no more. I enjoin upon

all else a diplomatic silence. Sir Jacob himself will write to the bailiff, and whatever may be the nature of his directions, I desire that no curiosity may be indulged in, and above all, that you entertain no opinions of your own. You cannot square with the upper circles.

▲ ▲



THE LIGHT HORSE.

I would write more, but I am going to a meeting, I need not say where, or upon what subject. I rely, Mrs. Phipps, on your discretion, and am, &c.

ARABELLA ANASTASIA JUBB.

To T. Crawford, junior, Esquire, the Beeches, near Shrewsbury, Shrops.

DEAR TOM,

Throw up your cap and huzza. There's glorious news, and so you'll say when I tell you. I could almost jump out of my skin for joy! Father's dismembered! The House of Commons caught fire, and he was dissolved along with the rest.

I've never been happy since we came up to London, and all through Parliament. The election was good sport enough. I liked the riding up and down, and carrying a flag; and the battle, with sticks, between the Blues and the Yellowa, was famous fun; and I huzza'd myself hoarse at our getting the day at last. But after that came the jollup, as we used to say at Old Busby's. Theme writing was a fool to it. If father composed one maiden speech he composed a hundred, and he made me knuckle down and



“THE LAST DAYS OF POMP—.”

copy them all out, and precious stupid stuff it was. A regular phisicker, says you, and I'd worse to take after it. He made us all sit down and hear him spout them, and a poor stick he made.—Dick Willis, that we used to call Handpost, was a dab at it compared to him. He's no better hand at figures, so much the worse for me. Did you ever have a fag, Tom, at the national debt? I don't know who owes it, but I wish he'd pay it, or be made bankrupt at once. I've worked more sums last month than ever I did at school in the half year,—geography the same. I had to hunt out Don Carlos and Don Pedro, all over the maps. I came in for a regular wiggling one day, for wishing both the Dons were well peppered, as Tom Tough says. I've seen none of the sights I wanted to see. He wouldn't let me go to the play, because he says the theatres are bad schools, and would give me a vicious style of elocution. The only pleasure he promised me was to sit in the gallery at the Commons and see him present his

petitions. Short-hand would have come next, that I might take down his speechifying—for he says the reporters all garble. An't I well out of it all—and a place he was to get for me besides, from the Prime Minister? I suppose the Navy Pay, to sit on a high stool and give Jack Junk one pound two and ninepence twice a year. I'd rather be Jack Junk himself, wouldn't you, Tom? But father's lost his wicket, and huzza for Shropshire! In hopes of our soon meeting, I remain, my dear Tom,

Your old chum and schoolfellow,

FREDERICK JUBB.

P. S.—A court gentleman has just come in, with a knock-me-down-again. He says there's to be a new election. I wish you'd do something; it would be a real favour, and I will do as much for you another time. What I want of you is, to get your father to set up against mine. Do try, Tom—there's a good fellow. I will ask every body I know to give your side a plumper.



AN ADDER UP.

To Mr. Roger Davis, Bailiff, the Shrubbery, near Shrewsbury

DAVIS,

I hope to God this will find you at home—I am writing in a state of mind bordering on madness. I can't collect myself to give particulars—you will have a newspaper along with this—read that, and your hair will stand on end. Incendiarism has reached its height like the flaming thing on the top of the Monument. Our crisis is come. To my mind—political suicide—is as bad as *felo de se*. Oh Whigs, Whigs, Whigs—what have you brought us to! As the *Britannic Guardian* well says—England is gone to Italy—London is at Naples—and we are all standing on the top of Vesuvius. I have heard and I believe it—that an attempt has been made to choke Aldgate Pump. A *Waltham Abbey* paper says positively that the mills were recently robbed of 513 barrels of powder, the exact number of the members for England and Wales. What a diabolical refinement—to blow up a government with its own powder! I can hardly persuade myself I am in England. God knows where it will spread to—I mean the incendiary spirit. The dry season is frightful—I suppose the springs are all dry. Keep the engine locked in the stable, for fear of a cut at the pipes. I'll send you down two more. Let all the labourers take a turn at them, by way of practice. I'm persuaded the Parliament houses were burnt on purpose. The flue story is ridiculous. Mr. Cooper's is a great deal more to the point. I believe every thing I hear. A bunch of matches was found in the Speaker's kitchen. I saw something suspicious myself—some said treacle, but

I say tar. Have your eyes about you—look all the gates, day as well as night—and above all, watch the stacks. One Tiger is not enough—get three or four more, I should have said Cæsar, but you know I mean the house-dog. Good mastiffs,—the biggest and savagest you can get. The gentry will be attempted first—beginning with the M.P.'s. You and Barnes and Sam must sit up by turns—and let the maids sit up too—women have sharp ears, and sharp tongues.—If a mouse stirs I would



THE MOVEMENT PARTY.

have them squall—danger or no danger. It's the only way to sleep in security—and comfort. I have read that the common goose is a vigilant creature—and saved Rome. Get a score of them—at the next market—don't stand about price—but choose them with good cackles. Alarm them now and then to keep them watchful. Fire the blunderbuss off every night, and both fowling-pieces and all the pistols. If all the Gentry did as much, it might keep the country quiet. If you were to ring the alarm-bell once or twice in the middle of the night, it would be as well—you would know then what help to depend upon. Search the house often from the garret to the cellar, for combustibles—if you could manage to go without candles, or any sort of light, it would be better.

You'd find your way about in the dark after a little practice. Pray don't allow any sweethearts; they may be Swings and Captain Rocks in disguise, and their pretended flames turn out real. I've misgivings about the maids. Tie them up, and taste their liver, before they eat it themselves—I mean the housedogs; but my agitation makes me unconnected. The scoundrels often poison them, before they attempt robbery and arson. Keep the cattle in the cowhouse for fear of their being houghed and hamstrung. Surely there were great defects somewhere. The Houses could not have been properly protected—if they had been watched as well as they were lighted—but it is too late to cast any blame on individuals. A paltry spirit of economy has been our bane. A few shillings would have purchased a watch-dog; and one or two geese in each house might have saved the capitol of the constitution! But the incendiary knew how to choose his time—an adjournment when there were none sitting. I say, incendiary, because

no doubt can exist in any cool mind, that enters into the conflagration. I transcribe conclusive extracts from several papers, the editors of which I know to be upright men, and they all write on one side.

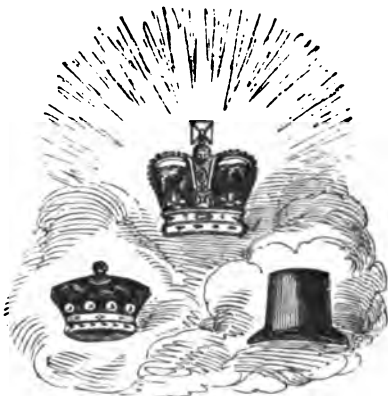
"We are confidently informed," says the Beacon, "that a quantity of tar-barrels was purchased at No. 2, High-street, Shadwell, about ten o'clock on the morning of the fire. There was abundant time before six A.M., for removing the combustibles to Westminster. The purchaser was a short, squat, down-looking man, and the name on his cart was I. Burns."

"Trifling circumstances," says the Sentinel, "sometimes point to great results. Our own opinion is formed. We have made it our business to examine the Guys in preparation for the impending anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, and we affirm, that every one of the effigies bore a striking resemblance to some member or other of assemblies we need not name. These are signs of the times."

"We should be loth," says the Detector, "to impute the late calamity to any particular party: but we may reasonably inquire what relative stake in the country is possessed by the Whigs and the Tories. The English language may be taken as a fair standard. The first may lay claim to *perri-wig*, *scratch-wig*, *tie-wig*, *bob-wig*, in short, the whole family of perruques, with *whigmaleery*. The latter, not to mention other good things, have a vested right in *oratory*, *history*, *territory*, and *victory*. Can a man of common patriotism have a doubt which side it is his interest to adhere to?"

That last paragraph, Davis, is what I call sound argument. Indeed I don't see how it is to be answered. You see they are all *nem. con.* as to our danger, and decidedly reckon fire an inflammatory agent. Take care what you read. Very pernicious doctrines are abroad, and especially across the Western Channel. The Irish are really frightful. I'm told they tie the cows' tails together, and then saw off their horns for insurrectionary bugles. The foundations of society are shaken all over the world—the Whiteboys in Ireland, and the Blacks in the West Indies, all seem to fight under the same colours. It's time for honest men to rally round themselves—but I'm sorry to say public spirit and love of one's country are at a low ebb. There's too much Americanism. One writer wants us to turn all our English wheat to Indian corn, and to grow no sort of apples but Franklin pippins. We want strong measures against associations and unions. There's demagogues abroad—and they wear white hats. By-the-bye, I more than half suspect that fellow Johnson is a delegate. Take him to the ale-house, and treat him freely—it may warm him to blab something. Besides, you will see what sort of papers the public-houses take in. You may drop a hint about their licenses. Give my compliments to Dr. Garratt, and tell him I hope he will preach to the times, and take strong texts. I wish I could be down amongst you, but I cannot desert my post. You may tell the tenantry, and electors—I'm burnt out and gutted—but my heart's in the right place—and devoted to constituents. Come what may, I will be an unshaken pillar on the basis of my circular

letter. Don't forget any of my precautions. I am sorry I did not bring all the plate up to town—but at the first alarm bury it. Take in no letters or notices; for what you know they may be threatenings. If any Irishman applies for work, discharge him instantly. All the old spring-guns had better be set again, they are not now legal, but I am ministerial, and if they did go off, the higher powers would perhaps wink at them. But it's fire that I'm afraid of, fire that destroyed my political roof, and may now assail my paternal one. Walk, as I may say, bucket in hand, and be ready every moment for a break out. You may set fire to the small faggot-stack, and try your hands at getting it under—there's nothing worse than being taken by surprise. Read this letter frequently, and impress these charges on your mind. It is a sad change for England to have become, I may say, this fiery furnace. I have not the least doubt, if properly traced, the burning cliff at Weymouth would be found to be connected with Incendiarism, and the Earthquakes at Chichester with our political convulsions. Thank Providence in your prayers, Davis, that your own station forbids your being an M.P., for a place in parliament is little better than sitting on a barrel of gun-powder. Honour forbids to resign, or I should wish I was nothing but a simple country gentleman. Remember, and be vigilant. Once more I cry Watch, Watch, Watch! By adopting the motions I propose, a conflagration may be adjourned sine die, which is a petition perpetually presented by



"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?"

Your anxious
but uncompromising Master,

JACOB JUBB, M.P.

To Lady Jubb, at 45, Portland Place.

RESPECTED MADAM,

I received your Ladyship's obliging commands, and have used my best endeavours to conform to the wishes condescended therein. In respect to political controversy, I beg to say I have imposed a tacit silence on the domestic capacities as far as within the sphere of my control, but lament to say the Bailiff, Mr. Davis, is a party unnameable to my authority, and as such has taken liberties with decorum quite inconsistent with propriety and the decency due. However reluctant to censoriousness, duty compels to communicate subversive conduct quite unconformable to decency's rules and order in a well-

regulated establishment. I allude to Mr. Davis's terrifically jumping out from behind doors and in obscure dark corners, on the female domestics, for no reasonable purpose I can discover, except to make them exert their voices in a very alarming manner. The housemaid, indeed, confirms me by saying in her own words, "he considered her skreek the best skreek in the family." If impropriety had proceeded no further, I should have hesitated to trouble your Ladyship with particulars; but Mr. Davis, not satisfied with thus working on the unsophisticated terrors of ignorant females, thought proper to horrify with inflammatory reports.



A MARKED MAN.

One night, as a prominent instance, about twelve o'clock, he rang the alarm bell so violently, at the same time proclaiming conflagration, that the law of preservation became our paramount duty, and, as a consequence, we all escaped in a state of dishabille only to be ambiguously hinted at, by saying that time did not allow to put on my best lutestring to meet the neighbouring gentry—and must add, with indignation, in the full blaze of a heap of straw, thought proper to be set on fire by Mr. Davis in the fore-court. I trust your Ladyship will excuse a little warmth of language, in saying it was highly reprehensible; but I have not depicted the worst. I, one evening, lighted up what I conceived to be a mould candle, and your Ladyship will imagine my undescribable fright when it exploded itself like a missile of the squib description, an unwarrantable mode, I must say, of convincing me, as Mr. Davis had the audaciousness to own to, that we may be made to be actors in our own combustion. To suppose at my years and experience, I can be unsensible of the danger of fire, must be a preposterous notion; but all his subsequent acts partake an agreeable character. For fear of being consumed in our beds, as he insidiously professed, he exerted all his influential arguments to persuade the females to set up nocturnally all night, a precaution of course declined, as well as his following scheme, being almost too much broached with absurdity to enumerate. I mean every retiring female reposing her confidence on a live goose in her chamber, as were purchased for the express purpose, but need not add were dispensed with by rational beings. I trust your Ladyship will acquit of uncharitableness if I

suspect it was out of vindictive feelings at their opposition to the gress, that Mr. Davis insinuated a strict inquiry into every individual that came into the house, as far even as requiring to be personally present at all that passed between the dairymaid and her cousin. It escaped memory to say that when the feminine department refused to be deprived of rest, the male servants were equally adverse to go to bed, being spirited up by Mr. Davis to spend the night together, and likewise being furnished with the best strong ale in the cellar, by his imperious directions, which, by way of climax to assurance, was alleged to be by order of Sir Jacob himself. I say nothing reflectively on his repeatedly discharging his artillery at unseasonable hours, the shock principally concerning my own nervous constitution, which was so vibrated as to require calling in physical powers; and Doctor Tudor, considering advanced age and infirmity, is of opinion I may require to be under his professional hands for an ensuing twelvemonth. Of startling effects upon other parties I may make comments more unreserved, and without harsh extenuation must say, his letting off reports without due notice, frequently when the females had valuable cut glass and china in their hands, or on their trays, was blameable in the extreme, to express the least of it. Another feature which caused much unpleasantness, was Mr. Davis persisting to scrutinise and rummage the entire premises from top to bottom, but on this characteristic tediousness forbids to dwell, and more particularly as mainly affecting himself, such as the flow of blood from his nose, and two coagulated eyes, from the cellar door, through a peculiar whim of looking for every thing in a state of absolute obscurity. I may add, by way of incident, that Mr. Davis walks lame from a canine injury in the calf of his leg, which I hope will not prove rabid, in the end,—but the animals he has on his own responsibility introduced on the premises, really resemble, begging your Ladyship's pardon for the expression, what are denominated D.'s incarnate.



WAPPING OLD STARES.

Such, your Ladyship, is the unpropitious posture of domestic affairs at the Shrubbery, originating, I must say, exclusively from the unprecedented deviations of Mr. Davis. A mild construction would infer, from such extraordinary extravagance of conduct, a flightiness, or aberration of mind in the individual, but I deeply lament to say a

more obvious cause exists to put a negative on such a surmise. For the last week Mr. Davis has betrayed an unusual propensity to pass his evenings at the George Tavern, and in consequence has several times exhibited himself in a Bacchanalian character to our extreme discomfort, and on one occasion actually trespassed so far beyond the bounds of modesty, as to offer me the rudeness of a salute. I blush to impart such details to your Ladyship; but justice demands an explicit statement, however repulsive to violated reserve and the rules of virtue. Amongst less immoral actions, I must advert to the arrival of two new engines with a vast number of leathern buckets, I fear ordered by Mr. Davis at my honoured master's expense, and which are periodically exercised in pumping every day, by the gardeners and the hinds, being induced thereto by extra beverages of strong beer. By such means the aquatic supply of the well is frequently exhausted by playing upon nothing,—and at this present moment I am justified in stating we have not sufficient water to fulfil culinary purposes, or the demands of cleanliness. I feel ashamed to say there is not a strictly clean cap in the whole household.

In short, Madam, we labour under an aggravated complication of insubordination, deprivation, discomfort, and alarm, daily and nightly, such as to shock my eyes whilst it grieves my heart, and I may almost say turns my head to be present at, without sufficient authority to dictate or power to enforce a course more consistent with the line of rectitude. As my sway does not extend to Mr. Davis, I humbly beseech your Ladyship's interference and influence in the proper quarter, in behalf, I may say, of a body of persecuted females, some of whom possess cultivated minds and sensitive feelings beyond their sphere.



THE UNITED SERVICE.

I remain, respected Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obliged and very humble Servant,

AMELIA PHIPPS.

P. S.—One of Mr. Davis's savage, bull-baiting dogs has just rushed with a frightful crash into the china-closet, in pursuit of the poor cat.

To Sir Jacob Jubb, Baronet, M.P.

HONNERD SUR,

Yure faver enclosin the Ruings of the Parlimint houses cam dully to hand, and did indeed put up all the hares on my hed. It cam like the bust of a thunder bolt. You mite hav nockt me down with the

fether of a ginny ren. My bran swum. I seamed rooted to the hearth—and did not no weather I was a slip or a wack, on my hed or my heals. I was perfectly unconshunable, and could no more kollect meself then the Hirish tiths. I was a long Tim befor I cud perswade meself that the trooth was trew. But sich a dredful fire is enuff to unsettil wons resin. A thowsend ears mite role over our heds, and not prodeuce sich a blo to the constitushun. I was barley sensible. The Currier dropt from my hands wen I cam to the perrygraft witch says “Our hops are at an end. The Hous of Communs is a boddy of Flams, and so is the Hous of Pears! The Lords will be dun!”

Honnerd Sur, I beg to kondole as becums on yure missin yure seat. It must hav bean the suddineest of shox, & jest wen goin to sit after standin for the hole county, on yure hone futting, at your sole expens. But I do hop and trust it will not be yure dissolushun, as sum report; I do hop it is onely an emty rummer pict up at sum publick Hous. At such an encindery orisus our wust frend wood be General Elixion, by stirrin up inflametory peple, particly if there was a long pole. You see, Sir Jacob, I konker in evvery sentashus sentemint in yure respected Letter. The Volcano you menshun I can enter into. Theres a great deal of combustibil sperits in the country that onely wants a spark to convert them into catarax:—and I greave to say evvery inflametory little demy Gog is nust, and has the caudle support of certin pappers. Im alludin to the Press. From this sort of countenins the nashunal aspec gits moor friteful evvery day. I see no prospex for the next gennerashun but rocking and swinging. I hav had a grate menny low thorts, for wat can be moor dispiritin then the loss of our two gratest Publick Housis! There is nothin cumfortable. There is a Vesuvus under our feat, and evvery step brings us nearer to its brinks. Evvery reflective man must say we are a virgin on a precipus.

Honnerd Sur! In the mean tim I hav pade atenshuns to yure letter, and studid its epistlery derecshuns, witch I hav made meself very partictier in fulfilling to the utmost xtent. If the most zellus effuts have



GENERAL ELECTION.

not sucksedid to wish I humbly beg to blame but wat is dew may fall on me, and hope other peples shears will visit their hone beds. The axident with the spring gun was no neglex of mine. After Barnes settin it himself, his tumblin over the wier must be lade to his hone dore along with his shot legs. I sent for two surgings to sea to him, and they cauld in too moor, so that he is certin of a good dressin, but he was very down-harted about gitting a livin, till I tolled him yure honner wood settle on him for the rest of his days. I may say the lik of the other axident to Sanders and Sam, who got badly woundid wile wotchin the stax, by apprehendin won another after a sanguine confic by mistake for incinderies. I have promist in yure honners nam to reword them boath hansumly for their vigiling, but they stedfastly refus to padrol anny moor after dusk, tho they ar agreble by daylit, which leavs me at my whits ends for Firegards, as strange men wood not be trussworthy.

Honnered Sur—I am sorry I cood not git the mad servents to set up for theaves, even for wun nite runnin. I tried the Currier on them, but it didn't wurk on there minds; they tuck lites in their hands and waukd to there pillers as if they hadn't a car on there heds, and wen I insistid on their allarmin me they all give me warnin. As for the swetharts there's a duzen domesticatted luvvers in the kitchen, and I'm sorry to say I can't give them all a rowt. I ketchd the cook's bo gettin in at a winder, and sercht his pockets for feer of fosfrus, but he contaned nothin xcept a cruckid sixpens, a taler's thimbel, and a tin backy-box, with a lock of hare witch did not match with cook's. It is dangerus wurk. Becos I luck after the mades candels they tie strings to the banesters to ketch my fut, and I have twice pitcht from the hed to the fut of the stars. I am riting with my forrid brandid and brown pepperd, and my rite hand in a poltus from groping in the dark for cumbustibils in the cole seller, and diskivering nothin but the torturous kat and her kittings.

Honnerd Sur—I got six capitol gees a bargin, but am verry dubbius weather they possess the propperty that ort to make them wakful and weary of nites. The old specious may be lost. The Roman gees you menshun wood certinly hav neverver suffered themselvs to be stolen without a cakeling, as our hone did too nites



"TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE."

ago. As for the wotch dogs, to be candied, they were all errers in gudgment. There was to much Bul in the bread. The verry fust nite they were let lose they flew in a rag, and began to vent their caning propensites on each other's curcuses. I regret to say too was wurrid to deth before the next mourning, and the rest were so full of bad bits and ingeries in there vittles they were obligated to be kild. In shutting Seazer with the blunderbush, I lament to ad it hung fire, and in liftin it up it went off of its hone hed and shot the bucher's horse at the gait, and he has thretind to tak the law if he isn't made good, as he was verry vallyble.

Honnerd Sur—Accordin to orders I tuck Johnson the suspishus man evvery nite to the Gorge, and told him to caul for wat he likt, witch was allways an ot suppir and Punch. As yet he as diskivered nothin but sum lov nonsins about a deary-made, so that its uncertin weather he is a dillygate or not; but I shoold say a desinin won, for by sum artful meens he allways manniged to make me drunk fust, and genne-rally lent a hand to carry me home. I told the landlord to let him have aney thing he wantid and yure Honner wood pay the skore, but I think it was unprudent of Mr. Tapper to let him run up to ten pound. But it isn't all drink, but eating as well—Johnson has a very glutinous appetit, and always stix to the tabel as long as there is meet.

Honnerd Sur—Last fridy morning there was grate riotism and sines of the populus risin, and accordin I lost no time in berryin the plait as derected by yure ordirs. I am gratifid to say the disturbans turned out onely a puggleistical fit; but owen to our hurry and allarm, the spot ware the plait was berrid went out of our heads. We have sinse dug up the hole scrubbery, but without turnin up anny thing in its shape. But it cant be lost, tho' it isnt to be found. The gardner swares the srubs will all di from being transplanted at unpropper sesin—but I trust it is onely his old grumblin stile witch he cannot git over.

Honnerd Sur—The wust is to cum. In casis of Fire the trooth is shure to brake out suner or latter, so I may as well cum to the cat-strophy without any varnish on my tail. This morning, according to yure order, I hignitted the littel faggit stak, fust takin the precaw-shuny meshure of drawin up a line of men with buckits, from the dux-pond to the sene of combusting. Nothin can lay therefor on my sholders: it all riz from the men striking for bear, wen they ort to hav bean handin warter to won another. I felt my deuty to argy the pint, which I trust will be apruved, and wile we were cussin and discussin the fire got a hed that defide all our unitted pours to subdo. To confess the fax, the fire inguns ware all lokt up in a stable with a shy key that had lost itself the day before, and was not to be had wen we wantid to lay hands on it. Not that we could have wurkd the inguns if they had faverd with their presens, for want of hands. Evvery boddy had run so often at the allarm bell that they got noboddy to go in there steed. It was an hawful site; the devowring ellemint swallerd won thing after another as sune as cotched, and rushed along roring with friteful violins. Were the finger of Providins is the hand as does we

must not arrange it, but as the him says, "we must submit and humbel Bee." Heavin direx the winds, and not us. As it blue towards the sow the piggy sune cotchd, and that cotchd the foul housis, and then the barn cotchd with all the straw, and the granery cotched next, witch it wood not have dun if we had puld down the Cow Hous that stud between. That was all the cotching, excep the hay-stax, from Jenkins runnin about with a flaimin tale to his smoak-frock. At last, by a blessin, when there was no moor to burn it was got under and squentched itself, prays be given without loss of lif or lim. Another comfit is all bein inshured in the Sun, enuff to kiver it; and I shud hop they will not refus to make gud on the ground that it was dun wilful by our hone ax and deeds. But fire officis are sumtimes verry unlibberal, and will ketch hold of a burning straw, and if fax were put on their oths I couldn't deni a bundil of rags, matchis, candel ends, and other combustibils pokt into the faggits, and then litin up with my hone hand Tim will sho. In the meenwile I am consienshusly eazy, it was dun for the best, though turnd out for the wust, and am gratifid to reflect that I hav omitted nothin, but have scruppleusly fulfild evvery particler of yure honner's instruxions, and in hap of approval of the saim, await the faver of furthir commands, and am,

Honnerd Sur Jacob,
Your humbel, faithful, and obedient Servint,
ROGER DAVIS.



LIGHT-FINGERED.

HUGGINS AND DUGGINS.

A PASTORAL AFTER POPE.

Two swains or clowns—but call them swains—
While keeping flocks on Salisbury Plains,
For all that tend on sheep as drovers,
Are turned to songsters, or to lovers,
Each of the lass he call'd his dear,
Began to carol loud and clear.

First Huggins sang, and Duggins then,
 In the way of ancient shepherd men ;
 Who thus alternate hitch'd in song,
 " All things by turns, and nothing long."

HUGGINS.

Of all the girls about our place,
 There's one beats all in form and face ;
 Search through all Great and Little Bumpstead,
 You'll only find one Peggy Plumstead.

DUGGINS.

To groves and streams I tell my flame
 I make the cliffs repeat her name :
 When I'm inspired by gills and noggins,
 The rocks re-echo Sally Hoggins !



FOLLOW MY LEADER.

HUGGINS.

When I am walking in the grove,
 I think of Peggy as I rove.
 I'd carve her name on every tree,
 But I don't know my A, B, C.

DUGGINS.

Whether I walk in hill or valley,
 I think of nothing else but Sally.
 I'd sing her praise, but I can sing
 No song, except "God save the King."

HUGGINS.

My Peggy does all nymphs excel,
 And all confess she bears the bell,—
 Where'er she goes swains flock together,
 Like sheep that follow the bellwether.

DUGGINS.

Sally is tall and not too straight,—
 Those very poplar shapes I hate;
 But something twisted like an S,—
 A crook becomes a shepherdess.

HUGGINS.

When Peggy's dog her arms emprison,
 I often wish my lot was his;
 How often I should stand and turn,
 To get a pat from hands like hern.

DUGGINS.

I tell Sall's lambs how blest they be,
 To stand about and stare at she;
 But when I look, she turns and shies,
 And won't bear none but their sheep's-eyes!

HUGGINS.

Love goes with Peggy where she goes,—
 Beneath her smile the garden grows;
 Potatoes spring, and cabbage starts,
 "Tatoes have eyes, and cabbage hearts!

DUGGINS.

Where Sally goes it's always Spring,
 Her presence brightens every thing;
 The sun smiles bright, but where her grin is,
 It makes brass farthings look like guineas.

HUGGINS.

For Peggy I can have no joy,
 She's sometimes kind, and sometimes coy,
 And keeps me, by her wayward tricks,
 As comfortless as sheep with ticks.

DUGGINS.

Sally is ripe as June or May,
And yet as cold as Christmas day ;
For when she's asked to change her lot,
Lamb's wool,—but Sally, she wool not.

HUGGINS.

Only with Peggy and with health,
I'd never wish for state or wealth ;
Talking of having health and more pence,
I'd drink her health if I had fourpence.

DUGGINS.

Oh, how that day would seem to shine,
If Sally's banns were read with mine ;
She cries, when such a wish I carry,
“Marry come up !” but will not marry.



RAMSAY'S GENTLE SHEPHERD.

DOMESTIC DIDACTICS.

BY AN OLD SERVANT.

It is not often when the Nine descend that they go so low as into areas ; it is certain, nevertheless, that they were in the habit of visiting John Humphreys, in the kitchen, of No. 189, Portland-Place, disguised, no doubt, from mortal eye, as seamstresses or charewomen—at all events, as Winifred Jenkins says, “they were never ketch'd in the fact.” Perhaps it was the rule of the house to allow no followers, and

they were obliged to come by stealth, and to go in the same manner; indeed, from the fragmental nature of John's verses, they appear to have often left him very abruptly. Other pieces bear witness of the severe distraction he suffered between his domestic duty to the Umphravilles, twelve in family, with their guests, and his own secret visitors from Helicon. It must have been provoking, when seeking for a simile, to be sent in search of a salt-cellar; or when hunting for a rhyme, to have to look for a missing teaspoon. By a whimsical peculiarity, the causes of these lets and hindrances are recorded in his verses, by way of parenthesis: and though John's poetry was of a decidedly serious and moralising turn, these little insertions give it so whimsical a character, as to make it an appropriate offering in the present work. Poor John! the grave has put a period to his didactics, and the publication of his lays in "Hood's Own," therefore, cannot give him pain, as it certainly would have done otherwise, for the MSS. were left by last will and testament "to his very worthy master, Joshua Umphraville, Esq., to be printed in *Elegant Extracts*, or *Flowers of English Poetry*." The Editor is indebted to the kindness of that gentleman for a selection from the papers; which he has been unable to arrange chronologically, as John always wrote in too great a hurry to put dates. Whether he ever sent any pieces to the periodicals is unknown, for he kept his authorship as secret as Junius's, till his

death discovered his propensity for poetry, and happily cleared up some points in John's character, which had appeared to his disadvantage. Thus when his eye was "in fine frenzy rolling," bemused only with Castalian water, he had been suspected of being "bemused with beer;" and when he was supposed to indulge in a morning sluggishness, he was really rising with the sun, at least with Apollo. He was accused occasionally of shamming deafness, whereas it was doubt-



NOT UP, YET.

less nothing but the natural difficulty of hearing more than Nine at once. Above all, he was reckoned almost wilfully unfortunate in his breakage; but it appears that when deductions for damage

were made from his wages, the poetry ought to have been stopped, and not the money. The truth is, John's master was a classical scholar, and so accustomed to read of Pegasus, and to associate a Poet with a Horseman, that he never dreamt of one as a Footman.

The Editor is too diffident to volunteer an elaborate criticism of the merits of Humphreys as a Bard—but he presumes to say thus much, that there several Authors, of the present day, whom John ought not to walk behind.

THE BROKEN DISH.

WHAT's life but full of care and doubt,
With all its fine humanities,
With parasols we walk about,
Long pigtails and such vanities.

We plant pomegranite trees and things,
And go in gardens sporting,
With toys and fans of peacock's wings,
To painted ladies courting.

We gather flowers of every hue,
And fish in boats for fishes,
Build summer-houses painted blue,—
But life's as frail as dishes.

Walking about their groves of trees,
Blue bridges and blue rivers,
How little thought them two Chinese,
They'd both be smash'd to shivers

ODE TO PEACE.

WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF MY MISTRESS'S GRAND ROUT.

OH Peace! oh come with me and dwell—
But stop, for there's the ball.
Oh Peace! for thee I go and sit in churches,
On Wednesday, when there's very few
In loft or pew—
Another ring, the tarts are come from Birch's.
Oh Peace! for thee I have avoided marriage—
Hush! there's a carriage.
Oh Peace! thou art the best of earthly goods—
The five Miss Woods.
Oh Peace! thou art the Goddess I adore—
There come some more.
Oh Peace! thou child of solitude and quiet—
That's Lord Drum's footman, for he loves a riot.

Oh Peace !

Knocks will not cease.

Oh Peace ! thou wert for human comfort plann'd—
That's Weippert's band.

Oh Peace ! now glad I welcome thy approaches—
I hear the sound of coaches.

Oh Peace ! oh Peace !—another carriage stops—
It's early for the Blenkinsops.

Oh Peace ! with thee I love to wander,
But wait till I have show'd up Lady Squander,
And now I've seen her up the stair,
Oh Peace !—but here comes Captain Hare.
Oh Peace ! thou art the slumber of the mind,
Untroubled, calm and quiet, and unbroken,—
If that is Alderman Guzzle from Portsokeu,
Alderman Gobble won't be far behind ;
Oh Peace ! serene in worldly shyness,—
Make way there for his Serene Highness !

Oh Peace ! if you do not disdain
To dwell amongst the menial train,
I have a silent place, and lone,
That you and I may call our own ;
Where tumult never makes an entry—
Susan, what business have you in my pantry ?

Oh Peace ! but there is Major Monk,
At variance with his wife—Oh Peace !
And that great German, Vander Trunk,
And that great talker, Miss Apreece ;
Oh Peace ! so dear to poets' quills—
They're just beginning their quadrilles—
Oh Peace ! our greatest renovator ;—
I wonder where I put my waiter—
Oh Peace !—but here my Ode I'll cease ;
I have no peace to write of Peace.

A FEW LINES ON COMPLETING FORTY-SEVEN.

WHEN I reflect with serious sense,
While years and years run on,
How soon I may be summon'd hence—
There's cook a-calling John.

Our lives are built so frail and poor,
On sand and not on rocks,
We're hourly standing at Death's door—
There's some one double-knocka.

All human days have settled terms,
 Our fates we cannot force ;
 This flesh of mine will feed the worms -
 They're come to lunch of course.

And when my body's turn'd to clay,
 And dear friends hear my knell.
 O let them give a sigh and say—
 I hear the upstairs bell.

TO MARY HOUSEMAID,

ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

MARY, you know I've no love-nonsense,
 And, though I pen on such a day,
 I don't mean flirting, on my conscience
 Or writing in the courting way.

Though Beauty hasn't form'd your feature,
 It saves you, p'rhaps, from being vain,
 And many a poor unhappy creature
 May wish that she was half as plain.

Your virtues would not rise an inch,
 Although your shape was two foot taller,
 And wisely you let others pinch
 Great waists and feet to make them smal'ar.

You never try to spare your hands
 From getting red by household duty
 But, doing all that it commands,
 Their coarseness is a moral beauty.

Let Susan flourish her fair arms
 And at your odd legs sneer and scoff,
 But let her laugh, for you have charms
 That nobody knows nothing of.



WHAT ODD LEGS !



SEE-VIEW :—BROAD STARES.

PAIN IN A PLEASURE-BOAT

A SEA ECLOGUE.

“I apprehend you!”—SCHOOL OF REFORM.

BOATMAN.

SHOVE off there!—ship the rudder, Bill—cast off! she’s under way!

MRS. F.

She’s under what?—I hope she’s not! good gracious, what a spray!

BOATMAN.

Run out the jib, and rig the boom! keep clear of those two brigs!

MRS. F.

I hope they don’t intend some joke by running of their rigs!

BOATMAN.

Bill, shift them bags of ballast aft—she’s rather out of trim!

MRS. F.

Great bags of stones! they’re pretty things to help a boat to swim!

BOATMAN.

The wind is fresh—if she don't scud, it's not the breeze's fault !

MRS. F.

Wind fresh, indeed, I never felt the air so full of salt !

BOATMAN.

That Schooner, Bill, harn't left the roads, with oranges and nuts !

MRS. F.

If seas have roads, they're very rough—I never felt such ruts !

BOATMAN.

It's neap, ye see, she's heavy lade, and couldn't pass the bar.

MRS. F.

The bar ! what, roads with turnpikes too ? I wonder where they are !

BOATMAN.

Ho ! brig ahoy ! hard up ! hard up ! that lubber cannot steer !

MRS. F.

Yes, yes,—hard up upon a rock ! I know some danger's near !
Lord, there's a wave ! it's coming in ! and roaring like a bull !

BOATMAN

Nothing, Ma'am, but a little slop ! go large, Bill ! keep her full !

MRS. F.

What, keep her full ! what daring work ! when full, she must go down !

BOATMAN.

Why, Bill, it lulls ! ease off a bit—it's coming off the town !
Steady your helm ! we'll clear the *Pint* ! lay right for yonder pink !

MRS. F.

Be steady—well, I hope they can ! but they've got a pint of drink !

BOATMAN.

Bill, give that sheet another haul—she'll fetch it up this reach.

MRS. F.

I'm getting rather pale, I know, and they see it by that speech !
I wonder what it is, now, but—I never felt so queer !

BOATMAN.

Bill, mind your luff—why Bill, I say, she's yawing—keep her near !

MRS. F.

Keep near ! we're going further off ; the land's behind our backs.

BOATMAN.

Be easy, Ma'am, it's all correct, that's only 'cause we tacks :
We shall have to beat about a bit,—Bill, keep her out to see.

MRS. F.

Beat who about ? keep who at sea ?—how black they look at me !

BOATMAN.

It's veering round—I knew it would ! off with her head ! stand by !

MRS. F.

Off with her head ! whose ? where ? what with ?—an axe I seem to spy !

BOATMAN.

She can't not keep her own, you see ; we shall have to pull her in !

MRS. F.

They'll drown me, and take all I have ! my life's not worth a pin !

BOATMAN.

Look out you know, be ready, Bill—just when she takes the sand !

MRS. F.

The sand—O Lord ! to stop my mouth ! how every thing is plann'd !

BOATMAN.

The handspike, Bill—quick, bear a hand ! now Ma'aun, just step ashore !

MRS. F.

What ! an't I going to be kill'd—and welter'd in my gore ?
Well, Heaven be praised ! but I'll not go a sailing any more !



STERNE'S MARIA.



A SPENT BALL.

"The flying ball."—GRAY.

A BALL is a round, but not a perpetual round, of pleasure. It spends itself at last, like that from the cannon's mouth; or rather, like that greatest of balls, "that great globe itself," is "dissolved with all that it inherits."

Four o'clock strikes. The company are all but gone, and the musicians "put up" with their absence. A few "*figures*," however, remain, that have never been danced, and the hostess, who is all urbanity and turbanity, kindly hopes that they will stand up for "one set more." The six figures jump at the offer; they "wake the Harp," get the fiddlers into a fresh scrape, and "the Lancers" are put through their exercise. This may be called the Dance of Death, for it ends every thing. The band is disbanded, and the Ball takes the form of a family circle. It is long past the time when church-yards yawn, but the mouth of Mamma opens to a bore, that gives hopes of the Thames Tunnel. Papa, to whom the Ball has been anything but a force-meat one, seizes eagerly upon the first eatables he can catch, and with his mouth open and his eyes shut, declares, in the spirit of an "Examiner" into such things, that a "Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few." The son heartily tired of a suit of broad cloth cut narrow, assents to the proposition, and having no further use for his curled head, lays it quietly on the shelf. The daughter droops; art has had her Almack's, and nature establishes a Free and Easy. Grace throws

herself, skow-wow any-how, on an ottoman, and Good Breeding crosses her legs. Roses begin to relax, and Curls to unbend themselves; the very Candles seem released from the restraints of gentility, and getting low, some begin to smoke, while others indulge in a gutter. Muscles and sinews feel equally let loose, and by way of a joke, the cramp ties a double-knot in Clarinda's calf.

Clarinda screams. To this appeal the maternal heart is more awake than the maternal eyes, and the maternal hand begins hastily to bestow its friction, not on the leg of suffering, but on the leg of the sofa. In the mean time, paternal hunger gets satisfied; he eats slower, and sleeps faster, subsiding, like a gorged Boa Constrictor, into torpidity; and in this state, grasping an extinguished candle, he lights himself up to bed. Clarinda follows, stumbling through her steps in a *doze-à-doze*; the brother is next, and Mamma having seen with half an eye, or something less, that all is safe, winds up the procession.

Every Ball, however, has its rebound, and so has this in their dreams:—with the mother who has a daughter, as a Golden Ball; with the daughter, who has a lover, as an eye-ball; with his son, who has a rival, as a pistol-ball; but with the father, who has no dreams at all, as nothing but the blacking-ball of oblivion.

LITERARY AND LITERAL.

THE March of Mind upon its mighty stilts,
(A spirit by no means to fasten mocks on,)
In travelling through Berks, Beds, Notta, and Wilts,
Hants—Bucks, Herts, Oxon,
Got up a thing our ancestors ne'er thought on,
A thing that, only in our proper youth,
We should have chuckled at—in sober truth,
A *Conversazione* at Hog's Norton!

A place whose native dialect, somehow,
Has always by an adage been affronted,
And that it is all *gutturals*, is now
Taken for grunted.

Conceive the snoring of a greedy swine,
The slobbering of a hungry Ursine Sloth—
If you have ever heard such creature dine—
And—for Hog's Norton, make a mix of both!—

O shades of Shakspeare! Chaucer! Spenser!
Milton! Pope! Gray! Warton!
O Colman! Kenny! Planche! Poole! Peake!
Pocock! Reynolds! Morton!

O Grey! Peel! Sadler! Wilberforce! Burdett!
 Hume! Willmot Horton!
 Think of your prose and verse, and worse—delivered in
 Hog's Norton!—

The founder of Hog's Norton Athenæum
 Framed her society
 With some variety
 From Mr. Roscoe's Liverpool museum;
 Not a mere pic-nic, for the mind's repast,
 But tempting to the solid knife-and-forker,
 It held its sessions in the house that last
 Had killed a porker.

It chanced one Friday,
 One Farmer Grayley stuck a very big hog,
 A perfect Gog or Magog of a pig-hog,
 Which made of course a literary high day,—
 Not that our Farmer was a man to go
 With literary tastes—so far from suiting 'em,
 When he heard mention of Professor *Crowe*,



" 'TIS PLEASANT SURE TO SEE ONE'S SELF IN PRINT

Or *Lalla-Rookh*, he always was for shooting 'em!
 In fact in letters he was quite a log,
 With him great Bacon
 Was literally taken.

And Hogg—the Poet—nothing but a Hog !
 As to all others on the list of Fame,
 Although they were discuss'd and mention'd daily,
 He only recognised one classic name,
 And thought that *she* had hung herself—*Miss Baillie !*

To balance this, our Farmer's only daughter
 Had a great taste for the Castalian water—
 A Wordsworth worshipper—a Southey wooer,—
 (Though men that deal in water-colour cakes
 May disbelieve the fact—yet nothing's truer)

She got the *bluer*

The more she dipped and dabbled in the *Lakes*.
 The secret truth is, Hope, the old deceiver,
 At future Authorship was apt to hint,
 Producing what some call the *Type-us* Fever,
 Which means a burning to be seen in print.

Of learning's laurels—Miss Joanna Baillie—
 Of Mrs. Hemans—Mrs. Wilson—daily
 Dreamt Anne Priscilla Isabella Grayley ;
 And Fancy hinting that she had the better
 Of L.E.L. by one initial letter,
 She thought the world would quite enraptur'd see

“ LOVE LAYS AND LYRICS

BY

A. P. I. G.”

Accordingly, with very great propriety,
 She joined the H. N. B. and double S.,
 That is,—Hog's Norton Blue Stocking Society ;
 And saving when her Pa. his pigs prohibited,

Contributed

Her pork and poetry towards the mess.

This feast, we said, one Friday was the case,
 When farmer Grayley—from Macbeth to quote—
 Screwing his courage to the “ sticking place,”
 Stuck a large knife into a grunter's throat :—
 A kind of murder that the law's rebuke
 Seldom condemns by shake of its peruke,
 Showing the little sympathy of *big-wigs*
 With *pig-wigs !*

The swine—poor wretch !—with nobody to speak for it,
 And beg its life, resolved to have a squeak for it ;

So—like the fabled swan—died singing out,
 And, thus, there issued from the farmer's yard
 A note that notified without a card,
 An invitation to the evening rout.

And when the time came duly,—“At the close of
 The day,” as Beattie has it, “when the ham—”
 Bacon, and pork were ready to dispose of,
 And pettitoes and chit'lings too, to crann,—
 Walked in the H. N. B. and double S.'s,
 All in appropriate and swinish dresses,
 For lo! it is a fact, and not a joke,
 Although the Muse might fairly jest upon it,
 They came—each “Pig-faced Lady,” in that bonnet
 We call a *poke*.



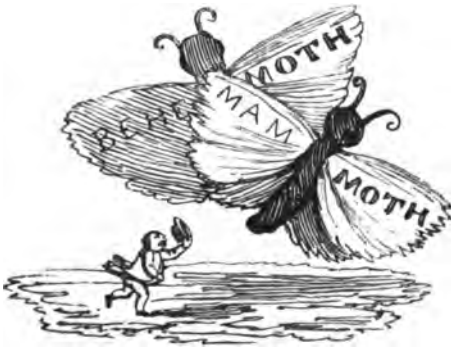
BREAKING UP, NO HOLIDAY.

The Members all assembled thus, a rare woman
 At pork and poetry was chosen *chairwoman* ;—
 In fact, the bluest of the Blues, Miss Ikey,
 Whose whole pronunciation was so piggy,
 She always named the authoress of “*Psyche*”—
 As Mrs. Tiggey!

And now arose a question of some moment,—
 What author for a lecture was the richer,
 Bacon or Hogg? there were no votes for Beaumont,
 But some for *Fletcher* ;
 While others, with a more sagacious reasoning,
 Proposed another work,
 And thought their pork
 Would prove more relishing from Thomson's Season-ing!

But, practised in Shakspearian readings daily,—
 O! Miss Macaulay! Shakspeare at Hog's Norton!—
 Miss Anne Priscilla Isabella Grayley
 Selected *him* that evening to smort on.
 In short, to make our story not a big tale,
 Just fancy her exerting
 Her talents, and converting
 The Winter's Tale to something like a pig-tale!
 Her sister auditory,
 All sitting round, with grave and learned faces,
 Were very plauditory,
 Of course, and clapped her at the proper places;
 Till fanned at once by fortune and the Muse,
 She thought herself the blessedest of Blues.
 But Happiness, alas! has blights of ill,
 And Pleasure's bubbles in the air explode;—
 There is no travelling through life but still
 The heart will meet with breakers on the road!

With that peculiar voice
 Heard only from Hog's Norton throats and noses,
 Miss G., with Perdita, was making choice
 Of buds and blossoms for her summer posies,
 When coming to that line, where Proserpine
 Lets fall her flowers from the wain of Dis;
 Imagine this—
 Uprose on his hind legs old Farmer Grayley,
 Grunting this question for the club's digestion,
 "Do *Dis's Waggon* go from the Ould Báaley?"



THE ACCIDENT.

"We thought she never would ride it out, and expected her every moment to go to pieces."—NAVAL SKETCH BOOK.

"THERE you go, you villain—that's the way to run over people! There's a little boy in the road—you'd better run over *him*, for you won't call out to him, no, not you, for a brute as you are! You think poor people an't common Christians,—you grind the faces of the poor, you do. Ay, cut away, do—you'll be Wilful Murdered by the Crowner some day! I'll keep up with you and tell the gentlemen on the top! Women wasn't created for you to gallop over like dirt, and scrunch their bones into compound fractions.—Don't get into his coach, ma'am! he's no respect for the sects—he'll lay you up in the hospital for months and months, he will, the inhumane hard-hearted varmin!"

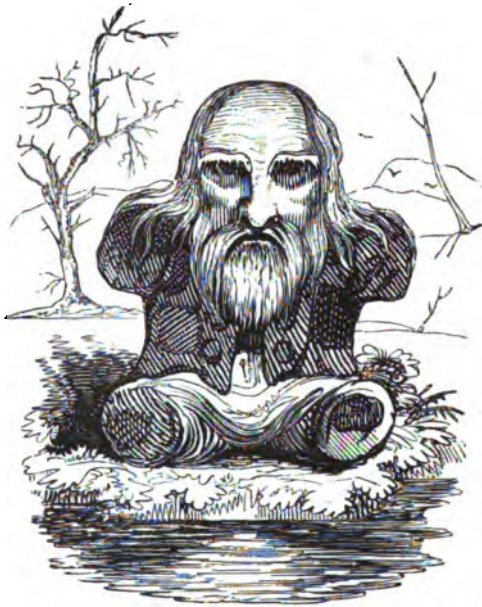
The speaker, a little active old woman, had run parallel with the coach some fifty yards, when it stopped to take up a lady who was as prompt as ladies generally are, in giving dinner instructions to the cook, and setting domestic lessons to the housemaid, besides having to pack a parcel, to hunt for her clogs, to exchange the cook's umbrella for her own, and to kiss all her seven children. Mat, thus reduced to a door-mat, was unable to escape the volley which the Virago still poured in upon him; but he kept a most imperturbable face and silence till he was fairly seated again on the box.

"There, gentlemen," said he, pointing at the assailant with his whip; "that's what I call gratitude. Look at her figure now, and look at what it was six months ago. She never had a waist till I run over her."

"I hope, friend, thee art not very apt to make these experiments on the human figure," said an elderly quaker on the roof. "Not by no means," answered Mat; "I have done very little in the accidental line—nothing worth mentioning. All the years I've been on the road, I've never come to a kill on the spot; them sort o'things belongs to Burrowes, as drives over one with the Friend in Need, and he's got quite a name for it. He's called 'Fatal Jack.' To be sure, now I think of it, I was the innocent cause of death to one person, and she was rather out of the common." "You fractured her limbs, p'r'aps?" inquired one of the outsiders. "No such thing," said Mat, "there was nothing fractious in the case; as to running over her limbs, it was the impossible thing with a woman born without legs and arms." "You must allude to Miss Biffin," said the outsider—"the Norfolk phenomenon."

"Begging your pardon," said Mat, "it was before the Phenomenon was started. It was one of the regular old long-bodied double-coaches, and I drove it myself. Very uneasy they were; for springs at that

time hadn't much spring in 'em ; and nobody on earth had thought of Macadamizing Piccadilly. You could always tell whether you were on the stones, or off, and no mistake. I was a full hour behind time—for coaches in them days wasn't called by such names as Chronometers and Regulators, and good reason why. So I'd been plying a full hour after time, without a soul inside, except a barrel of natives for a customer down the road : at last, a hackney-coach pulls up, and Jarvey and the waterman lifts Miss Biffin into my drag. Well, off I sets with a light load enough, and to fetch up time astonished my team into a bit of a gallop—and it wasn't the easiest thing in the world to keep one's seat on the box, the coach jumped so



FANCY PORTRAIT—OLD SARUM.

over the stones. Well, away I goes, springing my rattle till I come to the gate at Hyde Park Corner, where one of my insides was waiting for me—and not very sorry to pull up, for the breath was almost shook out of my bellows. Well, I opens the door, and what do I see lying together at the bottom of the coach, but Miss Biffin bruised unsensible, and the head out of the barrel of oysters !”

“ I do hope, friend,” said the elderly Quaker, “ that thou didst replace them on their seats.”

“ To be sure I did,” answered Mat, “ and the oysters took it quietly enough, without opening their mouths ; but it didn't go quite so smooth with Miss B. She talked of an action for damages, and consulted counsel ; but, Lord bless you, when it came to taking steps agin us, she hadn't a leg to stand upon !”



DICKY BIRDS.

SONNET.

TO LORD WHARNCLIFFE, ON HIS GAME-BILL.

I'm fond of partridges, I'm fond of snipes,
 I'm fond of black cocks, for they're very good cocks —
 I'm fond of wild ducks, and I'm fond of woodcocks,
 And grouse that set up such strange moorish pipes.
 I'm fond of pheasants with their splendid stripes—
 I'm fond of hares, whether from Whig or Tory—
 I'm fond of capercaillies in their glory,—
 Teal, widgeons, plovers, birds in all their types :
 All these are in your care, Law-giving Peer,
 And when you next address your Lordly Babel,
 Some clause put in your Bill, precise and clear,
 With due and fit provision to enable
 A man that holds all kinds of game so dear
 To keep, like Crockford, a good Gaming Table.

LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

No. I.

Thus was, I sat upon a lofty stool,
 At lofty desk, and with a clerkly pen
 Began each morning, at the stroke of ten,
 To write in Bell and Co.'s commercial school;
 In Warnford Court, a shady nook and cool,
 The favourite retreat of merchant men;
 Yet would my quill turn vagrant even then,
 And take stray dips in the Castalian pool.
 Now double entry—now a flowery trope—
 Mingling poetic honey with trade wax—
 Blogg, Brothers—Milton—Grote and Prescott—Pope—
 Bristles—and Hogg—Glyn Mills and Halifax—
 Rogers—and Towgood—Hemp—the Bard of Hope—
 Barilla—Byron—Tallow—Burns—and Flax!

MY commercial career was a brief one, and deserved only a sonnet in commemoration. The fault, however, lay not with the muses. To commit poetry indeed is a crime ranking next to forgery in the counting-house code; and an Ode or a song dated Copthall Court, would be as certainly noted and protested as a dishonoured bill. I have even heard of an unfortunate clerk, who lost his situation through being tempted by the jingle to subscribe under an account current

"Excepted all errors
 Made by John Ferrers,"

his employer emphatically declaring that Poetry and Logwood could never coexist in the same head. The principal of *our* firm on the contrary had a turn for the Belles Lettres, and would have winked with both eyes at verses which did not intrude into an invoice or confuse their figures with those of the Ledger. The true cause of my retirement from Commercial affairs was more prosaic. My constitution, though far from venerable, had begun to show symptoms of decay: my appetite failed, and its principal creditor, the stomach, received only an ounce in the pound. My spirits daily became a shade lower—my flesh was held less and less firmly—in short, in the language of the price current, it was expected that I must "submit to a decline." The Doctors who were called in, declared imperatively that a mercantile life would be the death of me—that by so much sitting, I was hatching a whole brood of complaints, and that no Physician would insure me as a merchantman from the Port of London to the next Spring. The Exchange, they said, was against me, and as the Exchange itself used to ring with "Life let us Cherish," there was no resisting the advice. I was ordered to abstain from Ashes, Bristles, and Petersburg yellow candle, and to indulge in a more generous diet—to take regular country exercise instead of the Russia Walk, and to go to bed early even on Foreign Post nights. Above all I was recommended change of air, and in particular the bracing breezes of the

North. Accordingly I was soon shipped, as per advice, in a Scotch Smack, which "*smacked* through the breeze," as Dibdin sings so merrily, that on the fourth morning we were in sight of the prominent old Steeple of "Bonny Dundee."

My Biographer, in the Book of Gema, alludes to this voyage, and infers from some verses—"Gadzooks! must one swear to the truth of a song?"—that it sickened me of the sea. Nothing can be more unfounded. The marine terrors and disagreeables enumerated in the poem, belong to a Miss Oliver, and not to me, who regard the ocean with a natural and national partiality. Constitutionally proof against that nausea which extorts so many wave-offerings from the afflicted, I am as constant as Captain Basil Hall himself, in my regard "for the element that never tires." Some washy fellows, it is true, *Fresh-men* from Cambridge and the like, affect to prefer river or even pond water for their aquatics—the tame ripple to the wild wave, the prose to "the poetry of motion." But give *me* "the multitudinous sea," resting or rampant, with all its variable moods and changeable colouring. Methought, when pining under the *maladie du pays*, on a hopeless, sick, bed, inland, in Germany, it would have relieved those yearnings but to look across an element so instinct with English associations, that it would seem rather to unite me to than sever me from my native island. And, truly, when I did at last stand on the brink of the dark blue sea, my home-sick wishes seemed already half fulfilled, and it was not till many months afterwards that I actually crossed the Channel. But I am, besides, personally under deep obligations to the great deep. Twice, indeed, in a calm and in a storm, has my life been threatened with a salt-water catastrophe; but that quarrel has long been made up, and forgiven, in gratitude for the blessing and bracing influence of the breezes that smack of the ocean brine. Dislike the sea!—With what delight aforetime used I to swim in it, to dive in it, to sail on it! Ask honest Tom Woodgate, of Hastings, who made of me, for a landsman, a tolerable boatsman. Even now, when do I feel so easy in body, and so cheerful in spirit, as when walking hard by the surge, listening, as if expecting some whisperings of friendly but distant voices, in its eternal murmuring. Sick of the sea! If ever I have a water-drinking fancy, it is a wish that the ocean brine had been sweet, or sour instead of salt, so as to be potable; for what can be more tempting to the eye as a draught, than the pure fluid, almost invisible with clearness, as it lies in some sandy scoop, or rocky hollow, a true "Diamond of the Desert," to say nothing of the same living liquid in its effervescing state, when it sparkles up, hissing and bubbling in the ship's wake—the very Champagne of water! Above all, what intellectual solar and soothing syrup have I not derived from the mere contemplation of the boundless main,—the most effectual and innocent of mental sedatives, and often called in aid of that practical philosophy it has been my wont to recommend in the present work. For whenever, owing to physical depression, or a discordant state of the nerves, my personal vexations and cares, real or imaginary, become importu-

nate in my thoughts, and acquire, by morbid exaggeration, an undue prominence and importance, what remedy then so infallible as to mount to my solitary seat in the look-out, and thence gaze awhile across the broad expanse, till in the presence of that vast horizon, my proper troubles shrink to their true proportions, and I look on the whole race of men, with their insignificant pursuits, as so many shrimpers! But this is a digression—We have made the harbour of Dundee, and it is time to step ashore in “stout and original Scotland,” as it is called by Doctor Adolphus Wagner, in his German edition of Burns*.

Like other shipments, I had been regularly addressed to the care of a consignee;—but the latter, not anxious, probably, to take charge of a hobbledehoy, yet at the same time unwilling to incur the reproach of having a relative in the same town and not under the same roof, peremptorily declined the office. Nay, more, she pronounced against me a capital sentence, so far as returning to the place from whence I came, and even proceeded to bespeak my passage and reship my luggage. Judging from such vigorous measures the temper of my customer, instead of remonstrating, I affected resignation, and went with a grave face through the farce of a formal leave-taking; I even went on board, but it was in company with a stout fellow who relanded my baggage; and thus, whilst my transporter imagined, good easy soul! that the rejected article was sailing round St. Abb’s Head, or rolling off the Bass, he was actually safe and snug in Dundee, quietly laughing in his sleeve with the Law at his back. I have a confused recollection of meeting, some three or four days afterwards, a female cousin on her road to school, who at sight of me turned suddenly round, and galloped off towards home with the speed of a scared heifer.

My first concern was now to look out for some comfortable roof, under which “for a consideration” one would be treated as one of the family. I entered accordingly into a treaty with a respectable widower, who had no sons of his own, but in spite of the most undeniable

* The Baron Dupotet de Sennevoy and Doctor Elliotson, will doubtless be glad to be informed, that the inspired Scottish Poet was a believer in their magnetismal mysteries—at least in the article of reading a book behind the back. In a letter to Mr. Robert Ainslie, is the following passage in proof. “I have no doubt but scholarship may be caught, as a Scotchman catches the itch—by friction. How else can you account for it that born blockheads, by mere dint of *handling* books, grow so wise that even they themselves are equally convinced of and surprised at their own parts? I once carried that philosophy to that degree, that in a knot of country folks, who had a library amongst them, and who, to the honour of their good sense, made me facetum in the business; one of our members, a little wiselook, squat, upright, jabbering body of a tailor, I advised him instead of turning over the leaves, *to bind the book on his back*. Johnnie took the hint, and as our meetings were every fourth Saturday, and Pricklouse having a good Scots mile to walk in coming, and of course another in returning, Bodkin was sure to lay his hand on some heavy quarto or ponderous folio; with and under which, wrapt up in his grey plaid, he grew wise as he grew weary all the way home. He carried this so far, that an old musty Hebrew Concordance, which we had in a present from a neighbouring priest, *by mere dint of applying it as doctors do a blistering plaster, between his shoulders*, Stich, in a dozen pilgrimages, acquired as much rational theology as the said priest had done by forty years’ perusal of its pages.”

references, and a general accordance as to terms, there occurred a mysterious hitch in the arrangement, arising from a whimsical prepossession which only came afterwards to my knowledge—namely, that an English laddie, instead of supping parrich, would inevitably require a rump-steak to his breakfast! My next essay was more successful; and ended in my being regularly installed in a boarding-house, kept by a Scotchwoman, who was not so sure of my being a beefeater. She was a sort of widow, with a seafaring husband “as good as dead,” and in her appearance not unlike a personification of *rouge et noir*, with her red eyes, her red face, her yellow teeth, and her black velvet cap. The first day of my term happened to be also the first day of the new year, and on stepping from my bed-room, I encountered our Hostess—like a witch and her familiar spirit—with a huge bottle of whiskey in one hand, and a glass in the other. It was impossible to decline the dram she pressed upon me, and very good it proved, and undoubtedly strong, seeing that for some time I could only muse its praise in expressive silence, and indeed, I was only able to speak with “a *small still* voice” for several minutes afterwards. Such was my characteristic introduction to the Land of Cakes, where I was destined to spend the greater part of two years, under circumstances likely to materially influence the colouring and filling up of my future life.

To properly estimate the dangers of my position, imagine a boy of fifteen, at the Nore, as it were, of life, thus left dependent on his own pilotage for a safe voyage to the Isle of Man; or conceive a juvenile Telemachus, without a Mentor, brought suddenly into the perilous neighbourhood of Calypso and her enchantments. It will hardly be expected, that from some half-dozen of young bachelors, there came forth any solemn voice didactically warning me in the strain of the sage Imlac to the Prince of Abyssinia. In fact, I recollect receiving but one solitary serious admonition, and that was from a she cousin of ten years old, that the Spectator I was reading on a Sunday morning, “was no the Bible.” For there was still much of this pious rigour extant in Scotland, though a gentleman was no longer committed to Tolboothia Infelix, for an unseasonable promenade during church time. It was once, however, my fortune to witness a sample of the *ancien régime* at an evening party composed chiefly of young and rather fashionable persons, when lo! like an Anachronism confounding times past with times present, there came out of some corner an antique figure, with quaintly cut blue suit and three-cornered hat, not unlike a very old Greenwich Pensioner, who taking his stand in front of the circle, deliberately asked a blessing of formidable length on the thin bread and butter, the short cake, the marmalade, and the Pekoe tea. And here, *en passant*, it may be worth while to remark, for the benefit of our Agnews and Plumtres, as illustrating the intrinsic value of such sanctimonious pretension, that the elder Scotland, so renowned for armlong graces, and redundant preachments, and abundant psalm-singing, has yet bequeathed to posterity a singularly liberal collection

of songs, the reverie of Divine and Moral, such as "can only be sung when the punch-bowl has done its work and the wild wit is set free *."

To return to my boarding-house, which, with all its chairs, had none appropriated to a Professor of Moral Philosophy. In the absence of such a monitor, nature, fortunately for myself, had gifted me with a taste for reading, which the languor of ill-health, inclining me to sedentary habits, helped materially to encourage. Whatever books, good, bad, or indifferent, happened to come within my reach, were perused with the greatest avidity, and however indiscriminate the course, the balance of the impressions thence derived was decidedly in favour of the allegorical lady, so wisely preferred by Hercules when he had to make his election between Virtue and Vice. Of the material that ministered to this appetite, I shall always regret that I did not secure, as a literary curiosity—a collection of halfpenny Ballads, the property of a Grocer's apprentice, and which contained, amongst other matters, a new version of Chevy Chase, wherein the victory was transferred to the Scots. In the mean time, this bookishness acquired for me a sort of reputation for scholarship amongst my comrades, and in consequence my pen was sometimes called into requisition, in divers and sometimes delicate cases. Thus for one party, whom the Gods had not made poetical, I composed a love-letter in verse; for another, whose education had been neglected, I carried on a correspondence with reference to a tobacco manufactory in which he was a sleeping partner; whilst, on a graver occasion, the hand now peacefully setting down these reminiscences, was employed in penning a most horrible peremptory invitation to pistols and twelve paces, till one was nicked. The facts were briefly these. A spicy-tempered captain of Artillery, in a dispute with a superior officer, had rashly cashiered himself by either throwing up or tearing up his commission. In this dilemma he arrived at Dundee, to assume a post in the Customs, which had been procured for him by the interest of his friends. To his infinite indignation, however, he found that instead of a lucrative surveyorship, he had been appointed a simple tide-waiter! and magnificent was the rage with which he tore, trampled, and danced on the little official paper book wherein he had been set to tick off, bale by bale, a cargo of "infernal hemp." Unluckily, on the very day of this revelation, a forgery was perpetrated on the local Bank, and those sapient Dogberies, the town officers, saw fit to take up our persecuted ex-captain, on the simple ground that he was the last stranger who had entered the town. Rendered almost frantic by this second insult, nothing would serve him in his paroxysm but calling somebody out, and he pitched at once on the cashier of the defrauded Bank. As the state of his nerves would not permit him to write, he entreated me earnestly to draw up a defiance, which I performed, at the expense of an agony of suppressed laughter, merely to imagine the effect of such a missive on the man of business—a respectable powdered, bald, pudgy, pacific little body, with no more idea of "going out" than a cow in a field of clover. I forget the precise result—but certainly there was no duel

* A. Cunningham.

ODE TO PERRY,

THE INVENTOR OF THE PATENT PERRYAN PEN.

"In this good work, Penn appears the greatest, usefulest of God's instruments. Firm and unbending when the exigency requires it—soft and yielding when rigid inflexibility is not a desideratum,—fluent and flowing, at need, for eloquent rapidity—slow and retentive in cases of deliberation—never spluttering or by amplification going wide of the mark—never splitting, if it can be helped, with any one, but ready to wear itself out rather in their service—all things as it were with all men,—ready to embrace the hand of Jew, Christian, or Mahometan,—heavy with the German, light with the Italian, oblique with the English, upright with the Roman, backward in coming forward with the Hebrew,—in short, for flexibility, amiability, constitutional durability, general ability, and universal utility, it would be hard to find a parallel to the great Penn."

PERRY'S CHARACTERISTICS OF A SETTLER.

I.

O! PATENT, Pen-inventing Perrian Perry!
 Friend of the Goose and Gander,
 That now unplucked of their quill-feathers wander,
 Cackling, and gabbling, dabbling, making merry,
 About the happy Fen,
 Untroubled for one penny-worth of pen,
 For which they chant thy praise all Britain through,
 From Goose-Green unto Gander-Cleugh!—

II.

Friend to all Author-kind—
 Whether of Poet or of Proser,—
 Thou art composer unto the composer
 Of pens,—yea, patent vehicles for Mind
 To carry it on jaunts, or more extensive
Perrygrinations through the realms of Thought;
 Each plying from the Comic to the Pensive,
 An Omnibus of intellectual sort!

III.

Modern Improvements in their course we feel;
 And while to iron-railroads heavy wares,
 Dry goods, and human bodies, pay their fares,
 Mind flies on steel,
 To Penrith, Penrhyn, even to Penzance.
 Nay, penetrates, perchance,
 To Pennsylvania, or, without rash vaunts,
 To where the Penguin haunts!

IV.

In times bygone, when each man cut his quill
 With little Perryan skill,
 What horrid, awkward, bungling tools of trade
 Appear'd the writing implements home-made!

What Pens were aliced, hew'd, hack'd, and haggled out,
 Slit or unslit, with many a various snout,
 Aquiline, Roman, crooked, square, and snubby,
 Stumpy and stubby ;
 Some capable of ladye-billets neat,
 Some only fit for Ledger-keeping Clerk,
 And some to grub down Peter Stubbs his mark,
 Or smudge through some illegible receipt ;
 Others in florid caligraphic plans,
 Equal to Ships, and wiggy Heads, and Swans !

v.

To try in any common inkstands, then,
 With all their miscellaneous stocks,
 To find a decent pen,
 Was like a dip into a lucky box :
 You drew,—and got one very curly,
 And split like endive in some hurly-burly ;
 The next, unslit, and square at end, a spade ;
 The third, incipient pop-gun, not yet made ;
 The fourth a broom ; the fifth of no avail,
 Turn'd upwards, like a rabbit's tail ;
 And last, not least, by way of a relief,
 A stump that Master Richard, James, or John,
 Had tried his candle-cookery upon,
 Making “ roast-beef ! ”

vi.

Not so thy Perryan Pens !
 True to their M's and N's,
 They do not with a whizzing zig-zag split,
 Straddle, turn up their noses, sulk, and spit,
 Or drop large dots,
 Huge fullstop blots,
 Where even semicolons were unfit.
 They will not frizzle up, or, broom-like, drudge
 In sable sludge—
 Nay, bought at proper “ Patent Perryan ” shops,
 They write good grammar, sense, and mind their stops ;
 Compose both prose and verse, the sad or merry—
 For when the Editor, whose pains compile
 The grown-up Annual, or the Juvenile,
 Vaunteth his articles, not women's, men's,
 But lays “ by the most celebrated Pens,”
 What means he but thy Patent Pens, my Perry ?

vii.

Pleasant they are to feel !
 So firm ! so flexible ! composed of steel

So finely temper'd—fit for tenderest Miss
 To give her passion breath,
 Or Kings to sign the warrant stern of death—
 But their supremest merit still is this,
 Write with them all your days,
 Tragedy, Comedy, all kinds of plays—
 (No Dramatist should ever be without 'em)—
 And, just conceive the bliss,—
 There is so little of the gooses about 'em,
 One's safe from any hiss!

VIII.

Ah! who can paint that first great awful night,
 Big with a blessing or a blight,
 When the poor Dramatist, all fume and fret,
 Fuss, fidget, fancy, fever, funking, fright,
 Ferment, fault-fearing, faintness—more f's yet :
 Flush'd, frigid, flurried, flinching, fitful, flat,—
 Add famish'd, fuddled, and fatigued, to that ;
 Funeral, fate-foreboding—sits in doubt,
 Or rather doubt with hope, a wretched marriage,
 To see his Play upon the stage come out ;
 No stage to him! it is Thalia's carriage,
 And he is sitting on the spikes behind it,
 Striving to look as if he didn't mind it!

IX.

Witness how Beazley vents upon his hat
 His nervousness, meanwhile his fate is dealt :
 He kneads, moulds, pummels it, and sits it flat,
 Squeezes and twists it up, until the felt
 That went a Beaver in, comes out a Rat!
 Miss Mitford had mis-givings, and in fright,
 Upon Rienzi's night,
 Gnaw'd up one long kid glove, and all her bag,
 Quite to a rag.
 Knowles has confess'd he trembled as for life,
 Afraid of his own " Wife ;"
 Poole told me that he felt a monstrous pail
 Of water backing him, all down his spine,—
 " The ice-brook's temper"—pleasant to the chine !—
 For fear that Simpson and his Co. should fail.
 Did Lord Glengall not frame a mental pray'r,
 Wishing devoutly he was Lord knows-where ?
 Nay, did not Jerrold, in enormous drouth,
 While doubtful of Nell Gwynne's eventful luck,
 Squeeze out and suck
 More oranges with his one fevered mouth,
 Than Nelly had to hawk from North to South ?

Yea, Buckstone, changing colour like a mullet,
 Refused, on an occasion, once, twice, thrice,
 From his best friend, an ice,
 Lest it should hiss in his own red-hot gullet.

X.

Doth punning Peake not sit upon the points
 Of his own jokes, and shake in all his joints,
 During their trial ?

"Tis past denial.

And does not Pocock, feeling, like a peacock,
 All eyes upon him turn to very meacock ?
 And does not Planché, tremulous and blank,
 Meanwhile his personages tread the boards,
 Seem goaded by sharp swords,
 And call'd upon himself to "walk the plank ?"
 As for the Dances, Charles and George to boot
 What have they more
 Of ease and rest, for sole of either foot,
 Than bear that capers on a hotted floor ?

XI.

Thus pending—does not Mathews, at sad shift
 For voice, croak like a frog in waters fenny ?—
 Serle seem upon the surly seas adrift ?—
 And Kenny think he's going to Kilkenny ?—
 Haynes Bayly feel Old ditto, with the note
 Of Cotton in his ear, a mortal grapple

About his arms, and Adam's apples
 Big as a fine Dutch codling in his throat ?
 Did Rodwell, on his chimney-piece, desire
 Or not to take a jump into the fire ?
 Did Wade feel as composed as music can ?
 And was not Bernard his own Nervous Man ?
 Lastly, don't Farley, a bewildered elf,
 Quake at the Pantomime he loves to cater,
 And ere its changes ring, transform himself ?—
 A frightful mug of human delf ?
 A spirit-bottle—empty of "the cratur" ?
 A leaden-platter ready for the shelf ?
 A thunderstruck dumb-waiter ?

XII.

To clench the fact,
 Myself, once guilty, of one small rash act,
 Committed at the Surrey
 Quite in a hurry,
 Felt all this flurry
 Corporal worry.

And spiritual scurry,
 Dram-devil—attic curry !
 All going well,
 From prompter's bell,
 Until befel



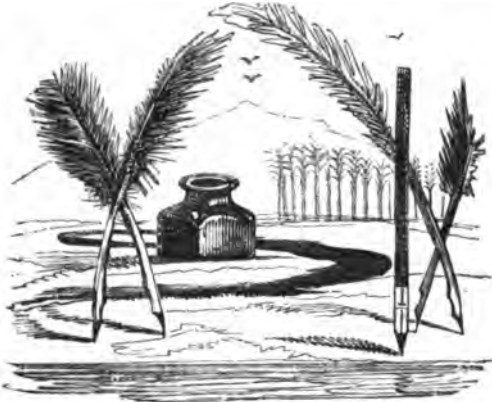
HIS-TRIONICS.

A hissing at some dull imperfect dunce—
 There's no denying,
 I felt in all four elements at once !
 My head was swimming, while my arms were flying,
 My legs for running—all the rest was frying !

XIII.

Thrice welcome, then, for this peculiar use
 Thy pens so innocent of goose !
 For this shall Dramatists, when they make merry,
 Discarding Port and Sherry,
 Drink—"Perry !"
 Perry, whose fame, pennated, is let loose
 To distant lands,
 Perry, admitted on all hands,
 Text, running, German, Roman,
 For Patent Perryans approach'd by no man !
 And when, ah me ! far distant be the hour !
 Pluto shall call thee to his gloomy bow'r,

Many shall be thy pensive mourners, many !
 And Penury itself shall club its penny,
 To raise thy monument in lofty place ;
 Higher than York's, or any son of War ;
 Whilst Time all meaner effigies shall bury,
 On due pentagonal base,
 Shall stand the Parian, Perryan, perriwig'd Perry
 Perch'd on the proudest peak of Penman Mawr !



"PENNSYLVANIA."

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

THE CHECK-STRING.

THOSE who have travelled much, as inside passengers in a long stage-coach, whilst they admired the facility of starting off with one, must have occasionally remarked the difficulty of stopping with it, just at the point where it would be convenient to be set down. An ailing man may not have voice enough to lock all the four wheels at once ; and should he be, as is probable, a nervous man besides, he will not without some hesitation make up his mind to request of some stentorian neighbour the loan of a set of lungs. In a six-inside coach, the timid occupier of a middle seat has no chance whatever, unless to take advantage of the first casual halt, or an upset. Even in the four-inside vehicle, a weakly, shy traveller's case is equally hopeless, supposing the passengers on the roof to have properly tucked up the skirts of their great and little coats. To a bold, brassy fellow even, with a tongue like a trumpet, it is anything but an easy affair to say, woh ! with any effect to a Dart that is flying at twelve miles within the hour. The coachman, who ought to hear, will not : the horses hear but do not understand : the coach cannot hear : the outsiders admire

the pace too much, to hear anything but the patter of the hoofs. At last, when he has succeeded, the stout gentleman with the big voice, who wants to run home, finds generally that he has a good hundred yards or two allowed him of law, measured, as the Irish always mete it out, *backwards*.

It was after a more serious dilemma,—for a little nervous bashful man with a little squeaking voice like Punch's, though he was not so fond of exhibiting it, after suffering himself to be carried two miles beyond his house, had at last fractured the small bone of his leg, by opening the door in despair and jumping out,—that a discussion ensued in the Brighton "Age" as to the best means of being let out to order. Many different methods had been proposed before the little florid plump gentleman in black delivered his opinion, with his back to the horses.

"For my own part, ratiocinating on hackney-coaches, I should hypothetically propose check-strings."

"Lord forbid!" exclaimed a voice from the other seat, on the same side. Nobody remembered to have heard that voice before, from London to Crawley Common.

The friend to check-strings seemed thunderstruck by the explosion. He screwed himself round to take a look at his neighbour—didn't like him at all—turned back again—stole another look—liked him worse than before—then looked for the third time, and hated him. His seat became uneasy—he had found a choke-pear, very like a hedgehog, and very like a bull terrier, he could neither kill it nor let it alone. It clung to him like a burr which you pull off your hat that it may stick on your right-hand glove, thence to be transferred to the left-hand one, and so on alternately till you finally get rid of it on your pantaloons. The "Lord forbid," like Macbeth's "Amen," stuck in his throat—it buzzed in his head like a fly in a horse's ear. However, he held his uncomfortable peace till silence itself became insupportable. At last he broke out:

"Humph! Doubtful as I am whether common coach conversation ought to be tied by strict rules of logic, still I cannot suppress the remark, that when one gentleman syllogistically brings forward a proposition of check-strings, for another gentleman to cry 'Lord forbid,' does not appear to my mind to be following a regular line of argument. But perhaps the forbidding gentleman will have the goodness to explain the colloquial anomaly."

The forbidding gentleman thus appealed to, good-humouredly apologised. It was a mere slip of the tongue, he said: the words escaped from him involuntarily; but his fellow-traveller would probably excuse him, in consideration of the fact, that on account of a check-string he had lost the only hope of affluence he ever had in his life.

"Indeed, Sir! why then I excuse the colloquial irregularity with all my heart," said the warm man, putting both his hands into his pockets; "but, upon my life, Sir, it must have been a very extraordinary consequence."

"A very simple one, Sir," returned the other. "The facts are

briefly these ; my maternal uncle had lately returned from India with an immense fortune, a handsome portion of which was my own in expectance, on no worse authority than his own promise. He was a widower with an only daughter, with whom, and himself, I one evening found myself in the carriage, on our way to a dinner-party given by a nobleman, then intimately connected with East Indian affairs. We were very late : and my uncle, the Nabob, who rode backward, was extremely fidgetty, insisting that we were going beyond our destination. Every other minute he was thrusting his head out of the front window to dispute with the coachman, who, in truth, was a little less sober, and more obstinate, than became him. And so we went onwards, till my uncle's temper, always irritable, was worked up almost to combustion. In such moods he was rather apt to give vent to serio-comic ebullitions ; and my ill-fortune has gifted me with risible muscles of exquisite sensibility. I was in the very midst of an ill-smothered laugh, when my fair cousin, giving me a sudden push, and then clasping her hands, exclaimed that we were going past the house. I instantly jumped up and made for the check-string, but with no more effect than if I had pulled at anything else. Gracious Heaven ! I had better have pulled the string of a shower-bath, full of scalding hot water, to pour itself on my devoted head !—By that one infernal pull Sir, I pulled myself out of half a plum ! ”

“ A sad pull indeed, Sir ! ” said the florid plump man in black. “ But—humph—begging your pardon, Sir, I cannot really derive any such deduction from the premises.”

“ A moment's patience, Sir,” continued the unfortunate coach-stopper. “ Lord, forbid check-strings,—Lord forbid all strings whatever ! I was in despair, Sir. I could have sunk through the bottom of the carriage !—I believe I went down on my knees. I said everything I could think of—and begged fifty thousand pardons, but my uncle was obdurate.

‘ Pray don't mention it,’ he said, in his most caustic tone.—‘ it has saved me fifty thousand pounds. It's a very good practical joke, although it will not read quite so well in my will.’ ”



A CHINESE PUZZLE.

"But surely, Sir," objected the plump man, "your uncle never acted on a conclusion, jumped to, as I may say, by such very imperfect inferences?"

"You did not know my uncle, Sir," answered the unfortunate kinsman, with a deep sigh. "But you shall judge of his character from the clause itself:—Item, I give and bequeath to my jocose nephew, Arthur Carruthers Oliphant, *for pulling his uncle's pigtail*, the sum of one shilling, sterling."



"A SPLIT WITH DUCKROW."

THE UNDYING ONE.

"He shall not die."—*Uncle Toby.*

I.

Of all the verses, grave or gay,
That ever wiled an hour,
I never knew a mingled lay
At once so sweet and sour,
As that by Ladye Norton spun,
And christen'd "The Undying One."

II.

I'm very certain that she drew
A portrait, when she penn'd
That picture of a perfect Jew,
Whose days will never end:
I'm sure it means my Uncle Lunn,
For he is an Undying One.

III.

Those twenty years he's been the same,
 And may be twenty more ;
 But Memory's Pleasures only claim
 His features for a score ;
 Yet in that time the change is none—
 The image of th' Undying One !

IV.

They say our climate's damp and cold,
 And lungs are tender things ;
 My uncle's much abroad and old,
 But when " King Cole " he sings,
 A Stentor's voice, enough to stun,
 Declares him an Undying One.

V.

Others have died from needle-pricks,
 And very slender blows ;
 From accidental slips or kicks,
 Or bleedings at the nose ;
 Or choked by grape-stone, or a bun—
 But he is the Undying One !



AN INN-QUEST.

VI.

A soldier once, he once endur'd
 A bullet in the breast—

THE UNDYING ONE.

It might have kill'd—but only cured
 An asthma in the chest ;
 He was not to be slain with gun,
 For he is the Undying One.

VII.

In water once too long he dived,
 And all supposed him beat,
 He seem'd so cold—but he revived
 To have another heat,
 Just when we thought his race was run,
 And came in fresh—th' Undying One !

VIII.

To look at Meux's once he went,
 And tumbled in the vat—
 And greater Jobs their lives have spent
 In lesser boils than that,—
 He left the beer quite underdone,
 No bier to the Undying One !

IX.

He's been from strangulation black,
 From bile, of yellow hue,
 Scarlet from fever's hot attack,
 From cholera morbus blue ;
 Yet with these dyes—to use a pun—
 He still is the Undying One.

X.

He rolls in wealth, yet has no wife
 His Three per Cents. to share ;
 He never married in his life,
 Or flirted with the fair ;
 The sex he made a point to shun,
 For beauty an Undying One.

XI.

To judge him by the present signs,
 The future by the past,
 So quick he lives, so slow declines,
 The Last Man won't be last,
 But buried underneath a ton
 Of mould by the Undying One !

XII.

Next Friday week, his birth-day boast,
 His ninetieth year he spends,
 And I shall have his health to toast
 Amongst expectant friends,
 And wish—it really sounds like fun—
 Long life to the Undying One !

A GIPSY PARTY.

"Come stain your cheeks with nut or berry,
You'll find a gipsy's life is merry."—GIPSY GLASS.

I do not know what imp of mischief could have put such a fancy into the dreaming head of Mrs. Carnaby, except Puck—but on a fine morning in August she awoke with a determination to get up a gipsy party, and have a day's pleasure "under the green-wood tree." She opened her mind therefore to Mr. C——, as soon as he had opened his eyes, and before breakfast they had arranged the whole affair. Hornsey Wood was stale, and Norwood was rejected, for the very paradoxical reason that it was such a haunt for Gipsies; and Mrs. Carnaby meant to take even her youngest children. After a good deal of debating, Hainault was the Forest fixed upon;—it lay so handy to Whitechapel, and the redletter day was marked to be the Wednesday in the following week, because then Master Carnaby would only lose half a day's schooling.

Accordingly, on the Wednesday, the Dryads of Wanstead were startled by the rumble of a well-laden tax-cart up that avenue which once led to a princely mansion; and the vehicle at last stopped, and set down its insides and outsides just where the lines of trees branch off into another verdant alley. "It was," Mrs. Carnaby remarked, "a delicious green spot, and very handy to the Green Man for getting porter." Mrs. C—— was assisted out of the cart; and then Miss C—— was lifted out by Mr. Hodges; and then the children were lifted out by the Mother; and then the nursemaid, an awkward plain-looking girl that nobody helped, tumbled out. In the mean time, Master C—— jumped out, all agog after blackberrying and bird-nesting; and had swarmed half up a tree before his mother's vigilance discovered, at a single glance, that he was tearing his trowsers, and had his best clothes on. This was a bad setting out for the boy; and the horse was not better, for directly he got out of harness, and felt himself free and at grass, after two or three preliminary kicks and plunges, it occurred to him to indulge in a roll, and so he rolled over a pigeon pie that was unfortunately unpacked, and finished by getting very much up with his fore-legs in a basket of ginger beer. But it was only a moment of enthusiasm; and, like other old nags, he betook himself to eating his green grass salad as gravely as a judge. None of the performers were fortunate in their début. The first thing Mrs. Carnaby did in her hurry to save the pop, was to pop down one of the children on the basket of knives and forks; but it was a sharp child and soon got up again: and the first thing the other twin did was to trip over a stump, and fall, as Betty nursemaid said, "with its face in a fuz." The first thing Mr. Hodges did, was to take Miss Carnaby round the waist and give her a smacking kiss; in return for which, as her first act, she gave him a playful push, that sent him,

D D

with his white ducks, into a muddy miniature pond, that had recently been stirred up by a cow in search of a cold bath. The first thing that Mr. C—— did was to recommend some brandy as a preventive against catching cold; but the last thing the brandy bottle had done had been to stay at home in the cupboard. Mr. Hodges, therefore, walked off to the Green Man for his health's sake; and Master Carnaby sneaked off, nobody knew where, for the sake of blackberries;—while the Nursemaid, for the sake of society, took a romantic walk with the two twins, and a strange footman. Gipsies are a wandering race, and all the performers topped their parts; the very horse roamed away like a horse that had neither parish nor settlement; and Mr. Carnaby would have gone roaming after him, if his Wife and Daughter had not hung round his neck and made him swear not to leave 'em till the others returned, which was afterwards softened down to taking a little walk, provided he didn't go out of sight and hearing. In the mean time Mrs. and Miss C—— laid the cloth, and began to review the eatables, not without lamenting over the smash of the pigeon pie; and when they came to plan their second course they found that the chief remove, a cold round of beef, had been pinned on the way down by a favourite bull-dog, that Master Carnaby had smuggled into the party. Luckily for the dog, he had also gone roving, with the whole forest before him, as naturally as if he had belonged to Bampfylde Moore Carew, the King of the Gipsies.

Mrs. Carnaby was one of those characters emphatically called fidgets; she never rested till each individual came back, and she never rested when they did. Mr. C. was the first to return, and not in the first of tempers. He had been done out of his long-anticipated rural walk by setting his foot, before he had gone a hundred yards, on a yard of snake, and it had frightened him so that Mrs. Carnaby expected "it would turn his whole mash of blood, and give him the yellow jaundice." Mr. Hodges came in second, but to the impatient



COIL AND HURDLE.

eye of Miss C. certainly did not proceed from the Green Man with the straightness of a bullet from a rifle. Master Carnaby was a good third, for he had been well horsewhipped, just as he had got three little red blackberries and five thorns in his fingers, by a gentleman who did not approve of his trespassing upon his grounds. Boxer the

bull-dog was fourth; he came back on three legs, with his brindle well peppered with number six by the gamekeeper, to cure him of worrying park rabbits. In fact, poor Boxer, as Mrs. C. exclaimed, "was bleeding like a pig," and the grateful animal acknowledged her compassionate notice by going and rubbing his shot hide against her shot silk, in return for which he got a blow quite hard enough to shiver the stick of something between a parasol and an umbrella. As for the nurse-maid and the twins they did not return for an hour, to the infinite horror of the mother; but just as they were all sitting down to dinner Betsy appeared with her charge, walked off their feet, with their "pretty mouths all be-smeared" with blue and red juice; but no one of the party was botanist enough to tell whether the berries they were munching were hips and haws, or bilberries, or deadly nightshade, but maternal anxiety made sure it was the "rank poison." Accordingly dinner was postponed, and they set to get up an extempore fire to make the kettle hot, and as soon as the water was warm enough, these "two pretty babes" were well drenched, and were soon as perfectly uncomfortable as they had been two months before in a rough



DEADLY NIGHTSHADE.

steam trip to Margate. As soon as peace was restored it transpired, from an examination of the children, and a very cross examination of the nurse-maid, that they had met with a *real* gipsy woman in the forest who had told Betty's fortune, but had omitted to prognosticate that her mistress would give her warning on the spot, and that *her* gipsying would end, as it actually did, in finding herself suddenly out of place in the middle of a forest. Like other servants, when they lose a comfortable situation, "some natural tears she shed," but did not wipe them soon, as did "our general mother," for the very excellent reason that she had spread her pocket handkerchief on the ground to sit upon, somewhere between Wanstead and Walthamstow, and had left it as a waif to the lord of the manor.

Dinner time then came again, to the especial delight of the two empty children, though, thanks to the horse and dog, it was principally

broken victuals. But on sitting down and counting heads Master C. had a second time absconded during the last bustle; and, as his mother could not touch a morsel for anxiety, Mr. Carnaby was obliged to set out fasting to look for him, and had soon the satisfaction of finding him sitting hat-less crying in a wet ditch, and scraping a suit of brown off a suit of blue with an old oyster shell. His father, in the first transport of anger and hunger, gave him what boys call "a regular larruping," then a good rubbing down with a bunch of fern, and then brought him back to the cold collation, with the comfortable threat that he should go without his dinner. As soon as the culprit could explain for sobbing, he told them that "he had gone for a little walk, like, and saw the most capital donkey with a saddle and bridle feeding wild about the forest as if he belonged to nobody, and he just got on him like, like they used to do at Margate; and then the donkey set off full tear, and never stopped till he came to a tent of gipsies in the middle of the wood; and they all set upon him, and swore at him like any thing for running away with their donkey; and then all of a sudden he lost his hat and his handkerchief, and his money out of his pockets like conjuring; then they told him to run for his life, and so he did, and as for the mud it was all along of jumping over a hedge that had no other side to it." This intelligence threw Mrs. Carnaby into an agony of horror, which could only be pacified by their immediately packing up and removing, eatables and all, to a less lonesome place by the side of the road, an operation that was performed by their all pulling and pushing at the cart, as the horse had taken French leave of absence.

It was now Miss Carnaby's turn to be discomfited: her retiring disposition made her wince under the idea of dining in public; for being market-day at Romford, they were overlooked by plenty of farmers and pig-butchers: consequently, after a very miffy dialogue with her mother, the young lady took herself off, as she was desired, with "her romantical notions," to a place of more solitude, and Mr. Hodges, as in gallantry bound, postponed his dinner till his tea to keep her company. In the mean time, Betsey, who had been sent up to the Green



BACKING OUT OF GOING TO MARKET.

Man for the porter, returned with the empty tankard, and a terrified tale of being "cotch'd hold on by a ruffin in the wood, that had drunk up all the beer to all their very good healtha." The first impulse of

Mr. Carnaby was to jump up to do justice on the vagabond, but Mrs. C—— had the presence of mind to catch hold of his coat-flaps so abruptly, that before he could well feel his legs, he found himself sitting in a large plum pie, which the children had just set their hearts upon ; of course it did not mend his temper to hear the shout from a dozen ragged boys who were looking on ; and in the crisis of his vexation, he vented such a fervent devil's blessing on gipsy parties, and all that proposed them, that Mrs. Carnaby was obliged to take it up, and to tell him sharply, what in reality was true enough, that "if people did have gipsy parties, it didn't follow that their stupid husbands was to sit down on plum pies." Heaven knows to what size and shape this little quarrel might have ripened, but for the appearance of Miss Carnaby, who, with a terrified exclamation sat herself down, and after a vain attempt to recover, went off into a strong fit of what her mother called "kicking hysterics." The cause was soon explained by the appearance of Mr. Hodges, with one eye poached black, and a dog-bite in the calf of his leg, because "he had only stood looking on at two men setting wires for rabbits, thinking to himself if he watched them well he could learn how to do it." Fortunately, Miss Carnaby came to just in time to concur with her father and Mr. Hodges in the opinion, that the best thing they could all do was to pack up and go home, but which was stoutly combated by Mrs. Carnaby, who insisted that she was resolved to take tea in a wood for once in her life, and she was seconded by the children and Master C——, who said they hadn't had any pleasure yet. It was an unanswerable argument ; sticks were collected, a fire was made, the kettle boiled, the tea-things were set in order, the bread and butter was cut, and pleasure began to smile on the gipsy party so placidly that Mr. Hodges was encouraged to begin playing "In my Cottage near a Wood," on the key bugle, but was obliged to break off in the middle, on finding that it acted as a bugle call to a corps of observation, who came and stood round to see "Rural Felicity." Mrs. Carnaby, however, was happy ; but "there is many a slip between the tea-cup and the lip." She was in the triumphant fact of pouring the hot water on her best souchong, in her best china tea-pot, when a very well-charged gun went off just on the other side of the park palings, and Mrs. Carnaby had not been born like her Grace, old Sarah of Marlborough, "before nerves came in fashion." The tea-kettle dropped from her hand upon the tea-pot, which it dashed to atoms, and then lay on its side, hot watering the daisies and the dandelions that had the luck to grow near it. "Misfortunes never come single," and the gun, therefore, acted like a double one in its inflictions ; for no sooner did Boxer recognise its sound than he jumped up, and with an alarming howl dashed through the rest of the tea service, as if he had absorbed another ounce of number six : a fresh shout from the bystanders welcomed this new disaster, and with the true spirit of "biting a bitten cur," they began to heap embarrassments on the disconcerted gipsyers. They kept pitching sticks into the fire till it grew a bonfire, and made cockshies of the remaining

crockery ; some audacious boys even helped themselves to bread and butter, as if on the principle that the open air ought to keep open house. As there were too many assailants to chastise, the only remedy was to pack up and take to the road as fast as they could, with a horse which they found with two broken knees, the consequence of his being too curious in the construction of a gravel-pit. "You may say what you like," said Mr. Carnaby, in his summing up, "but for my part I must say of gipeying, that it's impossible to take to it without being regularly 'done brown.'"



THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

COCKLE v. CACKLE.

Those who much read advertisements and bills,
 Must have seen puffs of Cockle's Pills,
 Call'd Anti-bilious—
 Which some Physicians sneer at, supercilious,
 But which we are assured, if timely taken,
 May save your liver and bacon ;
 Whether or not they really give one ease,
 I, who have never tried,
 Will not decide ;
 But no two things in union go like these—
 Viz.—Quacks and Pills—save Ducks and Pease.
 Now Mrs. W. was getting sallow,
 Her lilies not of the white kind, but yellow,
 And friends portended was preparing for
 A human Pâté Périgord ;
 She was, indeed, so very far from well,
 Her Son, in filial fear, procured a box
 Of those said pellets to resist Bile's shocks,
 And—tho' upon the ear it strangely knocks—
 To save her by a Cockle from a shell !

But Mrs. W., just like Macbeth,
 Who very vehemently bids us "throw
 Bark to the Bow-wows," hated physic so,
 It seem'd to share "the bitterness of Death :"
 Rhubarb—Magnesia—Jalap, and the kind—
 Senna—Steel—*Assa-foetida*, and Squills—
 Powder or Draught—but least her throat inclined
 To give a course to Boluses or Pills ;
 No—not to save her life, in lung or lobe,
 For all her lights' or all her liver's sake,
 Would her convulsive thorax undertake,
 Only one little uncelestial globe !

'Tis not to wonder at, in such a case,
 If she put by the pill-box in a place
 For linen rather than for drugs intended—
 Yet for the credit of the pills let's say
 After they thus were stow'd away,
 Some of the linen mended ;
 But Mrs. W. by disease's dint,
 Kept getting still more yellow in her tint,
 When lo ! her second son, like elder brother,
 Marking the hue on the parental gills,
 Brought a new charge of Anti-tumeric Pills,
 To bleach the jaundiced visage of his Mother—
 Who took them—in her cupboard—like the other.

 " Deeper and deeper, still," of course,
 The fatal colour daily grew in force ;
 Till daughter W. newly come from Rome,
 Acting the self-same filial, pillial, part,
 To cure Mama, another dose brought home
 Of Cockles ;—not the Cockles of her heart !
 These going where the others went before,
 Of course she had a very pretty store ;
 And then—some hue of health her cheek adorning,
 The Medicine so good must be,
 They brought her dose on dose, which she
 Gave to the up-stairs cupboard, "night and morning."
 Till wanting room at last, for other stocks,
 Out of the window one fine day she pitch'd
 The pillage of each box, and quite enrich'd
 The feed of Mister Burrell's hens and cocks,—
 A little Barber of a by-gone day,
 Over the way
 Whose stock in trade, to keep the least of shops,
 Was one great head of Kemble,—that is, John,
 Staring in plaster, with a *Brutus* on,
 And twenty little Bantam fowls—with *crops*.

Little Dame W. thought when through the sash
 She gave the physic wings,
 To find the very things
 So good for bile, so bad for chicken rash,
 For thoughtless cock, and unreflecting pullet !
 But while they gathered up the nauseous nubbles,
 Each peck'd itself into a peck of troubles,
 And brought the hand of Death upon its gullet.
 They might as well have addled been, or ratted,
 For long before the night—ah woe betide
 The Pills ! each suicidal Bantam died
 Unfatted !

Think of poor Burrel's shock,
 Of Nature's debt to see his hens all payers,
 And laid in death as Everlasting Layers,
 With Bantam's small Ex-Emperor, the Cock,
 In ruffled plumage and funereal hackle,
 Giving, undone by Cockle, a last Cackle !
 To see as stiff as stone, his un'live stock,
 It really was enough to move his block.
 Down on the floor he dash'd, with horror big,
 Mr. Bell's third wife's mother's coachman's wig ;
 And with a tragic stare like his own Kemble,
 Burst out with natural emphasis enough,
 And voice that grief made tremble,
 Into that very speech of sad Macduff—
 " What !—all my pretty chickens and their dam,
 At one fell swoop !—
 Just when I'd bought a coop
 To see the poor lamented creatures cram ! "

After a little of this mood,
 And brooding over the departed brood,
 With razor he began to ope each craw,
 Already turning black, as black as coals ;
 When lo ! the undigested cause he saw—
 " Pison'd by goles ! "

To Mrs. W.'s luck a contradiction,
 Her window still stood open to conviction ;
 And by short course of circumstantial labour,
 He fix'd the guilt upon his adverse neighbour ;—
 Lord ! how he rail'd at her : declaring now,
 He'd bring an action ere next Term of Hilary,
 Then, in another moment, swore a vow,
 He'd make her do pill-penance in the pillory !
 She, meanwhile distant from the dimmest dream
 Of combating with guilt, yard-arm or arm—

Lapp'd in a paradise of tea and cream ;
 When up ran Betty with a dismal scream—
 " Here's Mr. Burrell, ma'am, with all his farm-yard !"
 Straight in he came, unbowing and unbending,
 With all the warmth that iron and a barbe
 Can harbour ;
 To dress the head and front of her offending,
 The fuming phial of his wrath uncorking ;
 In short, he made her pay him altogether,
 In hard cash, very *hard*, for ev'ry feather,
 Charging of course, each Bantam as a Dorking ;
 Nothing could move him, nothing make him supple,
 So the sad dame unpocketing her loss,
 Had nothing left but to sit hands across,
 And see her poultry " going down ten couple."

Now birds by poison slain,
 As venom'd dart from Indian's hollow cane,
 Are edible ; and Mrs. W.'s thrift,—
 She had a thrifty vein,—
 Destined one pair for supper to make shift,—
 Supper as usual at the hour of ten :
 But ten o'clock arrived and quickly pass'd,
 Eleven—twelve—and one o'clock at last,
 Without a sign of supper even then !
 At length, the speed of cookery to quicken,
 Betty was called, and with reluctant feet,
 Came up at a white heat—
 " Well, never I see chicken like them chicken !
 My saucepans, they have been a pretty while in 'em !
 Enough to stew them, if it comes to that,
 To flesh and bones, and perfect rags ; but drat
 Those Anti-biling Pills ! there is no bile in 'em !"



HALFPENNY HATCH.

A LAWYER'S LETTER.

To Mr. Richard Walton, 32, Lincoln's Inn.

DEAR DICK,

IN re Pedro.—Pike, Row, Badgery, and Crump, Mr. Theodore Hook's attorneys, offered three years ago, and continued the allowance up to last Easter Term, to give me, with unexampled liberality, eighteen shillings per week as copying clerk, and to undertake the management of the Common Law—attend to the Chancery Department—do the out-door business—make out Bills of Costs—and make myself generally useful—which I have been doing as long as my health permitted. Not being strong, though with an attachment to the profession, I have been compelled to withdraw my record, and to sue out a Writ of Certiorari to carry my line of life into another court. Hearing that Don Pedro was about to bring an action against Don Miguel and Company, and that lots of John Does and Richard Roes were wanted, I took a retainer from an agent of the great Portuguese professional gentleman, and have really embarked in the cause. Being out here on the circuit, as one might call it (Mr. Chief Justice Sartorius goes it), and knowing the interest you take in my verdicts, I shall write at intervals the particulars of plaintiff's demand, and account of set-off on the part of the enemy's fleet, or Defendant. Pray call on Mr. Wilson, the Common Law Clerk at Pike, Row, and Co., and tell him I have four hours to myself and a chance of being paid, but do this if possible without the knowledge of the Principals. White of the same office, when I enlisted, was to have taken the benefit of the act, but on mustering at Gravesend, he did not attend the roll call, and was struck off the Rolls. I can't but say, putting Truth on her oath in the Admiralty Court, that when the Blue Peter gave legal notice to quit, I felt some regret at leaving a land where I might have been, so to speak, a tenant at will. Nor was it much better when I came to the Nore. I heartily wished, with Mr. Matthews, that if Britannia does rule the waves, she would rule them even; but it was "rule refused." The sea ran very rough, and you will understand me when I say I took nothing by my motion. There was the thought of my mother, besides, and the numberless feelings for which, though matters of every-day practice, it is difficult to shew cause.

You remember Sugden with Hart & Co., and will not be surprised to hear that he volunteered to convince Don Miguel of his defective title. A few hours, however, sufficed to disgust him with conveying, as it is practised in the Marine Courts; and I heard him, by a verbal instrument, assign over with technical formality, the whole ship to the Devil, his Heirs, Executors, Administrators, and Assigns.

As for Butterworth, the Captain gave instructions with regard to the stays, and Butterworth in going aloft fell overboard. We thought

for some time that he was dead, but after rubbing, and other means of revival, we had the satisfaction of seeing him moving for a new trial, and that he was beginning *de novo*.

You may conceive, professionally, our joy at entering the Douro with a prospect of being invited within the Bar,—but the anchors were instructed to stay proceedings, and we stayed the same. As I took notes of what happened afterwards, I will give you a rough draft.

Michaelmas Term, Oct. 31. Admiral took Council's opinion with regard to the Fort of St. Michael. Held that an action would lie. Judgment affirmed.

Nov. 2. Action of assault and battery. Admiral's ship opened the case, and the others followed on the same side. Hills crowded with witnesses. Enemy's damages laid at a hundred and fifty men. Tax off a hundred.

3. Discovering flaws and amending same. At intervals term reports. Pollock died of his wounds, and was struck off the paper. Gave him an undertaking.

4. *A dies non.* Poor Horne seized with lockjaw, and preparing for the long vacation.

5. Notice of action. Enemy's Fleet put in an appearance, but *non pro.* Horne demised.

6. Joined issue with enemy's flag ship. Wetherell killed by a ball lodging in the Inner Temple, and Denman subpoenaed by a bullet out of the main-top. Enemy attempted to put an officer and fifty men in possession—but we served them with an ejectment. Night coming on, agreed to withdraw a juror.

7. A violent storm, and a sail under a distress. Taken in execution by a wave,—levied on longboat and three men, and all the hen-coops.

8. Fell in with a Portuguese brig, and lodged a detainer. Have not received my share of prize, but have got a *cognovit*.



DRAKE DISPERAING THE ARMADA.

9. Enemy moved for a new trial. Bore up and fired a broadside; replied to same. Admiral endeavoured, by intercepting the rear-most ships, to cut off the entail. Boarding again,—obliged to fight with all my Power of Attorney. Gave quarter to one man, he was such a special pleader. Verdict—drawn battle.
10. Chitty fell overboard from the mizen chains. Action of trover failed. Filed a bill of him in Ocean's Chancery, and sent an office copy to his Widow.
11. Enemy brought a fresh action. Boarding again, and obliged to defend in person. Enemy nonsuited with costs.

To abbreviate pleadings, you will see that our time has been Term time. Plenty of work at overhours, and I am sorry to say no extra charge. But I am not going to take a bill of exceptions. I comfort myself for the loss of my arm—I have lost that limb of the law, Dick—by reflecting that I am now like Nelson, except the blind eye, and that I do not follow the Hamiltonian system. Sometimes, however, as I look homeward, and remember “dear Morton,” I sigh to join you by a *Surrey-joinder*, and to taste your *Surrey-butter*. I think that is the legal mode of expressing it.

Nothing can behave better than our men—from the principals down to the juniors. They fight as if they belonged to Lyon's Inn. However, a good many have been ticked off,—including Tyndale, Thesiger, Phillips, Spankie, Scarlett, Gurney, Wilde, Burney, and some others of our acquaintance, who have received a general release. For my own part——

[LETTER ENCLOSING THE ABOVE.]

SIR,

Am sorry to Say the man as writ the Inclosed letter, with a bit of a log fell Down the Main Hatchway on the 16th instant at 2 P. M. Was carried down to Cockpit. But the Doctor pronounced it a Bad Job and after saying O Law three times was a Corps. He left no Will nor no property, and was Sowed up and heaved overboard, same day in lat. 41. 5 N. long. 8. 50 W.

I take the Liberty of writing This that you may inform Parents, provided there's father or mother, as well as to his widow and children, if so be. Should you be encouraged to come out to us in your friend's Place, you will be heartily welcome, and lots of as jolly good fighting as hearts can wish. So no more at present from

Your Humble Servant

THOMAS BENTON.

N.B. Go to the Duncan's Head in Wapping, and Captain Bligh will tell you all about the Bounty. That's if you mean to 'list.



I HAVE A SILENT BORROW HERE."

THE SWEEP'S COMPLAINT.

"I like to meet a sweep—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes, sounding like the *peep, peep*, of a young sparrow."—*ESSAYS OF ELIA.*

—— "A voice cried Sweep no more!
Macbeth hath murdered sweep."—*SHAKESPEARE.*

ONE morning ere my usual time
I rose, about the seventh chime,
When little stunted boys that climb
Still linger in the street;
And as I walked, I saw indeed
A sample of the sooty breed,
Though he was rather run to seed,
In height above five feet.
A mongrel tint he seem'd to take,
Poetic simile to make,
DAY through his MARTIN 'gan to break,
White overcoming jet.
From side to side he cross'd oblique,
Like Frenchman who has friends to seek,
And yet no English word can speak,
He walk'd upon the fret:
And while he sought the dingy job,
His lab'ring breast appear'd to throb,

And half a hiccup half a sob
 Betray'd internal woe.
 To cry the cry he had by rote
 He yearn'd, but law forbade the note,
 Like Chanticleer with ropy throat,
 He gaped—but not a crow !
 I watch'd him, and the glimpse I snatch'd
 Disclosed his sorry eyelids patch'd
 With red, as if the soot had catch'd
 That hung about the lid ;
 And soon I saw the tear-drop stray,
 He did not care to brush away ;
 Thought I the cause he will betray—
 And thus at last he did.

Well, here's a pretty go ! here's a Gagging Act, if ever there was a gagging !

But I'm bound the members as silenced us, in doing it had plenty of magging.

They had better send us all off, they had, to the School for the Deaf and Dumb, [mum.

To unlearn us our mother tongues, and to make signs and be regularly But they can't undo natur—as sure as ever the morning begins to peep, Directly I open my eyes, I can't help calling out Sweep As natural as the sparrows among the chimbley-pots that say Cheep ! For my own part I find my suppress'd voice very uneasy, And comparable to nothing but having your tissue stopt when you are sneezy.

Well, it's all up with us ! tho' I suppose we mustn't cry all up.

Here's a precious merry Christmas, I'm blest if I can earn either bit or sup !

If crying Sweep, of mornings, is going beyond quietness's border, Them as pretends to be fond of silence oughtn't to cry hear, hear, and order, order.

I wonder Mr. Sutton, as we've sut-on too, don't sympathise with us As a Speaker what don't speak, and that's exactly our own cus. God help us if we don't not cry, how are we to pursue our callings ? I'm sure we're not half so bad as other businesses with their bawling. For instance, the general postmen, that at six o'clock go about ringing, And wake up all the babbies that their mothers have just got to sleep with singing.

Greens oughtn't to be cried no more than blacks—to do the impartial job, If they bring in a Sooty Bill, they ought to have brought in a Dusty Bob.

Is a dustman's voice more sweet than ourn, when he comes a seeking arter the cinders,

Instead of a little boy like a blackbird in spring, singing merrily under your windows ?

There's the omnibus cads as plies in Cheapside, and keeps calling out Bank and City ;

Let his Worship, the Mayor, decide if our call of Sweep is not just as pretty.

I can't see why the Jews should be let go about crying Old Close thro their hooky noses,

And Christian laws should be ten times more hard than the old stone laws of Moses.

Why isn't the mouths of the muffin-men compell'd to be equally shut?

Why, because Parliament members eat muffins, but they never eat no sut.

Next year there won't be any May-day at all, we shan't have no heart to dance,

And Jack in the Green will go in black like mourning for our mischance;

If we live as long as May, that's to say, through the hard winter and pinching weather,

For I don't see how we're to earn enough to keep body and soul together.

I only wish Mr. Wilberforce or some of them that pities the niggers,

Would take a peep down in our cellars, and look at our miserable starving figures,

A-sitting idle on our empty sacks, and all ready to eat each other,



A WIND-FALL.

And a brood of little ones crying for bread to a heart-breaking Father and Mother.

They haven't a rag of clothes to mend, if their mothers had thread and needles,

But crawl naked about the cellars, poor things, like a swarm of common black beadles.

If they'd only inquired before passing the Act and taken a few such pceps,

I don't think that any real gentleman would have set his face against sweeps.

Climbing's an ancient respectable art, and if History's of any vally,
Was recommended by Queen Elizabeth to the great Sir Walter Raleigh,
When he wrote on a pane of glass how I'd climb, if the way I only knew,
And she writ beneath, if your heart's afeard, don't venture up the flue.
As for me I was always loyal, and respected all powers that are higher,
But how can I now say God save the King, if I an't, to be a Cryer?
There's London milk, that's one of the cries, even on Sunday the law
allows,

But ought black sweeps, that are human beasts, to be worser off than
black cows?

Do *we* go calling about, when it's church time, like the noisy Billings-
gate vermin,

And disturb the parson with "All alive O!" in the middle of a funeral
sermon?

But the fish won't keep, not the mackarel won't, is the cry of the
Parliament elves,

Every thing, except the sweeps I think, is to be allowed to keep
themselves!

Lord help us! what's to become of us if we mustn't cry no more?

We shan't do for black mutes to go a standing at a death's door.

And we shan't do to emigrate, no not even to the Hottentot nations,
For as time wears on, our black will wear off, and then think of our
situations!

And we should not do, in lieu of black-a-moor footmen, to serve ladies
of quality nimbly,

For when we were drest in our sky-blue and silver, and large frills,
all clean and neat, and white silk stockings, if they pleased to
desire us to sweep the hearth, we couldn't resist the chimbley.



A REVEREK IN BUSINESS.



WHICH WAY DID THE FOX GO ?

LETTER FROM AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEAYED your's of the first last, wich I should have anser'd it sooner, only I have ad the Roomatiz in my fingers, so you must Pleas to excus my crampd hand.

As to my Sporting Reminis-cences, as you are pleasd to say, I have lookd them out in the dixenary, and kno verry well what it is. I beg leaf to Say, I have forgot all my recolections, and can not bring to Mind any of my old Rememberances.

As for Hunting, I shall never take a fence at it agen, altho I sumtums Ride to cover on the old Gray, wich is now be come quite Wite. The last tim I went out, we dru Hazelmere copses down to Broxley wood ; then we dru Broxley wood over to Fox thorp ; then we dru Fox thorp over to Middle ford, and then we dru Middle ford, in short, it was all drawing and no painting for want of a brush.

Sir William Chase cuming to be his father's hare, he set up a coarsing club, but being short of long dogs, and there hairs falling of, it was obliged to discourse, and is now turned into a conversasiony.

In regard to shuting, I have never dun anny thing Since percussion Captiousness cum up, wich I am Told they are sharper then Flinta. The last hare I kild was 2 long ears ago, and the Last fezzant, But theres a long tail belonging to that, wich you shall have when you

EE

cum over, as I hop you wil, with your Horse's; I have good entertainment for boath, as the french Say, at my table D' oats. The lads go out after Burds now and then, but I seldum cum at the rites of there shutting—you kno

Wat is Hits is History,
But what is mist is miety.

Talking of shutting, hav you seen Ubbard's new guns like wauking sticks—there a cappital defence agin cappital offences; as you may ether stick a feller or Shute him; or boath together. I wish farmer Gale had carrid one last friday, for he was Rob'd cuming from markit by a foot paddy Irish man, that knockd him down to make him Stand. Luckily he had nothing on him when Stopd but sum notes of the Barnsby bank that had bin stopd the weak afore.

In the fishing line I am quite Dead bait, tho I have had manny a Good run in my tim, Partickler when the keeper spide me out were I hadent got Leaf. The last tim I went I could hardly un do my rod for roomatiz in my joints, and I got the Lumbago verry bad wen I cum Back, and its atax I doant like. Beside wich I found verry Little big fish on

a count of the pochers, who Kil em al in colde blood. I used sumtims to float and sumtims to fli, but our waters is so over fished theres no fish to be had, and as I am very musicle, I dont like trolling without a catch, the last jack I caut was with my boot, and was only a foot long.

As for raceing, I never cared much a bout it, and in regard of betting, I am Better with out it, tho I al ways take the feeld wen I am Able, and suport the Farmer's Plate with al my Mite.

Our Wist club is going of, Some of the members go on so; two of em are perpetuly quareling like anny thing but double dummies, for one plays like Hoyle and the ither like Vinegar. The young men hav interduced Shorts, but I doant think theyle Last long. They are al so verry Sharp at the Pints, and as for drinking, I never se sich Liquorish Chaps in my life. They are al ways laying ods, even at Super, when theyle Bet about the age of a Rcsted foul, wich they



FLY FISHING.

cal Chicken hazzard, or about the Wait of a Curran py, wich they cal the Currancy question. They al so smoke a grate manny seagars, but they cant Put the old men's pips out, wich it Wood be a Burning shame if they did. I am sorry to say politicks has Crept in ; Sum is al for reform, and some is al for none at al, and the only thing they agre in is, that the Land lord shant bring in no Bil. There is be sides grate dis-cushins as to the new game laws, sum enteraning douts wen sum peple go out a shuting, wether even acts of Parliament will inable them to shute anny game.

The crickit Club is going on uncomon wel. They are 36 members with out rekonig the byes ; our best man at Wickit is Captin Batty—he often gets four notches running ; and our best boler is Use Ball, tho we sumtims get Dr. Pilby to bolus. As for the crickit Bal, it is quit wore out, wich the gals say they are verry Sory for it, as they took a grate intrest in our matches.

My lads are boath of em marred, wich mayhap you have Herd,—and if the gals are not, I Beleve its no falt of theres. They hope youle cum to the Wake, wich is next Sunday weak, for they Say there will be High fun, al tho I think it is Rather Low. The only use of waking that I can See, is to pervent folkes Sleeping, and as for there jumping and throwing up their Heals, I see no Pleasur in it. If they had the Roomatiz as Bad as I have, they woudnt be for Dancing there fandangoes at that rat, and Kicking for partners.

Our county Member, Sir William Wiseacre, is going to bring in a bil “for the supression of the Barbarus past-time of bul beating, and for the better incorigement of the nobulart of Cockin,” by wich al buls, wether inglish or irish, are to be Made game of no longer, and al such as are found at anny ring or stake are libel to be find. They cal it here the Cock and Bul Act, wich I think is a very good name. It has caused grate diversion in manny peple's opinions, but most of us Think the cocks is quite as Bad as the buls. The same Barrownet as tried



WHERE'S YOUR HAWKER'S LICENSE ?

to interduce Forkenry, but the first atempts as been verry Hawkward. The forkens flu at a herin, who tried to be above there atax,

for the more they pecked him the more they maid him sore, but a boy flying a Kite skared em al away together.

Last week was our grand archery Meetin, and the first prize was won by Little Master Tomkins, of grove House. I supose his fondnes for lolli pops made him ame best at bulls Eyes. The Miss Courtenays were there as usul, and in comparison of arch Angles look raly archer.—The wags propposed miss Emily shoold have the second prize for shuting in too a cows Eye that came to nere the target; she says she was so nervus, it put her arrow into a quiver. In the middle of the meeting we herd a Bad playd Key buggle, and out of the shrubbery, were they had bin hiding, Jumpd Revd. Mister Crumpe and asistants; he is Rector of Bow and Curat of Harrow, and was disgised in every thing green, as Robin Hood and his mery Men; after geting Little John to string his bow for him, I am sorry to say, Robin Hood shot Worst of every Body, for he did not even hit the target, and we should have never Seen wear his arrow went, but by hereing it smash in to the conservatory. When we came to look for the prize, a silver Arrow, every Body had lost it, for it had dropt out of the case, and would never have been found, but for Revd. mister Crumpe sittin downe on the lawne, and wich made Him jump up agen, as miss Courtenay said out of Byron, like “a warrior bounding from its Barb.” The Toxophilus Club is very flurrishing, but talk of expeling sum members for persisting in wereing peagreen insted of lincon, and puttin on there spanish Hats and fethers the rong side before.

Thank you for the Hoisters, wich was verry good. Mary has took the shels to make her a groto, of wich I think is very shameful, as I wanted them to Friten the Burds. Old Mark Lane, the man as Cheated you out of them oats, has bean sent to jail for Stealing barly. I am sadly Afearde old Marks corn will give Him 14 ears of Bottany.

Pleas to Remember me to al inquiring friends, if they should think it woth wile to Ask after me.

From your Humbel servant,

ANDREW AXELTREE.

P.S. I forgot to menshun the subskripshon Stag hounds kep by the same members as the wist club, and its there wim to have fifty too dogs to the pack. If old Bil, the huntsman, was drest like Pam, theyd be complet. They have had sum capital runs dooring the season. As you write for the sporting Maggazins, you may like to notice an apereance rather noo in the felde, I mean the Grate Creol Curnel Brown, who is very pompus, and hunts with Pompey, his black servant, after him. I have got a Deal more to Say, but carnt for want of Room. Mary says I should Cros it, wich I wood, but I doant Wish to put you to the expense of a Dubble leter.

THE SUB-MARINE.

It was a brave and jolly wight,
 His cheek was baked and brown,
 For he had been in many climes
 With captains of renown,
 And fought with those who fought so well
 At Nile and Camperdown.

His coat it was a soldier coat,
 Of red with yellow faced,
 But (merman-like) he look'd marine
 All downward from the waist ;
 His trowsers were so wide and blue,
 And quite in sailor taste !

He put the rummer to his lips,
 And drank a jolly draught ;
 He raised the rummer many times—
 And ever as he quaff'd,
 The more he drank, the more the ship
 Seem'd pitching fore and aft !

The ship seem'd pitching fore and aft,
 As in a heavy squall ;
 It gave a lurch and down he went,
 Head-foremost in his fall !
 Three times he did not rise, alas !
 He never rose at all !

But down he went, right down at once,
 Like any stone he dived,
 He could not see, or hear, or feel—
 Of senses all deprived !
 At last he gave a look around
 To see where he arrived !

And all that he could see was green,
 Sea-green on every hand !
 And then he tried to sound beneath,
 And all he felt was sand !
 There he was fain to lie, for he
 Could neither sit nor stand !

And lo ! above his head there bent
A strange and staring lass !
One hand was in her yellow hair,
The other held a glass ;
A mermaid she must surely be
If ever mermaid was !

Her fish-like mouth was open'd wide,
Her eyes were blue and pale,
Her dress was of the ocean green,
When ruffled by a gale ;
Thought he "beneath that petticoat
She hides a salmon-tail !"

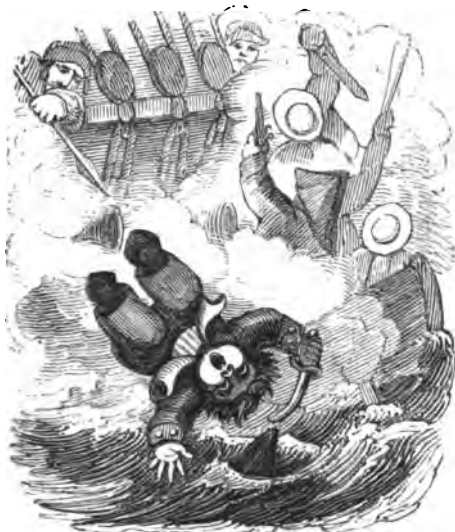
She look'd as siren ought to look,
A sharp and bitter shrew,
To sing deceiving lullabies
For mariners to rue,—
But when he saw her lips apart,
It chill'd him through and through !

With either hand he stopp'd his ears
Against her evil cry ;
Alas, alas, for all his care, .
His doom it seem'd to die,
Her voice went ringing through his head
It was so sharp and high !

He thrust his fingers farther in
At each unwilling ear,
But still, in very spite of all,
The words were plain and clear ;
"I can't stand here the whole day long,
To hold your glass of beer !"

With open'd mouth and open'd eyes,
Up rose the Sub-marine,
And gave a stare to find the sands
And deeps where he had been :
There was no siren with her glass !
No waters ocean-green !

The wet deception from his eyes
Kept fading more and more,
He only saw the bar-maid stand
With pouting lip before—
The small green parlour of The Ship,
And little sanded floor !



BOARDING-SCHOOL.

THE ISLAND.

“ Oh had I some sweet little Isle of my own ! ” — MOORE.

If the author of the Irish Melodies had ever had a little Isle so much his own as I have possessed, he might not have found it so sweet as the song anticipates. It has been my fortune, like Robinson Crusoe, and Alexander Selkirk, to be thrown on such a desolate spot, and I felt so lonely, though I had a follower, that I wish Moore had been there. I had the honour of being in that tremendous action off Finisterre, which proved an end of the earth to many a brave fellow. I was ordered with a boarding party to forcibly enter the Santissima Trinidad, but in the act of climbing into the quarter-gallery, which, however, gave no quarter, was rebutted by the but-end of a marine's gun, who remained the quarter-master of the place. I fell senseless into the sea, and should no doubt have perished in the waters of oblivion, but for the kindness of John Monday, who picked me up to go adrift with him in one of the ship's boats. All our oars were carried away, that is to say, we did not carry away any oars, and while shot was raining, our feeble hailing was unheeded. In short, as Shakspeare says, we were drifted off by “the current of a heady fight.” As may be supposed, our boat was anything but the jolly-boat, for we had no provisions to spare in the middle of an immense waste. We were, in

fact, adrift in the cutter with nothing to cut. We had not even junk for junketing, and nothing but salt-water, even if the wind should blow fresh. Famine indeed seemed to stare each of us in the face; that is, we stared at one another; but if men turn cannibals, a great allowance must be made for a short ditto.

We were truly in a very disagreeable pickle, with oceans of brine and no beef, and, like Shylock, I fancy we would have exchanged a pound of gold for a pound of flesh. The more we drifted Nor, the more sharply we inclined to gnaw,—but when we drifted Sow, we found nothing like pork. No bread rose in the east, and in the opposite point we were equally disappointed. We could not compass a meal any how, but got mealy-mouth'd, notwithstanding.

We could see the Sea mews to the east ward, flying over what Byron calls the Gardens of Gull. We saw plenty of Grampus, but they were useless to all intents and porpusses, and we had no bait for catching a bottle-nose.

Time hung heavily on our hands, for our fast days seemed to pass very slowly, and our strength was rapidly sinking from being so much afloat. Still we nourished Hope, though we had nothing to give her. But at last we lost all prospect of land, if one may so say when no land was in sight. The weather got

thicker as we were getting thinner; and though we kept a sharp watch, it was a very bad look-out. We could see nothing before us but nothing to eat and drink. At last the fog cleared off, and we saw



THE POUND OF FLESH.



CATCHING A BOTTLE-NOSE.

something like land right a-head, but alas the wind was in our teeth as well as in our stomachs. We could do nothing but keep her near, and as we could not keep ourselves full, we luckily suited the course of the boat; so that after a tedious beating about—for the wind not only gives blows, but takes a great deal of beating—we came incontinently to an island. Here we landed, and our first impulse on coming to dry land was to drink. There was a little brook at hand to which we applied ourselves till it seemed actually to murmur at our inordinate thirst. Our next care was to look for some food, for though our hearts were full at our escape, the neighbouring region was dreadfully empty. We succeeded in getting some natives out of their bed, and ate them, poor things, as fast as they got up, but with some difficulty in getting them open; a common oyster knife would have been worth the price of a sceptre. Our next concern was to look out for a lodging, and at last we discovered an empty cave, reminding me of an old inscription at Portsmouth, "The hole of this place to let." We took the precaution of rolling some great stones to the entrance, for fear of last lodgers,—that some bear might come home from business, or a tiger to tea. Here, under the rock, we slept without rocking, and when, through the night's failing, the day broke, we saw with the first instalment of light that we were upon a small desert isle, now for the first time an Isle of Man. Accordingly, the birds in this wild solitude were so little wild, that a number of boobies and noddies allowed themselves to be taken by hand, though the asses were not such asses as to be caught. There was an abundance of rabbits, which we chased unremittingly, as Hunt runs Warren; and when coats and trousers fell short, we clothed our skins with theirs, till, as Monday said, we each represented a burrow. In this work Monday was the tailor, for like the maker of shadowy rabbits and cocks upon the wall, he could turn his hand to anything. He became a potter, a carpenter, a butcher, and a baker—that is to say, a master butcher and a master baker, for I became merely his journeyman. Reduced to a state of nature, Monday's favourite phrase for our condition, I found my being an officer fulfilled no office; to confess the truth, I made a very poor sort of savage, whereas Monday, I am persuaded, would have been made a chief by any tribe whatever. Our situations in life were completely reversed; he became the leader and I the follower, or rather, to do justice to his attachment and ability, he became like a strong big brother to a helpless little one.

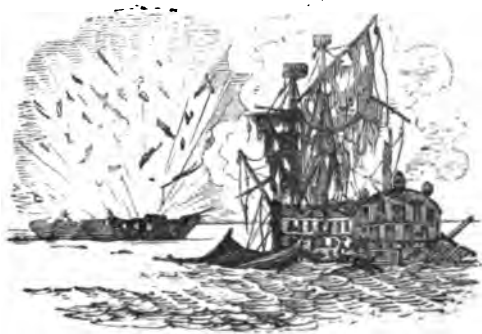
We remained in a state of nature five years, when at last a whaler of Hull—though the hull was not visible—showed her masts on the horizon, an event which was telegraphed by Monday, who began saying his prayers and dancing the College Hornpipe at the same time with equal fervour. We contrived by lighting a fire, literally a *feu-de-jeté*, to make a sign of distress, and a boat came to our signal deliverance. We had a prosperous passage home, where the reader may anticipate the happiness that awaited us; but not the trouble that was in store for me and Monday. Our parting was out of the

question; we would both rather have parted from our sheet anchor. We attempted to return to our relative rank, but we had lived so long in a kind of liberty and equality, that we could never resume our grades. The state of nature remained uppermost with us both, and Monday still watched over and tended me like Dominie Sampson with the boy Harry Bertram; go where I would, he followed with the dogged pertinacity of Tom Pipes; and do what I might, he interfered with the resolute vigour of John Dory in Wild Oats. This disposition involved us daily, nay, hourly, in the most embarrassing circumstances; and how the connexion might have terminated I know not, if it had not been speedily dissolved in a very unexpected manner. One

morning poor Monday was found on his bed in a sort of convulsion, which barely enabled him to grasp my hand, and to falter out, "Good-bye, I am go—going—back—to a state of nature."



IN EMBARRASSED CIRCUMSTANCES.



A GOOD ACTION MEETS ITS OWN REWARD.

DOG-GREL VERSES, BY A POOR BLIND.

"Hark ! hark ! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming . . ."—OLD BALLAD.

OH what shall I do for a dog ?
Of sight I have not got a particle,
Globe, Standard, or Sun,
Times, Chronicle—none
Can give *me* a good leading article.

A Mastiff once led me about,
But people appeared so to fear him—
I might have got pence
Without his defence,
But Charity would not come near him.

A Blood-hound was not much amiss,
But instinct at last got the upper ;
And tracking Bill Soames,
And thieves to their homes,
I never could get home to supper.

A Fox-hound once served me as guide,
A good one at hill and at valley ;
But day after day
He led me astray,
To follow a milk-woman's tally.

A turnspit once did me good turns
At going and crossing, and stopping ;
Till one day his breed
Went off at full speed,
To spit at a great fire in Wapping.

A Pointer once pointed my way,
But did not turn out quite so pleasant,
Each hour I 'd a stop
At a Poulterer's shop
To point at a very high pheasant.

A Pug did not suit me at all,
The feature unluckily rose up ;
And folks took offence
When offering pence,
Because of his turning his nose up.

A Butcher once gave me a dog,
 That turn'd out the worst one of any ;
 A Bull dog's own pup,
 I got a toes up,
 Before he had brought me a penny.

My next was a Westminster Dog,
 From Aistrop the regular cadger ;
 But, sightless, I saw
 He never would draw
 A blind man so well as a badger.

A greyhound I got by a swop,
 But, Lord ! we soon came to divorces :
 He treated my strip
 Of cord like a slip,
 And left me to go my own courses.



THE BATH GUIDE.

A poodle once tow'd me along,
 But always we came to one harbour
 To keep his curls smart,
 And shave his hind part,
 He constantly call'd on a barber.

My next was a Newfoundland brute,
 As big as a calf fit for slaughter ;
 But my old cataract
 So truly he back'd
 I always fell into the water.

I once had a sheep-dog for guide,
 His worth did not value a button ;
 I found it no go,
 A Smithfield Ducrow,
 To stand on four saddles of mutton.

My next was an Esquimaux dog,
 A dog that my bones ache to talk on,
 For picking his ways
 On cold frosty days
 He pick'd out the slides for a walk on.

Bijou was a lady-like dog,
 But vex'd me at night not a little,
 When tea-time was come
 She would not go home,
 Her tail had once trail'd a tin kettle.

I once had a sort of a Shock,
 And kiss'd a street post like a brother,
 And lost every tooth
 In learning this truth—
 One blind cannot well lead another.

A terrier was far from a trump,
 He had one defect, and a thorough,
 I never could stir,
 'Od rabbit the cur !
 Without going into the Borough.

My next was Dalmatian, the dog !
 And led me in danger, oh crikey !
 By chasing horse heels,
 Between carriage wheels,
 Till I came upon boards that were spiky.

The next that I had was from Cross,
 And once was a favourite spaniel
 With Nero, now dead,
 And so I was led
 Right up to his den like a Daniel.

A mongrel I tried, and he did,
As far as the profit and lossing,
Except that the kind
Endangers the blind,
The breed is so fond of a crossing.

A setter was quite to my taste,
In alleys or streets broad or narrow,
Till one day I met
A very dead set,
At a very dead horse in a barrow.

I once had a dog that went mad,
And sorry I was that I got him ;
It came to a run,
And a man with a gun
Pepper'd me when he ought to have shot him.

My profits have gone to the dogs,
My trade has been such a deceiver,
I fear that my aim
Is a mere losing game,
Unless I can find a Retriever.



"DOG-BERRY."

THE KANGAROOS.

A FABLE.

A PAIR of married kangaroos
 (The case is oft a human one too)
 Were greatly puzzled once to choose
 A trade to put their eldest son to :
 A little brisk and busy chap,
 As all the little K.'s just then are—
 About some two months off the lap,—
 They're not so long in arms as men are.

A twist in each parental muzzle
 Betray'd the hardship of the puzzle—
 So much the flavour of life's cup
 Is framed by early wrong or right,
 And Kangaroos we know are quite
 Dependent on their "rearing up."
 The question, with its ins and outs,
 Was intricate and full of doubts ;
 And yet they had no squeamish carings
 For trades unfit or fit for gentry,
 Such notion never had an entry,

For they had no armorial bearings.
 Howbeit they're not the last on earth
 That might indulge in pride of birth ;
 Whoever has seen their infant young
 Bob in and out their mother's pokes,
 Would own, with very ready tongue,
 They are not born like common folks.
 Well, thus the serious subject stood,
 It kept the old pair watchful nightly,
 Debating for young hopeful's good,
 That he might earn his livelihood,
 And go through life (like them) uprightly
 Arms would not do at all ; no, marry,
 In that line all his race miscarry ;
 And agriculture was not proper,
 Unless they meant the lad to tarry
 For ever as a mere clod-hopper.
 He was not well cut out for preaching,
 At least in any striking style :
 And as for being mercantile—
 He was not form'd for over-reaching.

The law—why there still fate ill-starr'd him,
 And plainly from the bar debarr'd him :
 A doctor—who would ever see him ?
 In music he could scarce engage,
 And as for going on the stage
 In tragic socks I think I see him !

He would not make a rigging-mounter ;
 A haberdasher had some merit,
 But there the counter still ran counter,
 For just suppose
 A lady chose
 To ask him for a yard of ferret !

A gardener digging up his beds,
 The puzzled parents shook their heads.

“ A tailor would not do because—”
 They paused and glanced upon his paws.

Some parish post,—though fate should place it
 Before him, how could he embrace it ?

In short each anxious Kangaroo
 Discuss'd the matter through and through ;
 By day they seem'd to get no nearer,
 'Twas posing quite—
 And in the night
 Of course they saw their way no clearer !
 At last thus musing on their knees—
 Or hinder elbows if you please—
 It came—no thought was ever brighter !
 In weighing every why and whether,
 They jump'd upon it both together—
 “ Let's make the imp a *short-hand writer* !”

MORAL.

I wish all human parents so
 Would argue what their sons are fit for ;
 Some would-be critics that I know
 Would be in trades they have more wit for.

LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

No. II.

To do justice to the climate of "stout and original Scotland," it promised to act kindly by the constitution committed to its care. The air evidently agreed with the natives; and auld Robin Grays and John Andersons were plenty as blackberries, and Auld Lang Syne himself seemed to walk, bonneted amongst these patriarchal figures in the likeness of an old man covered with a mantle. The effect on myself was rather curious—for I seemed to have come amongst a generation that scarcely belonged to my era; mature spinsters, waning bachelors, very motherly matrons, and experienced fathers, that I should have set down as uncles and aunts, called themselves my cousins; reverend personages, apparently grandfathers and grandmothers, were simply great uncles and aunts: and finally I enjoyed an interview with a relative oftener heard of traditionally, than encountered in the body—a great-great grandmother—still a tall woman and a tolerable pedestrian, going indeed down the hill, but with the wheel well locked. It was like coming amongst the Struldbrugs; and truly, for any knowledge to the contrary, many of these Old Mortalities are still living, enjoying their sneeshing, their toddy, their cracks, and particular reminiscences. The very phrase of being "Scotch'd, but not killed," seems to refer to this Caledonian tenacity of life, of which the well-known Walking Stewart was an example: he was an annuitant in the County-office, and as the actuaries would say, died very hard. It must be difficult for the teatotalers to reconcile this longevity with the imputed enormous consumption of ardent spirits beyond the Tweed. Scotia, according to the evidence of Mr. Buckingham's committee, is an especially drouthie bodie, who drinks whiskey at christenings, and at buryings, and on all possible occasions besides. Her sons drink not by the hour or by the day, but by the week,—witness Souter Johnny:—

"Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither,
They had been fou for weeks together."

Swallowing no thin washy potation, but a strong overproof spirit, with a smack of smoke—and "where there is smoke there is fire," yet without flashing off, according to temperance theories, by spontaneous combustion. On the contrary, the canny northerns are noted for soundness of constitution and clearness of head, with such a strong principle of vitality as to justify the poetical prediction of C***, that the world's longest liver, or Last Man, will be a Scotchman.

All these favourable signs I duly noted; and prophetically refrained

P P

from delivering the letter of introduction to Doctor C——, which was to place me under his medical care. As the sick man said, when he went into the gin-shop instead of the hospital, I “trusted to natur.” Whenever the weather permitted, therefore, which was generally when there were no new books to the fore, I haunted the banks and braes, or paid flying visits to the burns, with a rod intended to punish that rising generation amongst fishes called trout. But I whipped in vain. Trout there were in plenty, but like obstinate double teeth, with a bad operator, they would neither be pulled out nor come out of themselves. Still the sport, if so it might be called, had its own attractions, as, the catching excepted, the whole of the Waltonish enjoyments were at my command, the contemplative quiet, the sweet wholesome country air, and the picturesque scenery—not to forget the relishing the homely repast at the shealing or the mill; sometimes I went alone, but often we were a company, and then we had for our attendant a journeyman tobacco-spinner, an original, and literary withal, for he had a reel in his head, whence ever and anon he unwound a line of Allan Ramsay, or Beattie, or Burns. Methinks I still listen, trudging homewards in the gloaming, to the recitation of that appropriate stanza, beginning—

“At the close of the day when the hamlet was still,”

delivered with a gusto perhaps only to be felt by a day-labouring mechanic, who had “nothing but his evenings to himself.” Methinks I still sympathise with the zest with which he dwelt on the pastoral images and dreams so rarely realized, when a chance holiday gave him the fresh-breathing fragrance of the living flower in lieu of the stale odour of the Indian weed: and philosophically I can now understand why poetry, with its lofty aspirations and sublimed feelings, seemed to sound so gratefully to the ear from the lips of a “squire of low degree.” There is something painful and humiliating to humanity in the abjectness of mind, that too often accompanies the sordid condition of the working classes; whereas it is soothing and consolatory to find the mind of the poor man rising superior to his estate, and compensating by intellectual enjoyment for the physical pains and privation that belong to his humble lot. Whatever raises him above the level of the ox in the garner, or the horse in the mill, ought to be acceptable to the pride, if not to the charity, of the fellow creature that calls him brother; for instance, music and dancing, but against which innocent unbendings some of our magistracy persist in setting their faces, as if resolved that a low neighbourhood should enjoy no dances but St. Vitus’s, and no fiddle but the Scotch.

To these open-air pursuits, sailing was afterwards added, bringing me acquainted with the boatmen and fishermen of The Craig, a hardy race, rough and ready-witted, from whom perchance was first derived my partiality for all marine bipeds and sea-craft, from Flag Admirals down to Jack Junk, the proud first-rate to the humble boatie that

"wins the bairns' bread." The Tay at Dundee is a broad noble river, with a racing tide, which, when it differs with a contrary wind, will get up "*jars*" (Anglicè waves) quite equal to those of a family manufacture. It was at least a good preparatory school for learning the rudiments of boat craft; whereof I acquired enough to be able at need to take the helm without either going too near the wind or too distant from the port. Not without some boyish pride I occasionally found myself intrusted with the guidance of the Coach-Boat—so called from its carrying the passengers by the Edinburgh Mail—particularly in a calm, when the utmost exertions of the crew, four old man-of-war's-men, were required at the oars. It not unfrequently happened, however that "the laddie" was unceremoniously ousted by the unanimous vote, and sometimes by the united strength, of the ladies, who invariably pitched upon the oldest old gentleman in the vessel to

"Steer her up and haud her gaun."

The consequence being the landing with all the baggage, some half-mile above or below the town—and a too late conviction, that the *Elder Brethren* of our Trinity House were not the best Pilots.

It was during one of these brief voyages, that I witnessed a serio-comic accident, at which the reader will smile or sigh according to his connexion with the Corporation of London. I forget on what unconscious pilgrimage it was bound, but amongst the other passengers one day, there was that stock-dove of a gourmand's affection, a fine lively turtle. Rich and rare as it was, it did not travel unprotected like Moore's heroine, but was under the care of a vigilant guardian, who seemed as jealous of the eyes that looked amorously at his charge, as if the latter had been a ward in Chancery. So far—namely, as far as the middle of the Tay—so good; when the spirit of mischief, or curiosity, or humanity, suggested the convenience of a sea-bath, and the refreshment the creature might derive from a taste of its native element. Accordingly, Testudo was lifted over the side, and indulged with a dip and a wallop in the wave, which actually revived it so powerfully, that from a playful flapping with its fore-fins it soon began to struggle most vigorously, like a giant refreshed with brine. In fact, it paddled with a power which, added to its weight, left no alternative to its guardian but to go with it, or without it. The event soon came off. The man tumbled backward into the boat, and the turtle plunged forward into the deep. There was a splash—a momentary glimpse of the broad back-shell—the waters closed, and all was over—or at least under! In vain one of the boatmen aimed a lunge with his boat-hook, at the fatal spot in particular—in vain another made a blow with his oar at the Tay in general—whilst a third, in his confusion, heaved a coil of rope, as he would, could, should, might, or ought to have done to a drowning Christian. The Amphibious was

beyond their reach, and no doubt, making westward and homeward with all its might, with an instinctive feeling that

"The world was all before it where to choose
Its place of rest, and Providence its guide."

Never shall I forget, whilst capable of reminiscences, the face of that mourning mate thus suddenly bereaved of his turtle! The unfortunate shepherd, Ding-dong, in Rabelais, could hardly have looked more utterly and unutterably dozed, crazed, mizmazed, and flabbergasted, when his whole flock and stock of golden-fleeced sheep suicidically sheepwashed themselves to death, by wilfully leaping overboard! He said little in words, but more eloquently clapped his hands to his waistcoat, as if the loss, as the nurses say, had literally "flown to his stomach." And truly, after promising it both callipash and callipee, with the delicious green fat to boot, what cold comfort could well be colder than the miserable chilling reflection that there was

"Could kail in Aberdeen?"

THE DOMESTIC DILEMMA; *A True Story,*

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL NEMAND.

CHAPTER I.

"I **AM** perfectly at my wits' ends!"

As Madame Doppeldick said this, she thrust both her fat hands into the pockets of her scarlet cotton apron, at the same time giving her head a gentle shake, as if implying that it was a case in which heads and hands could be of no possible avail. She was standing in a little dormitory, exactly equidistant from two beds, between which her eyes and her thoughts had been alternating some ten minutes past. They were small beds,—pallets,—cots,—cribs, troughs upon four legs, such as the old painters represent the manger in their pictures of the Nativity. Our German beds are not intended to carry double, and in such an obscure out-of-the-way village as Kleinewinkel, who would think of finding any thing better in the way of a couch than a sort of box just too little for a bed, and just too large for a coffin? It was between two such bedlings, then, that Madame Doppeldick was standing, when she broke out into the aforesaid exclamation—"I am perfectly at my wits' ends!"

Now, the wits' ends of Madame Doppeldick scarcely extended

farther from her scull than the horns of a snail. They seldom protruded far beyond her nose, and that was a short one; and moreover they were apt to recede and draw in from the first obstacle they encountered, leaving their proprietor to feel her own way, as if she had no wits' ends at all. Thus, having satisfied themselves that there were only two beds in the rooms, they left the poor lady in the lurch, and absolutely at a nonplus, as to how she was to provide for the accommodation of a third sleeper, who was expected to arrive the same evening. There was only one best bed-room in the house, and it happened to be the worst bed-room also; for Gretchen, the maid-servant, went home nightly to sleep at her mother's. To be sure a shake-down might be spread in the parlour; but to be sure the parlour was also a shop of all sorts; and to be sure the young officer would object to such accommodations; and to be very sure, Mr. Doppeldick would object equally to the shake-down, and giving up the two beds cverhead to his wife and the young officer.

"God forgive me," said the perplexed Madame Doppeldick, as she went slowly down the stairs;—"but I wish Captain Schenk had been killed at the battle of Leipzig, or had got a bed of glory anywhere else, before he came to be billeted on us!"



"I'LL TAKE A BED WITH YOU."

CHAPTER II.

IN extenuation of so unchristian-like an aspiration as the one which escaped from the lips of Madame Doppeldick at the end of the last chapter, it must be remembered that she was a woman of great delicacy for her size. She was so corpulent, that she might safely have gone to court without a hoop, her arms were too big for legs; and as for her legs, it passed for a miracle of industry, even amongst the laborious hard-working inhabitants of Kleinewinkel, that she knitted her own stockings. It must be confessed, that she ate heartily, drank heartily, and slept heartily; and all she ate, drank, and slept, seemed to do her good, for she never ceased growing, at least horizontally, till

she did ample justice to the name which became her own by marriage. Still, as the bulk of her body increased, the native shrinking unobtrusive modesty of her mind remained the same; or rather it became even more tremulously sensitive. In spite of her huge dimensions, she seemed to entertain the Utopian desire of being seen by no eyes save those of her husband; of passing through life unnoticed and unknown; in short she was a globe-peony with the feelings of a violet. Judge then what a shock her blushing sensibilities received from the mere idea of the strange captain intruding on the shadiest haunts of domestic privacy! Although by birth, education, and disposition, as loyal as the sunflower to the sun, in the first rash transports of her trepidation and vexation she wished any thing but well to her liege sovereign the King of Prussia—wondering bitterly why his majesty could not contrive to have his reviews and sham-fights in Berlin itself; or at least in Posen, where there were spare beds to be had, and lodgings to let for single men. Then again, if the Quartermaster had but condescended to give a quarter's notice, why, Mr. Doppeldick might have run up an extra room, or they might have parted off a portion of their own chamber with lath and plaster—or they might have done a thousand things; for instance, they might have sold their house and left the country, instead of being thus taken unawares in their own sanctorum by a strange gentleman, as suddenly as if he had tumbled through the roof. “It was too bad—it was really too bad—and she wondered what Mr. Doppeldick would say to it when he came home.”



“I WISH I WAS WELL THROUGH IT.”



"WE ALL SMOKE IN GERMANY."

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Doppeldick did come home—and he said nothing to it at all. He only pulled his tobacco-bag out of one coat-pocket, and his tobacco-pipe out of the other, and then he struck a light, and fell to smoking, as complacently as if there had been no Captain Schenk in the world. The truth was, he had none of that nervous nicety of feeling which his partner possessed so eminently, and, accordingly he took no more interest in her domestic dilemma than the walnut-wood chair that he sat upon. Moreover, when he once had in his mouth his favourite pipe, with a portrait of Kant on the bowl of it, he sucked through its tube a sort of Transcendental Philosophy which elevated him above all the ills of human life, to say nothing of such little domestic inconveniences as the present. If the house had been as big as the hotel de Nassau, at Schlangenbad, with as many chambers and spare beds in it—or a barrack, with quarters for the captain and his company to boot—he could not have puffed on more contentedly. The very talk about beds and bedding appeared to lull him into a sort of sleep with his eyes open; and even when the voice and words of his helpmate grew a little sharp and querulous in detailing all her doubts, and difficulties, and disagreeables, they could not raise even a ripple in the calm placid expanse of his forehead. How should they? His equable German good humour might well be invulnerable to all outward attacks, which had so long withstood every internal one,—ay, in Temper's very citadel, the stomach. For instance, the better part of his daily diet was of sour. He ate "sauer-kraut," and "sauer-

braten," with sour sauce and "sauer-ampfer" by way of salad, and pickled plums by way of dessert, and "sauer-milch" with sourish brown bread—and then, to wash these down, he drank sourish "Essigberger" wine, and "sauer-wasser," of which the village of Kleinewinkel had its own peculiar brunnen. Still, I say, by all these sours, and many others not mentioned besides, his temper was never soured—nor could they turn one drop of the milk of human kindness that flowed in his bosom. Instead, therefore, of his round features being ever rumpled and crumpled, and furrowed up by the plough-share of passion, you never saw any thing on his face but the same everlasting sub-smile of phlegmatic philanthropy. In spite of the stream of complaint that kept pouring into his ear, he forgave Captain Sohenk from the bottom of his soul for being billeted on him; and entertained no more spleen towards the King of Prussia and the Quarter-master, than he did towards the gnat that bit him last year. At length, his pipe wanting replenishing, he dropped a few comfortable words to his wife, meanwhile he refilled the bowl, and brought the engine again into play:—

"As for undressing, Malchen,—before the strange man—puff—why can't we go to bed,—puff—before *he* does,—puff—puff—and so put an end to the matter—puff—puff—puff!"

"As I live upon damsons and bullases!" (for it was the plum season,) exclaimed Madame Doppeldick, clapping her fat hands with delight, "I never thought of that! Gretchen, my lass, get the supper ready immediately, for your good master is mortal hungry, and so am I!—and then, my own Dietrich dear, we'll bundle off to bed as fast as we can!"



"THE LAST IN BED TO PUT OUT THE LIGHT."

CHAPTER IV.

THE best of plots may come to the worst of ends. It was no fault, however, of Gretchen's; for being in a hurry of her own to meet Ludwig Liedeback, she clapped the supper upon the table in no time at all. The transcendental pipe, with the head of Kant upon it, instantly found itself deposited in a by corner; for Mr. Doppeldick, like his better half, was a person of substance, keeping a good running account with Messer and Gabel. Besides, amongst other delicacies, the board actually displayed those rarest of all inland rarities, oysters,—a bag of which the warm-hearted Adam Kloot had sent, by way of a token of remembrance, to his old friend Dietrich; forgetting utterly that it was full a hundred leagues from the nearest high water-mark of the sea to the village of Kleinewinkel. Of course they came like other travellers, with their mouths wide agape, to see the wonders of the place,—but, then, so much the easier they were to open; and as the worthy couple did not contemplate any such superfluous nicety as *shaving* them before they swallowed them, there was a fair chance that the delicious morsels would all be devoured before the inauspicious arrival of Captain Schenk. Some such speculation seemed to glimmer in the eyes of both Mr. and Mrs. Doppeldick—when, lo! just as the sixth dead oyster had been body-snatched out of its shell, and was being flavoured up with lemon and vinegar, the door opened, and in walked a blue cap with a red band, a pair of mustachios, and a grey cloak without any arms in its sleeves. Had Madame Doppeldick held any thing but an oyster in her mouth at that moment it would infallibly have choked her, the flutter of her heart in her throat was so violent.

"Holy Virgin!—Captain Schenk!"

"At your service, Madame," answered a voice through the mustachios.

"You are welcome, Captain!" said the worthy master of the



TRAVELLERS SEEING THE "LIONS."

house, at the same time rising, and placing a chair for his guest at that side of the table which was farthest from the oysters. The officer, without any ceremony, threw himself into the seat, and then, resting his elbows upon the table, and his cheeks between his palms, he fixed his dark eyes on the blushing face of Madame Doppeldick in a long and steady stare. It is true that he was only mentally reviewing the review; or, possibly, calculating the chances he had made in favour of an application he had lately forwarded to Berlin, to be exchanged into the Royal Guards; but the circumstance sufficed to set every nerve of Madame Doppeldick a-vibrating, and in two minutes from his arrival, she had made up her mind that he was a very bold, forward, and presuming young man.

It is astonishing, when we have once conceived a prejudice, how rapidly it grows, and how plentifully it finds nutriment! Like the sea polypus, it extends its thousand feelers on every side, for any thing they can lay hold of, and the smallest particle afloat in the ocean of conjecture cannot escape from the tenacity of their grasp. So it was with Madame Doppeldick. From mistrusting the captain's eyes, she came to suspect his nose, his mustachios, his mouth, his chin, and even the slight furrow of a sabre cut that scarred his forehead just over the left eyebrow. She felt morally sure that he had received it in no battle-field, but in some scandalous duel. Luckily she had never seen Mozart's celebrated opera, or she would inevitably have set down Captain Schenk as its libertine masquerading hero, Don Giovanni himself!

"You will be sharp-set for supper, Captain," said the hospitable host, pushing towards his guest a dish of lean home-made bacon; but the Captain took no more notice of the invitation than if he had been stunned stone-deaf by the artillery at the sham-fight in the morning. Possibly he did not like bacon, or, at any rate, such bacon as was set before him; for to put the naked Truth on her bare oath, the Kleine-winkel pigs always looked as if they got their living, like cockroaches, by creeping through cracks. However, he never changed his posture, but kept his dark intolerable eyes still fixed on his hostess's full and flushed face. He



"O HAM—WHAT A FALLING OFF WAS THERE."

might just as well have stared,—if he must stare—at the shelves-full of old family china (some of it elaborately mended and riveted) in the corner cupboard, the door of which she had left open on purpose ; but he had, apparently, no such considerate respect for female modesty.

“Saint Ursula and the Eleven Thousand be near us!” said the disquieted Madame Doppeldick to herself. “It is hard enough for people of our years and bulk to be obliged to lie double;—but to have a strange, wild, rakish, staring young fellow in the same chamber—I *do* wish that Dietrich would make more haste with his supper, that we may get into bed first!”



“A PIPING BULLFINCH.”

CHAPTER V.

HONEST Dietrich was in no such hurry. A rational, moral, pious man, with a due grateful sense of the sapidity of certain gifts of the Creator, ought not to swallow them with the post-haste indifference of a sow swilling her wash ; and as Dietrich Doppeldick did not taste oysters once in ten years, it was a sort of religious obligation, as well as a positive secular temptation, that the relish of each particular fish should be prolonged as far as possible on the palate by an orderly, decorous, and deliberate deglutition. Accordingly, instead of bolting the oysters as if he had been swallowing them for a wager, he sate soberly, with his eyes fixed on the two plumpest, as if only awaiting the ‘good night’ of his guest to do ample and christian-like justice to the edible forget-me-nots of his good friend Adam Kloot. In vain his wife looked hard at him, and trod on his toes as long as she could reach them, besides being seized with a short hectic cough that was any thing but constitutional—

“Lord, help me!” said Mrs. Doppeldick in her soul, too fluttered to attend to the correctness of her metaphors—“It’s as easy to catch

the eye of a post!—He minds me no more than if I trod on the toes of a stock-fish! I might as well cough into the ears of a stone wall."

In fact, honest Dietrich had totally forgotten the domestic dilemma.

"He will never take his eyes off," thought Madame Doppeldick, stealing a glance across the table; "I was never so stared at, never, since I was a girl and wore pig-tails! I expect every moment he will jump up and embrace me." Where-

as nothing could be further from the Captain's thought. The second battalion had joined that very morning, and accordingly he had kissed, or been kissed by, all its eight-

and-twenty officers, tall or short, fat or lean, fair or swarthy,—which was quite kissing enough for a reasonable day's ration. The truth is, he was staring at himself. He had just, mentally, put on a new uniform, and was looking with the back of his eyes at his own brilliant figure, as a Captain in the Royal Guards. It was, however, a stare, outwardly, at Madame Doppeldick, who took everything to herself, frogs, lace, bullion, buttons, cuffs, collars, epaulettes, and the Deuce knows what besides.

"I would to heaven!" she wished, "he had never thought of going into the army,—or at least that the Quartermaster had never taken it into his stupid head to quarter him on us. Young gay Captains are very well to flirt with, or to waltz with, but at my years and bulk waltzing is quite out of the question!"



"KISSING GOES BY FAVOUR."



WALTZING TO A NEW AIR.

CHAPTER VI.

At last Captain Schenk changed his posture, and averted his familiar eyes from the face of Madame Doppeldick ; but it was only to give her a fresh alarm with his free-and-easy mouth. First of all he clenched his fists—then he raised his arms at full stretch above his head, as if he wanted to be crucified, and then turning his face upwards towards the ceiling, with his eyes shut, and his jaws open—he yawned such a yawn as panther never yawned after prowling all day, without prey, in a ten-foot cage—

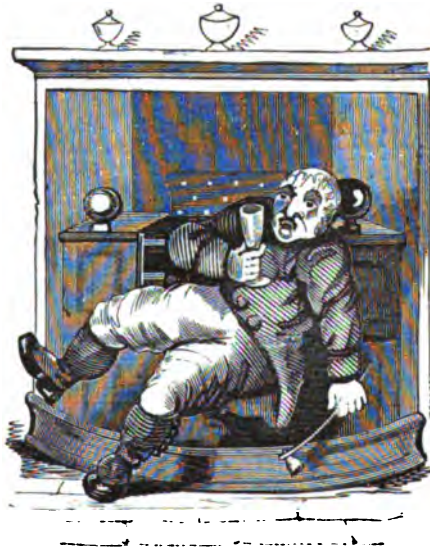
“Auw-yauw-au-ya-ugh-auwayawauwghf!”

“By all the Saints,” thought the terrified Madame Doppeldick, “he will be for packing off to bed at once!”—and in the vain hope of inducing him to sup beforehand, she seized, yes, she actually seized the devoted dish of oysters, and made them relieve guard, with the home-made bacon, just under the Captain’s nose. It was now honest Dietrich’s turn to try to catch the eyes of posts, and tread on the toes of stock-fish ; however, for this time the natives were safe.

“By your leave, Madame,” said the abominable voice through the mustachios, “I will take nothing except a candle. What with the heavy rain at first, and then the horse artillery ploughing up our marching ground, I am really dog-tired with my day’s work. If you will do me the favour, therefore, to show me to my chamber——”

“Not for the whole world!” exclaimed the horrified Madame Doppeldick—“not for the whole world, I mean, till you have hob-and-nobbed with us—at least with the good man”——

and, like a warm-hearted hostess, jealous of the honour of her hospitality, she snatched up the spare-candle, and hurried off to the barrel. If she could but set them down to drinking, she calculated, let who *would* be the second, she would herself be the first in bed, if she jumped into it with all her clothes on. It was a likely scheme enough,—but alas! it fell through, like the rest!—Before she had



HOB AND NOB.

drawn half a flask of Essigberger, or Holzapfelheimer, for I forget which—she was alarmed by the double screech of two chairs pushed suddenly back on the uncarpeted floor. Then came a trampling of light and heavy feet—and although she dropped the bottle—and forgot to turn the spigot—and carried the candle without the candlestick—and left her left slipper behind her,—still, in spite of all the haste she could make, she only reached the stair-foot just in time to see two Prussian-blue coat-tails, turned up with red, whisking in at the bedroom door!

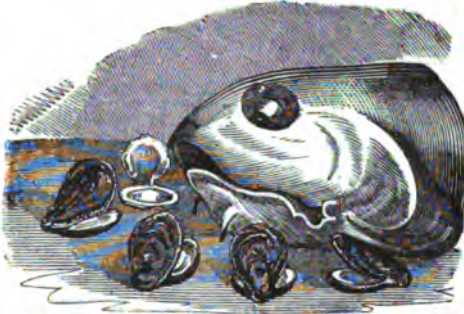


"WHAT NEXT?" AS THE FROG SAID WHEN HIS TAIL FELL OFF.

CHAPTER VII.

"ON the cruel, the killing ill-luck that pursues us!" exclaimed the forlorn Madame Doppeldick, as her husband returned, with his mouth watering, to the little parlour, where, by some sort of attraction, he was drawn into the Captain's vacant chair, instead of his own. In a few seconds the plumpest of Adam Kloot's tender souvenirs, of about the size and shape of a penny bun, was sliding over his tongue. Then another went—and another—and another. They were a little gone or so, and no wonder; for they had travelled up the Rhine and the Moselle, in a dry "schiff," not a "dampschiff," towed by real horse-powers, instead of steam-powers, against the stream. To tell the

naked truth, there were only four words in the world that a respectably fresh Cod's head could have said to them, namely—



"NONE OF YOUR SAUCE."

No matter: down they went glibly, glibly. The lemon-juice did something for them, and the vinegar still more, by making them seem sharp instead of flat. Honest Dietrich enjoyed them as mightily as Adam Kloot could have wished; and was in no humour, you may be sure, for spinning prolix answers or long-winded speeches.

"They are good—very!—excellent! Malchen!—Just eat a couple."

But the mind of the forlorn Malchen was occupied with any thing but oysters: it was fixed upon things above, or at least overhead. "I do not think I can sit up all night," she murmured, concluding with such a gape that the tears squeezed out plentifully between her fat little eyelids.

"I've found only one bad one—and that was full of black mud—schloo—oo—oo—oop!"—slirropped honest Dietrich. N. B. There is no established formula of minims and crotchets on the gamut to represent the swallowing of an oyster: so the aforesaid syllables of "schloo—oo—oo—oop," must stand in their stead.

"As for sleeping in my clothes," continued Madame Doppeldick, "the weather is so very warm,—and the little window won't open—and with two in a bed—"

"The English do it, Malchen,—schloo—oo—oop!"

"But the English beds have curtains," said Madame Doppeldick, "thick stuff or canvass curtains, Dietrich,—all round, and over the top—just like a general's tent."

"We can go—schloo—oop—to bed in the dark, Malchen."

"No—no," objected Madame Doppeldick, with a grave shake of her head. "We'll have no blindman's-buff work, Dietrich,—and maybe blundering into wrong beds."

"Schloo—oo—oo—oop."

"And if ever I saw a wild, rakish, immoral, irreligious-looking young man, Dietrich, the Captain is one!"

"Schloo—oo—oo—oop."

"Did you observe, Dietrich, how shamefully he stared at me?"

"Schloo—oop."

"And the out on his forehead, Dietrich, I'll be bound he got it for no good!"

"Schloo—oo—oo—oop."

"Confound Adam Kloot and his oysters to boot!" exclaimed the offended Madame Doppeldick, irritated beyond all patience at the bovine apathy of her connubial partner. "I wish, I do, that the nets had burst in catching them!"

"Why, what can one do, Malchen?" asked honest Dietrich, looking up for the first time from the engrossing dish, whence the one-a-penny oysters had all vanished, leaving only the two-a-penny ones behind.

"Saint Ursula only knows!" sighed Madame Doppeldick, her voice relapsing into its former tone of melancholy. "I only know that I will never undress in the room!"

"Then you must undress out of it, Malchen. Schloo—oop. Schloo—oo—oo—oo—oop."

"I believe that must be the way after all," said Madame Doppeldick, on whose mind her husband's sentence of transcendental philosophy had cast a new light. "To be sure there is a little landing-place at the stair-head—and our bed is exactly opposite the door—and if one scuttled briskly across the room, and jumped in—But are you sure, Dietrich, that you explained every thing correctly to the Captain? Did you tell him that *his* was the one next the window—with the patchwork coverlet?"

"Not a word of it!" answered honest Dietrich, who, like all other Prussians, had served his two years as a soldier, and was therefore moderately interested in military manoeuvres. "Not a word of it—we talked all about the review. But I did what was far better, my own Malchen, for I saw him get into the bed with the patchwork coverlet, with my own eyes, and then took away his candle—Schloo—oo—oop!"

"It was done like my own dear, kind, Dietrich," exclaimed the delighted Madame Doppeldick, and in the sudden revulsion of her feelings, she actually pulled up his huge round bullet-head from the dish, and kissed him between the nose and chin.

The Domestic Dilemma was disarmed of its horns, Madame Doppeldick saw her way before her, as clear and open as the Rhine three months after the ice has broken up. From that moment, as long as the dish contained two oysters, the air of "Schloo—oo—oo—oo—oop" was sung, as "arranged for a duet."

(To be continued at page 497.)



FINDING A MAYOR'S NEST.

ODE FOR THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.

O Lud! O Lud! O Lud!
 I mean of course that venerable town,
 Mention'd in stories of renown,
 Built formerly of mud ;—
 O Lud, I say, why didst thou e'er
 Invent the office of a Mayor,
 An office that no useful purpose crowns,
 But to set Aldermen against each other,
 That should be Brother unto Brother,—
 Sisters at least, by virtue of their gowns?

But still if one must have a Mayor
 To fill the Civic chair,
 O Lud, I say,
 Was there no better day
 To fix on, than November Ninth so shivery
 And dull for showing off the Livery's livery?
 Dimming, alas!
 The Brazier's brass,
 Soiling th' Embroiderers and all the Saddlers,
 Sopping the Furriers,
 Draggling the Curriers,
 And making Merchant Tailors dirty paddlers:
 Drenching the Skinners' Company to the skin,
 Making the crusty Vintner chiller,
 And turning the Distiller
 To cold without instead of warm within ;—
 Spoiling the bran-new beavers
 Of Wax-chandlers and Weavers,
 Plastering the Plasterers and spotting Mercers,
 Hearty November-cursors—

And showing Cordwainers and dapper Drapers
 Sadly in want of brushes and of scrapers ;
 Making the Grocer's company not fit
 For company a bit ;
 Dying the Dyers with a dingy flood,
 Daubing incorporated Bakers,
 And leading the Patten-makers,
 Over their very pattens in the mud,—
 O Lud ! O Lud ! O Lud !

“ This is a sorry sight,”
 To quote Macbeth—but oh, it grieves me quite,
 To see your Wives and Daughters in their plumes—
 White plumes not white—
 Sitting at open windows catching rheums,
 Not “ Angels ever bright and fair,”
 But angels ever brown and fallow,
 With eyes—you cannot see above one pair,
 For city clouds of black and yellow—
 And artificial flowers, rose, leaf, and bud,
 Such sable lilies
 And grim daffodilies
 Drooping, but not for drought, O Lud ! O Lud !

I may as well, while I'm inclined,
 Just go through all the faults I find :
 Oh Lud ! then, with a better air, say June,
 Could'st thou not find a better tune
 To sound with trumpets, and with drums,
 Than “ See the Conquering Hero comes,”
 When he who comes ne'er dealt in blood ?
 Thy May'r is not a War Horse, Lud,
 That ever charged on Turk or Tartar,
 And yet upon a march you strike
 That treats him like—
 A little French if I may martyr—
 Lewis Cart-Horse or Henry Carter !

O Lud ! I say
 Do change your day
 To some time when your Show can really show ;
 When silk can seem like silk, and gold can glow.
 Look at your Sweepers, how they shine in May !
 Have it when there's a sun to gild the coach,
 And sparkle in tiara—bracelet—brooch—
 Diamond—or paste—of sister, mother, daughter ;
 When grandeur really may be grand—
 But if thy Pageant's thus obscured by land—
 O Lud ! it's ten times worse upon the water !

Suppose, O Lud, to show its plan,
 I call, like Blue Beard's wife, to sister Anne,
 Who's gone to Beaufort Wharf with niece and aunt,
 To see what she can see—and what she can't;
 Chewing a saffron bun by way of cud,
 To keep the fog out of a tender lung,
 While perch'd in a verandah nicely hung
 Over a margin of thy own black mud,
 O Lud!

Now Sister Anne, I call to thee,
 Look out and see:
 Of course about the bridge you view them rally
 And sally,



ARMS FOUND.

With many a wherry, sculler, punt, and cutter;
 The Fishmongers' grand boat, but not for butter,
 The Goldsmiths' glorious galley,—
 Of course you see the Lord Mayor's coach aquatic,
 With silken banners that the breezes fan,
 In gold all glowing,
 And men in scarlet rowing,
 Like Doge of Venice to the Adriatic;
 Of course you see all this, O Sister Anne!

"No, I see no such thing !
 I only see the edge of Beaufort Wharf,
 With two coal lighters fasten'd to a ring ;
 And, dim as ghosts,
 Two little boys are jumping over posts ;
 And something, farther off,
 That's rather like the shadow of a dog,
 And all beyond is fog.
 If there be any thing so fine and bright,
 To see it I must see by second sight.
 Call this a Show ? It is not worth a pin :
 I see no barges row,
 No banners blow ;
 The Show is merely a gallanty-show,
 Without a lamp or any candle in."

But sister Anne, my dear,
 Although you cannot see, you still may hear ?
 Of course you hear, I'm very sure of that,
 The " Water parted from the Sea " in C,
 Or " Where the Bee sucks," set in B ;
 Or Huntsman's chorus from the Freyschutz frightful,
 Or Handel's Water Music in A flat.
 Oh music from the water comes delightful !
 It sounds as no where else it can :
 You hear it first
 In some rich burst,
 Then faintly sighing,
 Tenderly dying,
 Away upon the breezes, Sister Anne.

" There is no breeze to die on ;
 And all their drums and trumpets, flutes and harps,
 Could never cut their way with ev'n three sharps
 Through such a fog as this, you may rely on
 I think, but am not sure, I hear a hum,
 Like a very muffled double drum,
 And then a something faintly shrill,
 Like Bartlemy Fair's old buz at Pentonville.
 And now and then hear a pop,
 As if from Pedley's Soda Water shop.
 I'm almost ill with the strong scent of mud,
 And, not to mention sneezing,
 My cough is, more than usual, teasing ;
 I really fear that I have chill'd my blood,
 O Lud ! O Lud ! O Lud ! O Lud ! O Lud ! "

SONNET.

THE sky is glowing in one ruddy sheet ;—
 A cry of fire ! resounds from door to door ;
 And westward still the thronging people pour ;—
 The turncock hastens to F. P. 6 feet,
 And quick unlocks the fountains of the street ;
 While rumbling engines, with increasing roar,
 Thunder along to luckless Number Four,
 Where Mr. Dough makes bread for folks to eat.
 And now through blazing frames, and fiery beams,
 The Globe, the Sun, the Phoenix, and what not,
 With gushing pipes throw up abundant streams,
 On burning bricks, and twists, on rolls—too hot—
 And scorching loaves,—as if there were no shorter
 And cheaper way of making toast-and-water !



THE HOUSE ADJOURNED.



FANCY PORTRAIT :—THE LORD MAYOR.

RONDEAU.

[EXTRACTED FROM A WELL-KNOWN ANNUAL.]

O CURIOUS reader, didst thou ne'er
Behold a worshipful Lord May'r
Seated in his great civic chair

So dear ?

'Then cast thy longing eyes this way,
It is the ninth November day,
And in his new-born state survey

One here !

To rise from little into great
Is pleasant ; but to sink in state
From high to lowly is a fate

Severe.

Too soon his shine is overcast,
Chill'd by the next November blast ;
His blushing honours only last

One year !

He casts his fur and sheds his chains,
And moults till not a plume remains—
The next impending May'r distrains

His gear.

He slips like water through a sieve—
Ah, could his little splendour live
Another twelvemonth—he would give

One ear !



LONDON FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

REMARKS.

No season has offered such *variétés* in costume as the early part of the present month. Fancy dresses of the most *outré* description have appeared, even in the streets. Short waists and long, full sleeves and empty, broad skirts and narrow, whole skirts, half skirts, and none at all, have been indifferently worn. For the *Promenade*, rags and tatters of all kinds have been in much favour; very few buttons are worn; and the coats, waistcoats, and pantaloons, have been invariably padded and stuffed with hay or straw. We observed several *exquisites* making morning calls in scare-crow great-coats; the skirts, lappels, collars, and cuffs, picturesquely, but not too formally, jagged, *à la Vandyké*. The prevailing colours—all colours at once. Wigs have been very general—both *en buzz* and *frizzé*; these have been commonly composed of deal shavings; but in some cases of tow, and sometimes horse-hair. For the evening party, a few squibs and crackers are stuck in the *perruque* or hat, and the boots and shoes are polished up with a little pitch or tar; sometimes a Catherine wheel has been added *en coquards*. Frills, collars, and ruffles, of *papier coupé*, have entirely superseded those of cambric or lace, and shirts of every description are quite discarded. Paint has been in much request, and ruddle seems to have been preferred to *rouge*; patches are also much worn, not on the countenance, but on the clothes; for these the favourite *matériel* is tartan, plush of any colour, or corduroy. Several dandies appeared on the 5th with gloves, but they are not essential requisites to be in the *ton*: canes are discarded; even a riding-whip would be reckoned to evince *mauvais goût*, but a half-penny bunch of matches "*à la main*" is indispensable to a fashionable aspirant. The old practice of being carried abroad in chairs has been universally revived; and it must be confessed, that it exhibits the Figure to much advantage.

Amongst the *Nouveautés*, we observed the following *Caractère*, as making a felicitous *début*. The coat was *à-la-militaire*, of the colour formerly so much in vogue under the name of *fumée de Londres*, turned up with *flamme d'enfer*. It was *garni* with very dead gold; and slashed *à-l'Espagnole*, back and front. The pantaloons were equally *bizarre*; one leg being composed of Scotch tartan, and the other of blue striped bed-ticking, made very full, *en matelot*, in compliance with the prevailing taste for navals. The wig was made of green and white willow shavings, with a large link for a *queue*, tied on with a *nœud* of red tape. The hat, brown, somewhat darker than the Devonshire beaver, but disinclining to black. It had no brim, and was without a crown. A tarnished badge of the Phoenix Fire Office, on the bust, gave a *distingué* air to the whole Figure, which was going down Bond-street, and excited a sensation quite *d-l'essai* by its appearance in the World of Fashion.

N.B.—We are requested to state that the above described figure was entirely invented and manufactured by little Solomon Levy, of Hollywell-street, Strand, who has a variety always on show, about the metropolis.

SYMPTOMS OF OSSIFICATION.

"An indifference to tears, and blood, and human suffering, that could only belong to a *Boney-partie*."—*Life of Napoleon*.

Time was, I always had a drop
For any tale or sigh of sorrow;
My handkerchief I used to sop
Till often I was forced to borrow;
I don't know how it is, but now
My eyelids seldom want a drying;
The doctors, p'rhaps, could tell me
how—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

O'er Goethe how I used to weep,
With turnip cheeks and nose of scarlet,
When Werter put himself to sleep
With pistols kiss'd and clean'd by
Charlotte;
Self-murder is an awful sin,
No joke there is in bullets flying,
But now at such a tale I grin—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

The Drama once could shake and thrill
My nerves, and set my tears a stealing,
The Siddons then could turn at will
Each plug upon the main of feeling;

At Belvidera now I smile,
And laugh while Mrs. Haller's crying;
'Tis odd, so great a change of style—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

That heart was such—some years ago,
To see a beggar quite would shock it,
And in his hat I used to throw
The quarter's savings of my pocket:
I never wish—as I did then!—
The means from my own purse supplying,
To turn them all to gentlemen—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

We've had some serious things of late,
Our sympathies to beg or borrow,
New melo-dramas, of tragic fate,
And acts, and songs, and tales of
sorrow;
Miss Zouch's case, our eyes to melt,
And sundry actors sad good-bye-ing.
But Lord!—so little have I felt,
I'm sure my heart is ossifying!



A BUCK-ANEER!

THE POACHER.

A SERIOUS BALLAD.

But a bold pheasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

GOLDSMITH.

BILL Blossom was a nice young man,
And drove the Bury coach;
But bad companions were his bane,
And egg'd him on to poach.

They taught him how to net the birds,
And how to noose the hare;
And with a wiry terrier,
He often set a snare.

Each "shiny night" the moon was
bright,
To park, preserve, and wood
He went, and kept the game alive,
By killing all he could.

Land-owners, who had rabbits, swore
That he had this demerit—

Give him an inch of warren, he
Would take a yard of ferret.

At partridges he was not nice;
And many, large and small,
Without Hall's powder, without lead,
Were sent to Leaden-Hall.

He did not fear to take a deer
From forest, park, or lawn;
And without courting lord or duke,
Used frequently to *snare*.

Folks who had hares discovered
snares—

His course they could not stop:
No barber he, and yet he made
Their hares a perfect crow.

To pheasant he was such a foe,
He tried the keeper's nerves;
They swore he never seem'd to have
Jam satis of *preserves*.

The Shooter went to beat, and found
No sporting worth a pin,
Unless he tried the *covers* made
Of silver, plate, or tin.

In Kent the game was little worth,
In Surrey not a button;
The Speaker said he often tried
The *Manors* about *Sutton*.

No county from his tricks was safe,
In each he tried his lucks,
And when the keepers were in *Beds*,
He often was at *Bucks*.

And when he went to *Bucks*, alas:
They always came to *Herts*;
And even *Oxon* used to wish
That he had his deserts.

But going to his usual *Hants*,
Old *Cheshire* laid his plots:
He got entrapp'd by legal *Berks*,
And lost his life in *Notts*.



LUNAR CAUSTIC.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

THE SUDDEN DEATH.

THERE are several objections to one-horse vehicles. With two wheels, they are dangerous; with four, generally cruel inventions, tasking one animal with the labour of two. And, in either case, should your horse think proper to die on the road, you have no survivor to drag your carriage through the rest of the stage; or to be sent off galloping with the coachman on his back for a coadjutor.

That was precisely Miss Norman's dilemma.

If a horse could be supposed to harbour so deadly a spite against his proprietor, I should believe that the one in question chose to vent his animosity by giving up the ghost just at the spot where it would cause most annoyance and inconvenience. For fourteen months past he had drawn the Lady in daily airings to a point just short of the Binn Gate;—because that fifty yards further would have cost sixpence; a sum which Miss Norman could, or believed she could, but ill spare out of a limited income. At this very place, exactly opposite the tall elm which usually gave the signal for turning homeward,

did Plantagenet prefer to drop down stone dead ; as if determined that his mistress should have to walk every inch of it, to her own house.

But Miss Norman never walked.

Pedestrianism was, in her opinion, a very vulgar exercise, unavoidable with the poor, and to some people, as Postmen, Bankers' clerks, Hawkers, and the like, a professional mode of progression, but a bodily exertion very derogatory to persons of birth and breeding. So far was this carried, that she was once heard to declare, speaking of certain rather humble obsequies, " she would rather live for ever than have a walking funeral !"

On another occasion, when the great performance of Captain Barclay, in walking a thousand

miles in a thousand hours, was submitted to her opinion, she said " it was a step she did not approve."

It might be surmised from such declarations, that she was incapable of personal locomotion, through some original infirmity, for instance, such as results from the rickets ; whereas, so far from allowing any deficiency on the part of her nurse or parents, in putting her to her feet, Miss Norman professed to have the perfect command of all her limbs, and would have felt extremely offended at a hint that she could not dance. It was quite another weakness than any bodily one which restricted her promenades, and made her feet almost as useless to her as those of the female Chinese. Pride was in fault ; and partly her surname, for suggesting to one of her ancestors that he was a descendant of William the First of England : a notion which, after turning his own head, had slightly crazed those of his successors, who all believed, as part and parcel of their inheritance, on the strength of the " Norman " and some dubious old pedigree, that the Conqueror was their great Progenitor.

The hereditary arrogance engendered by this imaginary distinction, had successively displayed itself by outbreaks of different character, according to the temperament of the individual who happened to be head of the family : with Miss Norman, the last of *her* line, it took the form of a boast that every branch and twig of her illustrious tree had always ridden



" TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE, AND THE POUNDS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES."

"in their own carriage." I am not quite sure whether she did not push this pretension further back than the date of the invention of



DESCENDED FROM THE CONQUEROR.

"little houses on wheels" would warrant; however, it held good, in local tradition, for several generations, although the family vehicle had gradually dwindled down from an ample coach to a chariot, a fly, and, finally, the one-insidesedan-chair upon wheels, which the sudden death of Plantagenet left planted fifty yards short of the Binn Gate. To glance at the whole set-out, nobody would ever have attributed high birth and inherent gentility to its owner. 'Twas never of a piece. For once that the body was new-painted, the arms were thrice refreshed and touched up, till the dingy vehicle, by the glaring comparison, looked more ancient than the quarterings. The crest was much oftener renewed than the hammer-cloth; and Humphrey, the coachman, evidently never got a new suit all at once. He had always old drab to bran-new bright sky-blue plush; or *vice versa*. Sometimes a hat in its first gloss got the better of its old tarnished band; sometimes the fresh gold lace made the brown beaver look still more an antique. The same with the harness and the horse, which was sometimes a tall spanking brute, who seemed to have outgrown the concern; at other times, a short pony-like animal, who had been put into the shafts by mistake. In short, the several articles seemed to belong the more especially to Miss Norman because they belonged so little to each other. A few minutes made a great change in her possessions, instead

of a living horse, hight Plantagenet, she was proprietor of certain hundred-weights of dogs'-meat.

It was just at this moment that I came up with my gig; and knowing something of the lady's character, I pulled up in expectation of a scene. Leaving my own bay, who would stand as steady as a mute at death's door, I proceeded to assist the coachman in extricating his horse; but the nag of royal line was stone dead: and I accompanied Humphrey to the carriage-door to make his report.



"WARRANTED QUIET TO RIDE OR DRIVE."

A recent American author has described as an essential attribute of high birth and breeding in England, a certain sort of quakerly composure, in all possible sudden emergencies, such as an alarm of the house on fire, or a man falling into a fit by one's side:—in fact, the same kind of self-command which Pope praises in a lady who is "mistress of herself, though china fall." In this particular Miss Norman's conduct justified her pretensions. She was mistress of herself, though her horse fell. She did not start—exclaim—put her head out of the window, or even let down the front glass: she only adjusted herself more exactly in the middle of the seat, drew herself bolt upright, and fixed her eyes on the back of the coach-box. In this posture Humphrey found her.

"If you please, Ma'am, Planty-ginit be dead." The lady acquiesced with the smallest nod ever made.

"I've took off the collar, and the bitt out, and got un out o' harness entirely; but he be as unanimate as his own shoes;" and the informant looked earnestly at the lady to observe the effect of the communication. But she never moved a muscle; and honest Humphrey was just shutting the coach-door, to go and finish the laying out of the corpse, when he was recalled.

"Humphrey!"

"What's your pleasure, Ma'am?"

"Remember, another time——"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"When a horse of mine is deceased——"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Touch your hat."

The abashed coachman instantly paid up the salute in arrears.

Unbloss by birthright with self-possession, he had not even the advantage of experience in the first families, where he might have learned a little from good example: he was a raw uncouth country servant, with the great merit of being cheap, whom Miss Norman had undertaken to educate; but he was still so far from proficient, that in the importance of breaking the death to his mistress, he had omitted one of those minor tokens of respect which she always rigorously exacted.

It was now my own turn to come forward, and as deferentially as if she had been indeed the last of the Conqueror's Normandy pippins, I tendered a seat in my chaise, which she tacitly declined, with a gracious gesture of head and hand.

"If you please, Ma'am," said Humphrey, taking care to touch his hat, and shutting his head into the carriage so that I might not overhear him, "he's a respectable kind of gentleman enough, and connected with some of the first houses."

"The gentleman's name?"

"To be sure, Ma'am, the gentleman can't help his name," answered Humphrey, fully aware of the peculiar prejudices of his mistress; "but it be Huggins."

"Shut the door."

It appeared, on explanation with the coachman, that he had mistaken me for a person in the employ of the

opulent firm of Naylor and Co., whose province it was to travel throughout Britain with samples of hardware in the box-seat of his gig. I did not take the trouble to undeceive him, but determining to see the end of the affair, I affected to hope that the lady would change her mind; and accordingly I renewed, from time to time, my offer of accommodation, which was always stiffly declined. After a tolerably long pause on all sides, my expectation was excited by the appearance of the W—— coach coming through the Binn Gate, the only public vehicle that used the road. At sight of the dead horse, the driver, (the noted Jem Wade) pulled up—alighted—and standing at the carriage-door with his hat off, as if he knew his customer, made an offer of his services. But Miss Norman, more dignified than ever, waived him off with her hand. Jem became more pressing, and the



"ONE MAY GO FARTHER AND FARE WORSE"
—AS THE HORSE SAID.

lady more rigid. "She never rode," she condescended to say, "in public vehicles." Jem entreated again; but "she was accustomed to be driven by her own coachman." It was in vain that in answer he praised the quietness of his team, the safety of his patent boxes, besides promising the utmost steadiness and sobriety on his own part. Miss Norman still looked perseveringly at the back of her coach-box; which, on an unlucky assurance that "he would take as much care of her as of his own mother," she exchanged for a steady gaze at the side-window, opposite to the coachman, so long as he remained in the presence.

"By your leave, Ma'am," said Humphrey, putting his hand to his hat, and keeping it there, "Mr. Wade be a very civil-spoken careful whip, and his coach loads very respectable society. There's Sir Vincent Ball on the box."

"If Sir Vincent Ball chooses to degrade himself, it is no rule for me," retorted the lady, without turning her head; when, lo! Sir Vincent appeared himself, and politely endeavoured to persuade her out of her prejudices.

It was useless. Miss Norman's ancestors had one and all expressed a very decided opinion against stage-coaches, by never getting into one; and "she did not feel disposed to disgrace a line longer than common, by riding in any carriage but her own." Sir Vincent bowed and retreated. So did Jem Wade, without bowing, fervently declaring "he would never do the civil thing to the old female sex again!"



"JACK'S AS GOOD AS HIS MASTER."

The stage rattled away at an indignant gallop;

and we were left once more to our own resources. By way of passing the time, I thrice repeated my offers to the obdurate old maiden, and endured as many rebuffs. I was contemplating a fourth trial, when a signal was made from the carriage-window, and Humphrey, hat in hand, opened the door.

"Procure me a post-chaise."

"A po-shay!" echoed Humphrey, but, like an Irish echo, with some variation from his original—"Lord help ye, Ma'am, there bean't such a thing to be had ten miles round—no, not for love nor money. Why, bless ye, it be election time, and there bean't coach, cart, nor dog-barrow, but what be gone to it!"

"No matter," said the mistress, drawing herself up with an air of lofty resignation. "I revoke my order; for it is far, very far, from the kind of riding that I prefer. And Humphrey——"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Another time——"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Remember once for all——"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"I do not choose to be blest, or the Lord to help me."

Another pause in our proceedings, during which a company of ragged boys, who had been black-berrying, came up, and planted themselves, with every symptom of vulgar curiosity, around the carriage. Miss Norman had now no single glass through which she could look without encountering a group of low-life faces staring at her with all their might. Neither could she help hearing some such shocking ill-bred remarks as, "Vy don't the frizzle-vigged old Guy get into the gemman's drag?" Still the pride of the Normans sustained her. She seemed to draw a sort of supplementary neck out of her bosom, and sat more rigidly erect than ever, occasionally favouring the circle, like a mad bull at bay, with a most awful threatening look, accompanied ever by the same five words:

"I CHOOSE to be alone."

It is easy to say choose, but more difficult to have one's choice. The blackberry boys chose to remain; and in reply to each congé, only proved by a general grin how very much teeth are set off to advantage by purple mouths. I confess I took pity on the pangs even of unwarrantable pride, and urged my proposal again with some warmth; but it was repelled with absolute scorn.

"Fellow, you are insolent."

"Quis Deus vult perdere," thought I, and I determined to let her take her fate, merely staying to mark the result. After a tedious interval, in which her mind had doubtless looked abroad as well as inward, it appeared that the rigour of the condition, as to riding only in her own carriage, had been somewhat relaxed to meet the exigency of the case. A fresh tapping at the window summoned the obsequious Humphrey to receive orders.

"Present my compliments at the Grove—and the loan of the chariot will be esteemed a favour."

"By your leave, Ma'am, if I may speak——"

"You may *not*."

Humphrey closed the door, but remained for a minute gazing on the panel, at a blue arm, with a red carving-knife in its hand, defending a black and white rolling-pin. If he meditated any expostulation, he gave it up, and proceeded to drive away the boys, one of whom was astride on the dead Plantagenet, a second grinning through his collar, and two more preparing to play at horses with the reins. It seemed a strange mode enough that he took to secure the harness, by hanging it, collar and all, on his own back and shoulders; but by an aside to me, he explained the mystery, in a grumble.

‘It be no use in the world. I see the charrot set off for Lonnon. I shan’t go compliménting no Grove. I’s hang about a bit at the George, and compliment a pint o’ beer.”

Away he went, intending, no doubt, to be fully as good as his word ; and I found the time grow tedious in his absence. I had almost made up my mind to follow his example, when hope revived at the sound of wheels ; and up came a tax-cart, carrying four insides, namely, two well-grown porkers, Master Bardell the pig-butcher, and his foreman Samuel Slark, or, as he was more commonly called, Sam the Sticker. They were both a trifle “the worse for liquor,” if such a phrase might honestly be applied to men who were only a little more courageous, more generous, and civil and obliging to the fair sex, than their wont when perfectly sober. The Sticker, especially—in his most temperate moments a perfect sky-blue-bodied red-faced, bowing and smirking pattern of politeness to females, was now, under the influence of good ale, a very Sir Calidore, ready to comfort and succour distressed damsels, to fight for them, live or die for them, with as much of the chivalrous spirit as remains in our times. They inquired, and I explained in a few words the lady’s dilemma, taking care to forewarn them, by relating the issue of my own attempts in her behalf.

“Mayhap you warn’t half purlite or pressing enough,” observed Sam, with a side wink at his master. “It an’t a bit of a scrape, and a civil word, as will get a strange lady up into a strange gemman’s gig. It wants warmth-like, and making on her feel at home. Only let me alone with her, for a persuader, and I’ll have her up in our cart—my master’s that is to say—afore you can see whether she has feet or hoofs.”

In a moment the speaker was at the carriage-door, stroking down his sleek forelocks, bowing, and using his utmost eloquence, even to the repeating most of his arguments twice over. She would be perfectly safe, he told her, sitting up between him and master, and quite pleasant, for the pigs would keep themselves to themselves at the back of the cart, and as for the horse, he was nothing but a good one, equal to twelve mile an hour—with much more to the same purpose. It was quite unnecessary for Miss Norman to say she had never ridden in a cart with two pigs and two butchers ; and she did not say it. She merely turned away her head from the man, to be addressed by the master, at the other window, the glass of which she had just let down for a little air. “A taxed cart, Madam,” he said, “mayn’t be exactly the vehicle, accustomed to, and so forth ; but thereby, considering respective ranks of lifes, why, the more honour done to your humbles, which, as I said afore, will take every care, and observe the respectful ; likewise in distancing the two hogs. Whereby, every thing considered, namely, necessity and so forth, I will make so bold as hope, Madam, excusing *more* pressing, and the like, and dropping ceremony for the time being, you will embrace us at once, as you shall be most heartily welcome to, and be considered, by your humbles, as a favour besides.”

H H

The sudden drawing up of the window, so violently as to shiver the glass, showed sufficiently in what light Miss Norman viewed Master Bardell's behaviour. It was an unlucky smash, for it afforded what the tradesman would have called "an advantageous opening" for pouring in a fresh stream of eloquence; and the Sticker, who shrewdly estimated the convenience of the breach, came round the back of the carriage, and as junior counsel "followed on the same side." But he took nothing by the motion. The lady was invincible, or, as the discomfited pair mutually agreed, "as hard for to be *convinced into a cart*, as any thing on four legs." The blackberry boys had departed, the evening began to close

in, and no Humphrey made his appearance. The butcher's horse was on the fret, and his swine grumbled at the delay. The master and man fell into consultation, and favoured me afterwards with the result, the Sticker being the orator. It was man's duty, he said, to look after women, pretty or ugly, young or old; it was what we all came into the world to do, namely, to make ourselves comfortable and agreeable to the fair sex. As for himself, protecting females was his



"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR."

nature, and he should never lie easy agin, if so be he left the lady on the road; and providing a female wouldn't be protected with her own free will, she ought to be forced to, like any other 'live beast unsensible of its own good. Them was his sentiments, and his master followed 'em up. They knowed Miss Norman, name and fame, and was both well-known respectable men in their lines, and I might ax about for their characters. Whereby, supposing I approved, they'd have her, right and tight, in their cart, afore she felt herself respectfully off her legs.

Such were the arguments and the plan of the bull-headed pair. I attempted to reason with them, but my consent had clearly been only asked as a compliment. The lady herself hastened the catastrophe. Whether she had overheard the debate, or the amount of long pent-up emotion became too overwhelming for its barriers, I know not, but Pride gave way to Nature, and a short hysteric scream proceeded from

the carriage. Miss Norman was in fits! We contrived to get her seated on the step of the vehicle, where the butchers supported her, fanning her with their hats, whilst I ran off to a little pool near at hand for some cold water. It was the errand only of some four or five minutes, but when I returned, the lady, only half conscious, had been caught up, and there she sate, in the cart, right and tight, between the two butchers, instead of the two Salvages, or Griffins, or whatever they were, her hereditary supporters. They were already on the move. I jumped into my own gig, and put my horse to his speed; but I had lost my start, and when I came up with them, they were already galloping into W——. Unfortunately her residence was at the further end of the town, and thither I saw her conveyed, struggling in the bright blue, and somewhat greasy, arms of Sam the Sticker, screaming in concert with the two swine, and answered by the shouts of the whole rabblement of the place, who knew Miss Norman quite as well, by sight, as “her own carriage!”



“I’M AFRAID I’M IN LOW COMPANY!”



A MINOR CANNON.

I CANNOT BEAR A GUN.

"Timidity is generally reckoned an essential attribute of the fair sex, and this absurd notion gives rise to more false starts, than a race for the Leger. Hence screams at mice, fits at spiders, faces at toads, jumps at lizards, flights from daddy longlegs, panics at wasps, *sauve qui peut* at sight of a gun. Surely, when the military exercise is made a branch of education at so many ladies' academies, the use of the musket would only be a judicious step further in the march of mind. I should not despair, in a month's practice, of making the most timid British female fond of small-arms."—HINTS BY A CORPORAL.

It can't be minced, I'm quite convinced

All girls are full of flam,
Their feelings fine and feminine
Are nothing else but sham.

On all their tricks I need not fix,
I'll only mention one,
How many a Miss will tell you this,
"I cannot bear a gun!"

There's cousin Bell can't bide the smell
Of powder—horrid stuff!
A single pop will make her drop,
She shudders at a puff.
My Manton near, with aspen fear
Will make her scream and run:
"It's always so, you brute, you know
I cannot bear a gun!"

About my flask I must not ask,
I must not wear a belt,

I must not take a punch to make
My pellets, card or felt;
And if I just allude to dust,
Or speak of number one,

"I beg you'll not—don't talk of shot,
I cannot bear a gun!"

Percussion cap I dare not snap,
I may not mention Hall,
Or raise my voice for Mr. Joyce,
His wadding to recall;
At Hawker's book I must not look,
All shooting I must shun,
Or else—"It's hard, you've no regard,
I cannot bear a gun!"

The very dress I wear no less
Must suit her timid mind,
A blue or black must clothe my back,
With swallow-tails behind ;

By fustian, jean, or velveteen,
Her nerves are overdone :
" Oh do not, John, put gaiters on,
I cannot bear a gun ! "



" JAMES'S POWDER. "

Even little James she snubs, and blames
His Lilliputian train,
Two inches each from mouth to breech,
And charged with half a grain—
His crackers stopp'd, his squibbing
dropp'd,
He has no fiery fun,
And all thro' her " How dare you, Sir ?
I cannot bear a gun ! "

Yet Major Flint,—the Devil's in't !
May talk from morn to night,
Of springing mines, and twelves and
nines,
And volleys left and right,
Of voltigeurs and tirailleurs,
And bullets by the ton :
She never dies of fright, or cries
" I cannot bear a gun ! "

It stirs my bile to see her smile
At all his bang and whiz,
But if I talk of morning walk,
And shots as good as his,

I must not name the fallen game :
As soon as I've begun,
She's in her pout, and crying out,
" I cannot bear a gun ! "

Yet, underneath the rose, her teeth
Are false, to match her tongue :
Grouse, partridge, hares, she never
spares,
Or pheasants, old or young—
On widgeon, teal, she makes a meal,
And yet objects to none :
" What have I got, it's full of shot !
I cannot bear a gun ! "

At pigeon-pie she is not shy,
Her taste it never shocks,
Though they should be from Battersea,
So famous for blue rocks ;
Yet when I bring the very thing
My marksmanship has won,
She cries " Lock up that horrid cup,
I cannot bear a gun ! "

Like foo, and dance I got her once
 A box at Drury Lane,
 And by her side I felt a pride
 I ne'er shall feel again :
 To read the bill it made her ill,
 And this excuse she spun,
 " Der Freyschütz, oh, seven shots I you
 know,
 I cannot bear a gun ! "

Yet at a hint from Major Flint,
 Her very hands she rubs,
 And quickly drest in all her best,
 Is off to Wormwood Scrubbs.
 The whole review she sits it through,
 With noise enough to stun,
 And never winks, or even thinks,
 " I cannot bear a gun ! "

She thus may blind the Major's mind
 In mock-heroic strife,
 But let a bout at war break out,
 And where's the soldier's wife,

To take his kit and march a bit
 Beneath a broiling sun ?
 Or will she cry, " My dear, good bye,
 I cannot bear a gun ! "

If thus she doats on army coats,
 And regimental cuffs,
 The yeomanry might surely be
 Secure from her rebuffs ;
 But when I don my trappings on,
 To follow Captain Dunn,
 My carbine's gleam provokes a scream.
 " I cannot bear a gun. "

It can't be minced, I'm quite con-
 vinced,
 All girls are full of flam,
 Their feelings fine, and feminine,
 Are nothing else but sham ;
 On all their tricks I need not fix,
 I'll only mention one
 How many a Miss will tell you this,
 " I cannot bear a gun ! "



WOOLWICH WARREN.



FANCY PORTRAIT—MRS. TRIMMER.

TRIMMER'S EXERCISE,

FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN.

HERE, come, Master Timothy Todd,
Before we have done you'll look grimmer,
You've been spelling some time for the rod,
And your jacket shall know I'm a Trimmer.

You don't know your A from your B,
So backward you are in your Primer:
Don't kneel—you shall go on *my* knee,
For I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

This morning you hinder'd the cook,
By melting your dumps in the skimmer;
Instead of attending your book,—
But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

To-day, too, you went to the pond,
And bathed, though you are not a swimmer;
And with parents so doting and fond—
But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

After dinner you went to the wine,
 And help'd yourself—yes, to a brimmer;
 You couldn't walk straight in a line,
 But I'll make you to know I'm a Trimmer.

You kick little Tomkins about,
 Because he is slighter and slimmer;
 Are the weak to be thump'd by the stout?
 But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

Then you have a sly pilfering trick,
 Your school-fellows call you the nimmer,—
 I will cut to the bone if you kick!
 For I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

To-day you made game at my back:
 You think that my eyes are grown dimmer,
 But I watch'd you, I've got a sly knack!
 And I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

Don't think that my temper is hot,
 It's never beyond a slow simmer;
 I'll teach you to call me Dame Trot,
 But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

Miss Edgeworth, or Mrs. Chapone,
 Might melt to behold your tears glimmer;
 Mrs. Barbauld would let you alone,
 But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.



LITTLE JACK AND HIS TRIMMER.



CARDY MUM.

SOME ACCOUNT OF WILLIAM WHISTON.

"That boy is the brother of Pam——."—JOSEPH ANDREWS.

"WILLIAM certainly is fond of whist!"

This was an admission drawn, or extracted, as Cartwright would say, like a double tooth from the mouth of William's mother; an amiable and excellent lady, who ever reluctantly confessed foibles in her family, and invariably endeavoured to exhibit to the world the sunny side of her children.

There can be no possibility of doubt that William *was* fond of whist. He doted on it. Whist was his first passion—his first love; and in whist he experienced no disappointment. The two were made for each other.

William was one of a large bunch of children, and he never grew up. On his seventh birthday a relation gave him a miniature pack of cards, and made him a whist-player for life. Our bias dates much earlier than some natural philosophers suppose. I remember William, a mere child, being one day William of Orange, and objecting to a St. Michael's because it had no pips.

At school he was a total failure; except in reckoning the odd tricks. He counted nothing by honours, and the schoolmaster said of his head

what he has since said occasionally of his hand, that it "held literally nothing."

At sixteen, after a long maternal debate between the black and red suits, William was articulated to an attorney: but instead of becoming a respectable land-shark, he played double-dummy with the Common-Law clerk, and was discharged on the 6th of November. The principal remonstrated with him on a breach of duty, and William imprudently answered that he was aware of his duty, like the ace of spades. Mr. Bitem immediately banged the door against him, and William, for the first time in his life—to use his own expression, "got a slam."

William having served his time, and as he calls it, followed suit for five years, was admitted as an attorney, and began to play at that finessing game, the Law. *Short-hand* he still studied and practised; though more in parlours than in court.

William at one period admired Miss Hunt, or Miss Creswick, or Miss Hardy, or Miss Reynolds; a daughter of one of the great card-makers, I forget which—and he cut for partners, but without "getting the Lady." His own explanation was, that he "*was discarded*." He then paid his addresses to a Scotch girl, a Miss MacNab, but she professed religious scruples about cards, and he *revoked*. I have heard it said that she expected to match higher; indeed William used to say she "looked over his hand."

William is short, and likes shorts. He likes nothing of *longs*, but the St. John of them: and he only takes to *him*, because that saint is partial to a *rubber*. Whist seems to influence his face as well as form; it is like a knave of clubs. I sometimes fancy whist could not go on without William, and certainly William could not go on without whist. His whole conversation, except on cards, is wool-gathering; and on that subject is like wool—carded. He "*speaks by the card*," and never gives equivocation a chance. At the Olympic once he had a quarrel with a gentleman about *the lead* of Madame Vestris or Miss Sydney: he was required to give his card, and gave the "Dence of Hearts." This was what he termed "calling out."

Of late years William only goes out like a bad rushlight, earlyish of a night, and quits every table that is not covered with green baize with absolute disgust. The fairies love by night to "*gambol on the green*," and so does William, and he is constantly humming with great gusto,

"Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands."

The only verses, by the way, he ever got by heart. He never cared to play much with the Muses. They stick, he used to say, at Nine.

William can sit longer—drink less—say as little—pay or receive as much—shuffle as well—and cut as deeply as any man on earth. You may leave him safely after dinner, and catch him at breakfast time without alteration of attitude or look. He is a small statue erected in honour of whist, and like Eloquence, "holds his hand well up." He is content to ring the changes on thirteen cards a long Midsummer

night; for he does not *play* at cards—he *works* at them, and, considering the returns, for very low wages. William never was particularly lucky; but he bears the twos and threes with as much equanimity as any one, and seems, horticulturally speaking, to have grafted Patience upon Whist. I do not know whether it is the family motto, but he has upon his seal—with the Great Mogul for a crest—the inscription of “Packs in Bello.”

William is now getting old (nearly fifty-two), with an asthma; which he says makes him rather “weak in trumps.” He is preparing himself accordingly to “take down his score,” and has made his will, bequeathing all he has or has not, to a whist club. His funeral he directs to be quite private, and his gravestone a plain one, and especially “that there be no cherubims carved thereon, forasmuch,”—says this characteristic document, “that they never hold Honours.”



A DOUBLE AT LONG'S.

THE FOX AND THE HEN.

A FABLE.

Speaking with compass, as to fabulousness I prefer *Souths* to *Norths*.

FIGURONOMICUS.

ONE day, or night, no matter where or when,
 Sly Reynard, like a foot-pad, laid his pad
 Right on the body of a speckled Hen,
 Determined upon taking all she had;
 And like a very bibber at his bottle,
 Began to draw the claret from her throttle;
 Of course it put her in a pretty pucker,
 And with a scream as high
 As she could cry,
 She call'd for help—she had enough of sucker.

Dame Partlet's scream
 Waked, luckily, the house-dog from his dream.
 And, with a savage growl
 In answer to the fowl,

He bounded forth against the prowling sinner,
And, uninvited, came to the Fox Dinner.

Sly Reynard, heedful of the coming doom,
Thought, self-deceived,
He should not be perceived,
Hiding his *brush* within a neighbouring *broom* ;
But quite unconscious of a Poacher's snare,
And caught in copper noose,
And looking like a goose,
Found that his fate had "hung upon a *hare* ;"
His tricks and turns were render'd of no use to him,
And, worst of all, he saw old surly Tray
Coming to play
Tray-Deuce with him.

Tray, an old Mastiff bred at Dunstable,
Under his Master, a most special constable,
Instead of killing Reynard in a fury,
Seized him for legal trial by a Jury ;
But Juries—Æsop was a sheriff then—
Consisted of twelve Brutes and not of Men.

But first the Elephant sat on the body—
I mean the Hen—and proved that she was dead,
To the veriest fool's head
Of the Booby and the Noddy.



NATIVES OF THE SILLY ISLANDS.

Accordingly, the Stork brought in a bill
Quite true enough to kill ;

And then the Owl was call'd—for, mark,
 The Owl can witness in the dark.
 To make the evidence more plain,
 The Lynx connected all the chain.
 In short there was no quirk or quibble
 At which a legal Rat could nibble ;
 The Culprit was as far beyond hope's bounds,
 As if the Jury had been *packed*—of hounds.
 Reynard, however, at the utmost nick,
 Is seldom quite devoid of shift and trick ;

Accordingly our cunning Fox,
 Through certain influence, obscurely channel'd,
 A friendly Camel got into the box,
 When 'gainst his life the Jury was impanel'd.

Now, in the Silly Isles such is the law,
 If Jurors should withdraw,
 They are to have no eating and no drinking,
 Till all are starved into one way of thinking.

Thus Reynard's Jurors, who could not agree,
 Were lock'd up strictly, without bit or mummock,
 Till every Beast that only had *one* stomach,
 Bent to the Camel, who was blest with *three*.
 To do them justice, they debated
 From four till ten, while dinner waited,
 When thirst and hunger got the upper,
 And each inclined to mercy, and hot supper :
 "Not guilty" was the word, and Master Fox
 Was freed to murder other hens and cocks.

MORAL.

What moral greets us by this tale's assistance
 But that the Solon is a sorry Solon,
 Who makes the full stop of a Man's existence
 Depend upon a *Colon* ?



PRO BONO PUBLICO.

THE COMET.

AN ASTRONOMICAL ANECDOTE.

"I cannot fill up a blank better than with a short history of this self-same *Sterling*."

STERLING'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNALS

AMONGST professors of astronomy,
Adepts in the celestial economy,

The name of H*****'s very often cited;
And justly so, for he is hand and glove
With ev'ry bright intelligence above;
Indeed, it was his custom so to stop,
Watching the stars upon the house's top,
That once upon a time he got be-knighted.

In his observatory thus coquetting
With Venus—or with Juno gone astray,
All sublunary matters quite forgetting
In his flirtations with the winking stars,
Acting the spy—it might be upon Mars—
A new André;

Or, like a Tom of Coventry, sly peeping,
At Dian sleeping;
Or ogling thro' his glass
Some heavenly lass

Tripping with pails along the Milky Way;
Or looking at that Wain of Charles the Martyr:—
Thus he was sitting, watchman of the sky,
When lo! a something with a tail of flame

Made him exclaim,
"My stars!"—he always puts that stress on *my*—
"My stars and garters!"

"A comet, sure as I'm alive!
A noble one as I should wish to view;
It can't be Halley's though, *that* is not due
Till eighteen thirty-five.

Magnificent!—how fine his fiery trail!
Zounds! 'tis a pity, though he comes unsought—
Unask'd—unreckon'd,—in no human thought—

He ought—he ought—he ought
To have been caught
With scientific salt upon his tail!"

"I look'd no more for it, I do declare,
Than the Great Bear!
As sure as Tycho Brahe is dead,
It really enter'd in my head
No more than Berenice's Hair!"

Thus musing, Heaven's Grand Inquisitor
Sat gazing on the uninvited visitor
Till John, the serving-man, came to the upper
Regions, with "Please your Honour, come to supper."

"Supper! good John, to-night I shall not sup
Except on that phenomenon—look up!"
"Not sup!" cried John, thinking with consternation
That supping on a *star* must be *starvation*,
Or ev'n to batten

On Ignes Fatui would never fatten.
His visage seem'd to say,—that very odd is,—
But still his master the same tune ran on,
"I can't come down,—go to the parlour, John,
And say I'm supping with the heavenly bodies."



"POSSE COMETATIS."

"The heavenly bodies!" echoed John, "Ahem!"
His mind still full of famishing alarms,
"Zooks, if your Honour sups with *them*,
In helping, somebody must make long arms!"
He thought his master's stomach was in danger,
But still in the same tone replied the Knight,
"Go down, John, go, I have no appetite
Say I'm engaged with a celestial stranger."—
Quoth John, not much au fait in such affairs,
"Wouldn't the stranger take a bit down stairs?"

"No," said the master, smiling, and no wonder,
 At such a blunder,
 "The stranger is not quite the thing you think,
 He wants no meat or drink,
 And one may doubt quite reasonably whether
 He has a mouth,
 Seeing his head and tail are join'd together,
 Behold him,—there he is, John, in the South."

John look'd up with his portentous eyes,
 Each rolling like a marble in its socket.
 At last the fiery tad-pole spies,
 And, full of Vauxhall reminiscence, cries,
 "A rare good rocket!"

"A what! A rocket, John! Far from it!
 What you behold, John, is a comet;
 One of those most eccentric things
 That in all ages
 Have puzzled sages
 And frighten'd kings;
 With fear of change that flaming meteor, John,
 Perplexes sovereigns, throughout its range"—
 "Do he?" cried John;
 "Well, let him flare on,
 I haven't got no sovereigns to change!"



THE HARVEST MOON.

LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

No. III.

MY first acquaintance with the press—a memorable event in an author's experience—took place in Scotland. Amongst the temporary sojourners at our boarding-house, there came a legal antiquarian who had been sent for from Edinburgh, expressly to make some unprofitable researches amongst the mustiest of the civic records. It was my humour to think, that in Political as well as Domestic Economy, it must be better to sweep the Present than to dust the Past; and certain new brooms were recommended to the Town Council in a quizzing letter, which the then editor of the Dundee Advertiser or Chronicle, thought fit to favour with a prominent place in his columns. "Tis pleasant sure," sings Lord Byron, "to see one's self in print," and according to the popular notion I ought to have been quite up in my stirrups, if not standing on the saddle, at thus seeing myself, for the first strange time, set up in type. Memory recalls, however, but a very moderate share of exaltation, which was totally eclipsed, moreover, by the exuberant transports of an accessary before the fact, whom, methinks, I still see in my mind's eye, rushing out of the printing-office with the wet sheet steaming in his hand, and fluttering all along the High Street, to announce breathlessly that "we were in." But G. was an indifferent scholar, even in English, and therefore thought the more highly of this literary feat. It was this defective education, and the want of a proper vent for his abundant love nonsense in prose or verse, that probably led to the wound he subsequently inflicted on his own throat, but which was luckily remedied by "a stitch in time." The failure of a tragedy is very apt to produce something like a comedy, and few afterpieces have amused me more than the behaviour of this Amicus Redivivus, when, thus dramatising the saying of "cut and come again," he made what ought to have been a posthumous appearance amongst his friends. In fact, and he was ludicrously alive to it, he had placed himself for all his supplementary days in a false position. Like the old man in the fable, after formally calling upon Death to execute a general release, he had quietly resumed his fardel, which he bore about, with exactly the uneasy ridiculous air of a would-be fine gentleman, who is sensitively conscious that he is carrying a bundle. For the sake of our native sentimentalists who profess dying for love, as well as the foreign romanticists who affect a love for dying, it may not be amiss to give a slight sketch of the bearing of a traveller who had gone through half the journey. I had been absent some months, and was consequently ignorant of the affair, when lo! on my return to the town, the very first person who accosted

me in the market-place was our *felo-de-se* ; and truly, no Bashful Man, "with all his blushing honours thick upon him," in the presence of a damp stranger, could have been more divertingly sheepish, and awkwardly backward in coming forward as to manner and address. Indeed, something of the embarrassment of a fresh introduction might naturally be felt by an individual, thus beginning again, as the lawyers say, *de novo*, and renewing ties he had virtually cast off. The guilty hand was as dubiously extended to me as if it had been a dyer's,—its fellow meanwhile performing sundry involuntary motions and manipulations about his cravat, as if nervously mistrusting the correctness of the ties or the stability of a buckle. As for his face, there was a foolish, deprecatory smile upon it that would have puzzled the pencil of Wilkie ; and even Liston himself could scarcely have parodied the indescribable croak with which, conscious of an unlucky notoriety, he inquired "if I had heard"—here, a short husky cough—"of anything particular ?"

"Not a word," was the answer.

"Then you don't know"—(more fidgetting about the neck, the smile rather sillier, the voice more guttural, and the cough worse than ever)—"then you don't know"—but, like Macbeth's amen, the confession literally stuck in the culprit's throat ; and I was left to learn, an hour afterwards, and from another source, that "Jemmy G * * * had fought a duel with himself, and cut his own weazand, about a lady."

For my own part, with the above figure, and all its foolish features vividly imprinted on my memory, I do not think that I could ever seriously attempt "what Cato did, and Addison approved," in my own person. On the contrary, it seems to me that the English moralist gave but an Irish illustration of "a brave man struggling with the storms of fate," by representing him as wilfully scuttling his own hold, and going at once to the bottom. As for the Censor, he plainly laid himself open to censure, when he used a naked sword as a stomachic—a very sorry way, by the way, when weary of conjectures, of enjoying the benefit of the doubt, and for which, were I tasked to select an inscription for his cenotaph, it should be the exclamation of Thisby, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*—

"This is old Ninny's tomb."

Mais revenons à nos moutons, as the wolf said to her cub. The reception of my letter in the Dublin Newspaper encouraged me to forward a contribution to the Dundee Magazine, the Editor of which was kind enough, as Winifred Jenkins says, to "wrap my bit of nonsense under his Honour's Kiver," without charging anything for its insertion. Here was success sufficient to turn a young author at once into "a scribbling miller," and make him sell himself, body and soul, after the German fashion, to that minor Mephistophiles, the Printer's Devil ! Nevertheless, it was not till years afterwards, and the lapse of term equal to an ordinary apprenticeship, that the Imp in

question became really my Familiar. In the meantime, I continued to compose occasionally, and, like the literary performances of Mr. Weller Senior, my lucubrations were generally committed to paper, not in what is commonly called written hand, but an imitation of print. Such a course hints suspiciously of type and antetype, and a longing eye to the Row, whereas, it was adopted simply to make the reading more easy, and thus enable me the more readily to form a judgment of the effect of my little efforts. It is more difficult than may be supposed to decide on the value of a work in MS., and especially when the handwriting presents only a swell mob of bad characters, that must be severally examined and re-examined to arrive at the merits or demerits of the case. Print settles it, as Coleridge used to say; and to be candid, I have more than once reversed, or greatly modified a previous verdict, on seeing a rough proof from the press. But, as Editors too well know, it is next to impossible to retain the tune of a stanza, or the drift of an argument, whilst the mind has to scramble through a patch of scribble scrabble, as stiff as a gorse cover. The beauties of the piece will as naturally appear to disadvantage through such a medium, as the features of a pretty woman through a bad pane of glass; and without doubt, many a tolerable article has been consigned hand over head to the Balaam Box for want of a fair copy. Wherefore, O ye Poets and Proseers, who aspire to write in Miscellanies, and above all, O ye palpitating Untried, who meditate the offer of your maiden essays to established periodicals, take care, pray ye take care, to cultivate a good, plain, bold, round text. Set up Tomkins as well as Pope or Dryden for a model, and have an eye to your pothooks. Some persons hold that the best writers are those who write the best hands, and I have known the conductor of a magazine to be converted by a crabbed MS. to the same opinion. Of all things, therefore, be legible; and to that end, practise in penmanship. If you have never learned, take six lessons of Mr. Carstairs. Be sure to buy the best paper, the best ink, the best pens, and then sit down and do the best you can; as the schoolboys do—put out your tongue, and take pains. So shall ye haply escape the rash rejection of a jaded editor; so, having got in your hand, it is possible that your head may follow; and so, last not least, ye may fortunately avert those awful mistakes of the press which sometimes ruin a poet's sublimest effusion, by pantomimically transforming his roses into noses, his angels into angles, and all his happiness into pappiness.

THE OCEAN, CONSIDERED *PER SE*.

"A man whom both the waters and the wind, in that vast tennis court, have made the ball for them to play upon, entreats you pity him."—*FRANCIS*.

It was during a voyage to Margate, many summers ago—before steam ~~was~~—that the little episode occurred which I am going to relate, by way of text, to some observations on the ocean.

The importance of the Mariner's Compass to the sailor is as well known universally as the utility of the little one-eyed instrument, for which Whitechapel is so famous, to the tailor: but its mode of action, and the manner of its application, must be far less generally understood. Whether the plougher of the deep mends his checked shirts with the Needle, or sews the canvas into sails with it, or uses it, after a battle, to extract the splinters from his hard tarry hand, are speculations likely enough to be entertained by the plougher of the land; at least by those *clod-compelling* turners of the furrows, mid-county born and bred, who, despite of their predilection for such naval ballads as Tom Bowling and Jack Junk, have never set their simple eyes on ship or sailor, or the sea which they subdue. To many Londoners even, who jostle the tar in the streets, and behold tier after tier of masted vessels from their lower Bridge,—who have perchance stood and stared at the Compass itself in some shop-window of Leadenhall, or the still more maritime Minories, the Card with its *Card*-inal Points, is an undeciphered hieroglyphic. It did not violently surprise me, therefore, to see a simple-looking creature of this latter class go and take a long wondering look into the binnacle, like a child peeping at the tortoise in an Italian's show-box; and doubtless, to his callow apprehension, the veering Guide was as much a thing of life and instinct as the outlandish reptile to the urchin. It was not until after a tedious poring at it—long enough, if there were any truth in animal magnetism, for the Needle and the Man to have understood one another by mutual sympathy—that the wonderer made up to the steersman, and begged for an elucidation of the marine mystery. Fortunately for the querist, the helmsman, along with all the characteristic good-nature of his fraternity, had none of the coyness, as to the secrets of the craft, with which the ripe sailor is apt to treat the raw voyager; perhaps not without cause. The nautical truths, masonic, may deserve to be obtained by degrees of probation: in the present case the unreserved communication of occult knowledge led to anything but a satisfactory result. No one could take more pains—call them pleasures rather—than the honest man at the wheel, to explain the use and properties of the Compass: he boxed it again and again for the benefit of the gaping neophyte; a benevolent smile, and the twinkling of his blue eyes, declaring that he felt amply repaid by the supposed proficiency of his

pupil,—when, all of a sudden, his well-earned pride was dashed to the deck by the pupil's turning away on his heel, with a hunch of his shoulders, a blank look, and a dissatisfied grunt, exclaiming,

"Well, arter all, I don't see how the turning round of that 'ere little needle can move about the rudder!"

I should have been no Christian man, but a brute beast, had I not sympathised with the feelings of the steersman. Contempt took the lead. All "the dismal hiss of universal scorn," ascribed to Milton's devils, seemed condensed into his whistle. Next came Resentment, wishing back the Cockney-Tailor to his shop-board, sitting on his own needle—and then came Pity, inducing the milder reflection,

"I wonder the poor gentleman's friends allows him to go about by himself!"

I doubt whether the force of contempt and pity could further go: and yet—to confess a truth—shall I?—dare I?—say, that to the intense sea-ignorance which incurred the scorn, anger, and compassion of our Palinurus, I look back with ENVY?

Methinks, every British Heart of Oak recoils, and every British head of the same material shakes itself, at such an avowal! Every lip that ever helped to chorus Rule Britannia, curls itself up—noses which never sniffed sea-weed tacitly snub me,—eyes which never glimpsed the ocean avert themselves in disgust. I am bespattered with salt-water oaths and tobacco-juice. The Thames Yacht Clubs, on the strength of having learned to bellow "Elm a-lee!"—"Ard-hup!" and "Oist away!" agree to run me down. The very clerks of the Navy Pay Office propose to seize me up to the dingy fresh-water Neptune in their fore-court. Captain Basil Hall swears, on his best anchor-button, to keel-haul me daily, for six months, in "the element which never tires." The last of the Dibbins asks for my card. Campbell flares up with the "Meteor Flag of England," and vows to knock me down with its staff;—nay, our Sailor King himself repudiates me, as a subject, for not relishing his *High Seas*!

It can't be helped. When one is confessing, there is no place under the sun like the Ocean for "making a clean breast of it:"—and am not I here staggering and tumbling—soberly tipsy—aboard a lubberly Dutch-built hull, becalmed in a heavy swell—dreaming, when I can sleep, that I am a barrel-churn, revolving with my inside full of half-turned cream or incipient butter;—and finding, when I awake, that dreams do not go so altogether by contraries?

If this perpetual motion hold, the cargo of cheeses we shipped at Dordrecht, flat as single Glo'sters, will be delivered in London spherical as bowls! The Jung Vrouw herself, before she reaches the Nore, will be a washing-tub! I have doubts whether the salt beef, produced at this day's luncheon, was, originally, a round. The leathern conveniency that I brought aboard, a fair and square trunk, is already almost a portmanteau;—and, what is worse, every several morsel I have swallowed this blessed day without bliss, seems rolling itself into a bolus or a pill,—whether of opium or ipecacuanha, I leave you to

divine. If the calm should continue, I may become—who knows?—a Ball myself—a Master Biffin! Every half-hour, on feeling my knees and elbows, I find joints by this friction losing some of their asperities, and getting obtuser. A little more, and I shan't have a good point about me!

Is such as this a season to be squeamishly retentive in delivering one's sentiments? Or, rather, is not open candour inevitable; seeing that you cannot have any reserve even with the merest stranger? It is impossible to keep your feelings to yourself. In spite, then, of Britannia, the Yacht Club, the Navy Pay,—of Dibdin, Campbell, and Basil Hall,—of the Lords of the Admiralty, with Portsmouth, Devonport, and Gosport, to boot—in spite of the Royal William, nay, in spite of my very self, the truth will out!—not sneaking out, or stepping out, or backing out, but bolting out, in a plain unequivocal straightforward style. I do envy the simple man, with his sheer ignorance about rudders and compasses. I *do* detest and abominate the ocean—or to phrase it more mildly—the sea and I cannot agree with each other—there is sure to be falling-out between us—we can never be bosom friends.

The Marine Society must despise me for it; my Elder Brethren or the Trinity House will long to dispose of me as Joseph was made *away with* by his elder brethren; Boatswain Smith will preach, write Tracts and distribute them, against me: the Greenwich Pensioners will bind themselves by a round robin to kick me with their knottiest legs; Long Tom Coffin himself will be for fetching me, with a shroud in one hand, and a dead-light in the other; but I cannot eat my words.

It is no time, when you cannot keep your legs, to “stand bandying compliments with your sovereign,” that is, Neptune. If he were present at this moment, in this cabin, I would tell him, from this my seat on its floor, that he might very much improve his paternal estate, to wit, by levelling, and still more by draining it. I would flatly say to him, lying flat on my face as it now happens, that a few little gravel walks, merely across and across it, would be of rare advantage both for show and use. For 'tis a sorry pleasure-garden that is all fish-pond; and, finally, I would broadly hint to him, from the broad of my back, as I am at this present—— But this is bullying Taurus behind his back. There is no sea-god present, only the Skipper. How he



HE-*SAW*.

skips in such weather, give him his pick of all the ropes in the ship, is a miracle I would fain see ere I believe in it. For my own part I cannot even step deliberately over a thread. Perhaps, without going too curiously into the Doctrine of Predestination, as regards the soul, it may hold good as concerns the body. Undoubtedly there be some men born to sit fast upon horses; others to fall off therefrom as if they had soaped saddles. Some to slide and skate upon the ice; others only to slip, straddle, and sprawl upon it. Some to walk, or at least waddle, on ships' decks; others to flop, flounder, wallow, and grovel thereon. That is my destiny. None can be more safe on the Serpentine, or sure in the saddle;—but Fate, long before my great-great-grandfather was put to his feet, forbade me sea-legs. An average pedestrian on land, on the caulked plank I am a born cripple, hopeless of cure. Put me apprentice to the Goodwin, or the Dudgeon Light, at the end of my term you shall find me as unsafe on my soles as when I first paid my footing. Even now, whilst Hans Vandergroot and his crew are comfortably promenading, I rock and totter, balancing one end against the other, like a great rickety babe, until, after some posturing and scrambling, I trip up over nothing, and fall flat on everything. An earthquake in London, when its streets are what is called greasy, could not more puzzle my centre of gravity; if, indeed, I was not born a mathematical monster, devoid of that material point!

By way of clincher, Fate, who never does things by halves, whilst foredooming me incapable of standing my ground at sea, has also denied me the power of settling it. A camp-stool is sure to decamp with me; a chair, as if it stood on Siberian ice, suddenly throws itself on its back, and behold me in an extempore sledge! Barrels roll from under me; coils of rope shuffle me off. Even on the plain bare hard deck, or cabin floor, I throw demi-summersets, as if I had been returned to Parliament to represent the Antipodes by sitting on the back of my head.

To complete the Sea Curse,—there are three Fates, and each had a boon for me at my birth—it was ordained that, like the great Nelson, I should never sail from fresh water into salt, without knowing it by a general rising and commotion, which might be called figuratively, a Mutiny at the Nore.

Like the standing and sitting infirmity, it is incurable. On my voyage outwards I tried every popular recipe; the hard ones first, to wit, raw carrots, raw onions, sailors' biscuit with Dutch cheese, hard-boiled eggs, hard dumplings, raw stockfish. Next the easy ones: namely, cream cheese, Welsh rabbits, macaroni, very hasty pudding, and insupportable soup. Then the neutrals: such as chewed blotting-paper, dry oatmeal, pounded egg-shells, scraped chalk, and unbaked dough.

To wash these down, I took, by prescription, tea without milk, coffee without sugar, bark without wine, water without brandy; and these formulæ all failing, I then tried them, as witches pray, back-

wards; brandy without water, wine without bark, and so forth. The experimental combinations followed; rum and milk, and mustard; eggs and wine, and camomile tea; gin and beer, and vinegar; seawater and salad-oil, mulled, with sugar and nutmeg. Of which last, I drank by advice most prodigiously, the Doctors of the Marine College dispensing always on the Homœopathic principle, that a large dose of anything, whereof a little would set you wrong on the land, will set you right on the sea.

I need hardly say that, with my predisposed *necessitarian* viscera, all these infallible remedies failed of any effect, except to aggravate my case. Nothing short of liquid lead, maybe, or potable plaster of Paris would have proved a settler.

Happy the man who hath never been driven in his despair to test, detest, invoke, evoke, swallow, and unswallow, such drugs and draughts of the naval Pharmacopœsia! Thrice happy civic simpleton who hath never learned how the rudder revolveth, at the risk of *turning round* himself!

Vandergroot is visibly in course of transformation. At every visit to the cabin he looks more and more like a dutch-pin. He talks to me roundly, and gets blunter and blunter! The last time I felt, I had no small to my back. If I may guess at my own figure, it is now about an oval. I must look like one of Leda's babies, just emerged, with their insignificant buds of legs and arms, from the egg! From an oval to a circle is but a step. Heaven help me when I get landed, round and sound, as they say of cherries! How shall I get home—how get up—(there will be a short way down)—mine own stairs? How shall I sit? Instead of my old library chair, I must borrow its three-legged stool of the terrestrial globe!

Either my head swims, or the cabin is getting circular! I shall roll about in it like a bolus in its box! If I am not merely giddy, I am already as spherical as the earth;—a little flatted, or so, that is, towards the poles. What a horrible rough calm! I will down on my knees, if I have knees, and with clasped hands, if hands remain to me, pray, beg, and supplicate for a dismal storm to batter me into shape again, though it be but nine-bobble-square!

I get more and more candid and communicative every moment. I can keep nothing to myself:—you shall have my whole heart. I abhor, loathe, execrate, the sea! If I could throw up my hat, my cry would be "Land for ever!" A fico for Tom Tough! Down with Duncan, Howe, and Jervis! No Dibdin!

If ever I get ashore, able to chalk upon a wall, you shall read—Ask for Stoke Pogis! Try Lupton Parva! If ever I get to a dry desk again, to write verse upon,—and the poetry of the ocean is all on the land, its prose only upon the sea,—you shall have a rare new melody, published by Power, to some such strain as this:—

The sea! the D²—!
The terrible horrible sea!

The stormy, tumbling,
 Qualmy-jumbling,
 Spirit-humbling,
 Shingle-stumbling,
 Sea-weed-fumbling,
 Wearing, crumbling,
 Mischief-mumbling,
 Growling, grumbling,

Like thunder far off rumbling—

That last line halteth in its feet, as well it may, when the poet cannot keep his legs. Oh! it is well for Cornwall, born perchance "with one foot on sea and one foot on shore" at the Land's End,—I have seen a picture of it by Turner, a bare bleak rocky promontory, with some nineteen gulls and cormorants sitting thereon, each with its tail turned contemptuously towards the barren granite, feldspar, and like sordid soils which there represent land.—It is well enough for him to chaunt laudations of the briny element, and cry up those amphibia, his first cousins almost, the Nereids and Tritons. Or it may become those others, born in a berth, and christened in brine, with Neptune for sponsor, to sing slightly of the dry ground, on which they cannot claim even a parish. But my nativity was otherwise cast—I am a grass lamb, yeaned on the green sward—oh sweet sweet sweet Cropton-le-Moor, down in dear dear Wiltshire!

That pastoral reminiscence hath made me worse. It has given me an appetite—for acres. Methinks I yearn and long and crave for nice clay, delicious mould, and crisp pebbles, in a paroxysm of that strange bulimy that attacks the African Dirt Eater. Something of Nebuchadnezzar's grazing propensity comes along with it. Gracious Heaven! can it be possible that, after having been battered and shaken out of all shape,—a mere mass of living flesh, like the unlicked ursine cub,—this same Circean Jung Vrouw has taken it into her figure-head to beat, bang, bump, and rumbledy-thump me into another form, a horse, a ram, or a brindled bull!

Thrice brute and beast-hyæna! Were-wolf! Dragon! horned



"HOW ARE YOU OFF FOR MONKEY?"

"WHY, I'M OFF WITH ALL MY MASTER'S."

Devil! that thou wast, my Land-steward, Peter Stuckey! after counselling me before thy last audit to abate my rents, to volunteer to reduce them thyself by absconding, across sea, with the whole receipt! Thrice Soland goose, booby, noddy, sea-calf, land-donkey, and loggerhead turtle was I, thus impoverished, instead of economising, to pursue thee on an element where I cannot control my out-goings!

Donner and Blitzen! what a crash! my rash prayer was heard: there is a storm coming—as the Powers proposed to storm Angiers in King John's days—from all the four quarters at once! I must needs turn in: but how vilely this bed is made with the foot two yards higher than the head! No, the head is highest—perpendicular. I designed to lie down, and here I am standing bolt erect on my heels—no, on my head. It must be getting cold: the very trunks, stools and tables are making a move towards the stove—nay, now we are in some sudden peril, for they are all doing their best to rush up the cabin-stair. Whew—that sea last shipped must needs have put all the Dutchmen's pipes out. Another plunge; and a flood of brine soaks me through, shirt, sheet, and blankets. There is no washing put out here, I perceive; 'tis all done at home. What a complex, chaotic motion,—the ship tosses and flings like a wild desert-born horse, that is trying to rear, kick up behind, turn round and round, and roll on his back at one and the same moment. This is no Dutch ship, but a Dutch fair—with the drums, gonga, speaking-trumpets, and other discords, all braying together; and I am on the rocking-horse, the round-about, in the up-and-down, and each of the swings, all at once! Another crash! The Jung Vrouw is bereaved of her little one, alias the long-boat. How kind of Vandergrout to come down to tell me of it, direct, through the sky-light, instead of going round by the stair! How kind of that table, lying on its back, to catch him in its legs! Angels of grace be near us! He tells me, as he sways up and down, partly in High, partly in Low Dutch, that the Jung Vrouw herself is washed over-board! But no—I misconstrued him. 'Tis only her great ruddy staring figure-head—which the blundering Holland shipwrights had stuck astern, on the crown of the tiller—that is gone adrift. Oh how I wish from my soul of souls that I could see the Commodore of the Tharnes Yachts now pulling, within hail, in the Venus! Or, the last Dibdin taking a chair—or the chair taking him—in this cabin! Or, Campbell essaying to write down a new sea-song on yon topsy-turvy table! And oh! to behold the author of "The deep deep Sea" sitting on the poop, singing to that floating Young Woman's head and bust, taken by mistake for a mermaid's!

Another shout. Pieter Pietersoon, in heaving the lead, hath chucked himself in along with it! I do not wonder; he heaveth after my own fashion, by wholesale. Have I not within the last two hours rejected, discharged, and utterly cast from me in disgust, the whole ocean, nay all the oceans, German, Atlantic, Pacific—the Arctic last, its solid calms, the next best things to Terra Firma, not so violently disagreeing with me as the rest. And do I not know and feel that I am now about to give up Neptune, trident and all, with the whole salt-water

mythology? I warrant, ere ten minutes to come, there shall not remain within me so much as a syren's mirror, or her tortoise-shell comb:—not one solitary Triton will be left on my stomach. Some unsavoury odour about the cabin—marvellously like the smell of oil paint—hath just given me a new turn, by conjuring up all the nauseous pictures of marine allegories, which, even on steady dry land, used to stir and provoke my spleen.

Oh! that they were all here, President, R. A., and A. R. A., in a string, climbing after me up this perilous slippery stair, to the more perilous slippery deck, there to crawl on all-fours to the ship's side, and clinging like cats or monkeys to the quarter-boards, take a trembling peep at what Vandergroot calls "den wild zee!" What an awful sight! The tempest-tost sky is as troubled as the ocean: whilst betwixt the jagged base of the low black cloud, and the still jaggeder crest of the sea, the red angry lightning restlessly darts to and fro, as if in search of whatever presuming mortal dares fare between them! Oh tell me, Mister Elias Martin—if you a'n't dead—is the tossing crest of yonder mad black billow, that comes racing after us, at all like the black worsted fringe which your brethren are apt to hang on the necks of their marine Arabians? But hush, yonder comes Neptune himself, in his state-coach—aye, hats off—the wind hath taught ye manners. Lo! yonder he stands,—Pshaw! no, no, no,—Zounds! you are all gaping at honest Hans Vandergroot. Look to starboard—to the left hand! That's the gentleman, without his castor, nor indeed overwell togg'd otherwise for wet weather—with his beard lather'd but not shaved—standing up in an oyster-shell drag, and attempting, like a sorry whip as he is, to tool his team of bokickers with a potato-fork. Did you ever see four such unbroke brutes as he hath to keep together—neither reined-up, nor down, nor indeed, any ribbons to hold at all—and as I would have laid a pony to nothing, there they go, no pace at all, 'cause why? they are just come to some invisible sea obelisk, and each horse is for going down a road of his own. Did you ever set eyes on such action? No stepping out—but all pawing and prancing and putting their feet down again where they picked them up, like Ducrow's dancing stud; as sure as I am a judge, they have all got the string-halt in their fore legs, because they can't have it in their hinder ones! You may swear safely that they have four bad colds besides,—and look what a rabble of naked postilions are hanging on by their manes, because they have no saddles, and if they had, they would never be able to sit in them with those salmon tails! Between ourselves, Elias, 'tis no great shakes of a show; the Lord Mayor's pageant on the water beats it all to sticks; and if you make a picture of it, you will be a fool for your pains. Yet have I seen paintings by first-rate hands as like to this same trumpery Sadlers' Wells water spectacle—

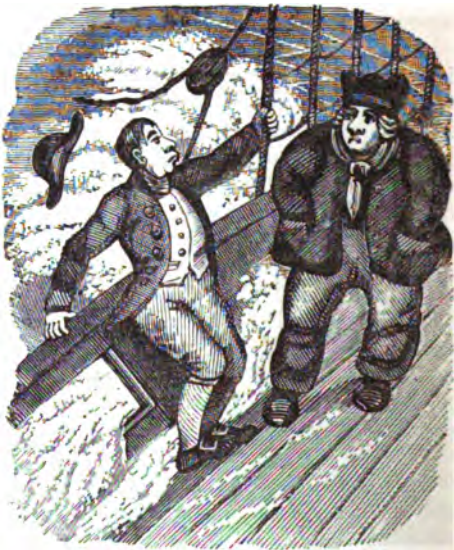
Murder! murder! Help! help! O Lord! A surgeon and a shutter, if there be such comfortable things in this unneighbourly neighbourhood. O! oh! oh! oh! Woe is me! I am not—I am now certain and sure I am not a Ball! I have limbs and members!

legs and arms! like other people's, only they're broke; and a very distinct back. My head! Oh! my head, my head; there are nine lumps thereon, and there are nine cabin stairs!

The real Sea-King, in resentment, I suppose, of my untimely caricature of him and his state-coach, after spitting nine gallons of foam in my face, knocked me flat with a wave, and then kicked me down stairs; and here I am again trying to anoint my bruises with trunks, and bind them up with stools and tables, on the hard-hearted oak planks of the cabin-floor. Yet is it easier with me than I first feared. My legs are not broken, but merely bent. I am only bandy, and not lame for life; but my sea-sickness is not cured. Am I likely to put up, better or worse, think you, with Neptune and his satellites, for this unhandsome usage?

The Jung Vrouw, meanwhile, is as giddy as ever, nay, worse ten times told. She hath taken a tinge of high-flying, deep-diving, German Romanticism into her wooden head, and is trying, plunge after plunge, to drown herself, and to make me commit wilful suicide along with her, whether I will or not. After that, there is no hope; but oh! yet oh, my Fates, let me die upon land. I have a horror of ship-board! The idea of severing all ties in this cabin is trebly agonising. Why, the very table is tied to the floor, the candlestick to the table, the snuffers to the candlestick, the extinguisher to the snuffers! Only the burning candle is unattached, and there—there it jumps into bed! No matter; it could as soon set fire to the Thames. Another squall, How she groans, creaks, squeaks, strains, grinds, and squeezes, like a huge walnut in Neptune's crackers! Accursed Jung Vrow! thou wilt be the widowing of my poor dear old one! Accursed Peter Stuckey, thou wilt be the murdering of my poor deaf old self!

I know not, for a surety, by reason that every thing about me is quaking and shaking, but I suspect I am trembling like an aspen. It is impossible to hear, in the midst of this universal hubbub, but methinks, I am wailing and weeping aloud. But one may as well make a manly exit. Like other men, in such sea extremities, I would fain betake me to the rum-cask; but either Hans Vandergrout sails on



"FRIEND! DOST THOU CALL THIS THE PACIFIC?"

Temperance principles, or I have looked in the wrong place. I will try a stave or two instead.

" Full fathom five—"

Alas ! it will not go down. I am too much out of sorts for even the " delicate Ariel." It was one thing for Shakspeare, sailing, hugging the shore, never out of sight of land, on the safe serene coasts of Bohemia, to compose such a sea song for the wood and canvas Tempests of the stage ; but it is another guess thing to hear it, as I do, howled through hoarse ship-rocks, by Boreas himself, in a real storm. What comfort to me that everything about me shall suffer a sea-change ?—that my bones shall turn, forsooth, into coral ? I would not give a bad doit, with some of these poor metacarpal bones of mine to be rubbing the gums of the Royal Infant of Spain. I am not so blindly ambitious as to wish that these two precious useful balls of mine, turned into pearls, should shine in the British crown itself, or, what is more tempting, in the hair of the beautiful Countess of B. What if some economical jeweller—I think I feel him at it—should take it into his head to split them, for setting in a ring ? As for the Syren's knell, I would as lief have it as long hereafter as may be, from the plain prosaic old sexton of St. Sepulchre's. I have no depraved yearning to be first wet-nursed to death, and then " lapped in Elysium," by Mermaids, the most cold, flabby, washy, fishy, draggletails ever invented to give any human fancy the ague—half-and-half monsters, neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring. A whole cargo of them, nay a glut of them, leaping alive, unfit for loving or eating, is not worth one loveable real woman at Billingsgate, or one of the eatable maids on her stall. I could never imagine the boldest and gallantest boatswain encountering such a sea-witch, on a lone beach — combing the shrimps out of her



THE BEST BOWER ANCHOR.

wet sandy mud-coloured hair, and wriggling her foolish tail about, curling, or stretching it, or trying to put it into her pocket, forgetting that she has no pockets, as a shy man in company does not know

what to do with his hands—I could never fancy him looking on such a creature, however attached to the fair sex, without his recoiling till he tumbled over his own pigtail, singing out, with a slight variation of a line of Dibdin's,

“ Avert yon 'oman, gracious Heaven ! ”

For other sea-temptations, I would not give my old white pony, that stumbles over every stone in his road, and come out of it, to ride like that Lord Godolphin Arion over the seas on the fairest fish that was ever foaled. Speaking under fear of death, I would rather, waiving all the romance, ride in a rill by a roadside on a stickle-back. On my solemn word, I would far liefer bestride even a pond perch with his dorsal fin erect. But hark ! What means that dreadful cry ? Our death-bell is tolling in Dutch—“ Del, del, is verlooren ! ”

I must scramble, crawl, haul myself, spite of my sprained ankles, up unto the deck how I may. Next best unto witnessing our own funeral is the seeing how we are done to death.

What a sight ! Here is the tiller tied hard a-port, or hard a-lee, as hard as they can tie it. Further back is the Skipper himself, entangled dismally by some cord or other to the stern-rails ; and yonder is his mate, with a hundred and fifty turns of rope round himself and the mizen-mast, which he seems trying to strengthen. The gunner, as I take him to be, with a preposterous superfluity of breeching, is made fast to look through a hole, which seems to have been meant for a window to a cannon ; and the carpenter, well pinioned and tethered by a stout rope to the back-stay, is sheepishly dangling therefrom, whenever his side of the ship is uppermost, like unto the Lamb of the Order of the Golden Fleece. The cook, having given away both his hands, is spliced, as if for life, unto the capstan. Adam Vaart is double-turned and double-knotted to the main-mast, and Hendrick his brother is belayed down, on the broad of his back, in the place of the lost long-boat. Should the anchor be dropped, Jan Bart is sure, even from head to foot, to go along with it. Poor little Yacob Yops, the apprentice, hath been turned over, and re-bound unto a ring-bolt, by articles which are called rope-yarns ; and lo, up yonder, lashed by his legs to the rattlines, hangs Diedrick Dumm-Kopf, head downwards, like a split cod left there to dry, in the main shrouds !

Oh ! that I were bound myself round and round all the ribs, from the top to the bottom, with good six-twist, lest even thus, in articulo mortis, I burst, split my sides, and die with excess of laughter. The Skipper, honest Hans, with much difficulty, for he grievously mistrusts his breathing to the beating of the wave, opening his mouth when it comes, and sealing up his lips when it is gone, hath let me into the whole secret. Considering the wild sea, he saith, and that no man can tie himself so surely as another man can, to some more steadfast substance, they had been all fastened, at their own special wish and agreement, to such hold-fasts as pleased them best, by Diedrick

Dumm-Kopf, who was afterwards to provide for his safety as he judged surest, in order that he might liberate them again when the storm should be blown over. That accordingly, after first tying them all as securely as he was able, the said Diedrick betook himself to the main rigging, about half way up, to which he lashed himself by the ankles, holding on likewise with his hands, and his great clasp-knife in his mouth. That the Jung Vrow driving before the wind and sea, they made shift, as they were, to navigate her pretty comfortably for some twenty minutes or thereby, when all of a sudden they saw Diedrick, being seized with a vertigo, let go his hold and drop into his present posture, from which he could never recover himself; and it was that dismal sight which had extorted the universal outcry that I heard.

I am sicker of the sea than ever! Is the safety of a Christian man's life, and soul maybe, of no more interest than to be gambled away by such a set of Dutch Bottoms with Asses' heads on their shoulders? Oh! that the worthy Chairman and all the Underwriters of Lloyd's were here present on this deck—the mere sight of the Skipper's countenance there, with not so much meaning in it as a smoked pig's face, for *that* means to be eaten, would scare them from all sea-risks for ever!

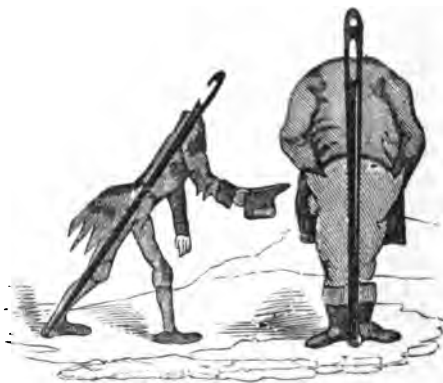
Thanks be to Heaven! yonder's a sail. It makes straight towards us—they come aboard. A Pilot?—well said! Oh, honest, good, dear Pilot, as you love a distressed poor countryman—as you understand the compass and how rudders are turned—if you know what a rope's end is,—take the biggest bit of a cable you can pick, and give yonder Dutch sea-calves a round dozen a-piece! 'Twill cost you no great pains, seeing they are tied up ready to your hand. Fish! never mind their offence; they have mutinied against themselves. Smite, and spare not. I will go ashore meanwhile, in your boat. Hollo there! help me down. Take heed to my footing. Catch me, all of you, in your arms. Now I am in. No, I an't! I an't! I an't!

If ye had not hauled me in again with that same boat-hook, I was drown'd. My shoulder bleeds for it, but I forgive. Never heed me: look to your helms and sails. 'Tis only a gallon or two of sea-water, just swallowed, that is indisposed to go on shore with me. I am used to it, indeed I am. Pray, what is the name of this blessed boat? The Lively Nancy. Lively indeed! The Jung Vrow was a Quakeress to her! At every jump she takes, my heart leaps also. Pray, pray, pray take in some canvas. You think you be sailing, but you are committing suicide. They mind me no more than stones. Oh! oh! I am out of Danger's frying-pan into its fire! Peter Stuckey will be a murderer after all!

What a set of dare-devils! They grin like baboons whilst she is driving with half her deck under water! I will shut mine eyes and hold fast by something. I am worse than ever. I give myself up. Oh! oh! what an awful roaring, hissing, grinding noise we are come

into! The bottom of the sea is coming out, or else the bottom of the boat! Hah! Help! help! I am heels upward! Why did not some kindly soul forewarn me that she was going to stop short on the beach? Stand all aside, and let me leap upon the sand. Ah! I have made my nose spout gore in my over-haste to kiss my native land!

Blessed be dry ground! Farewell, ocean! farewell, Jung Vrouw and Lively Nancy! Take my advice, and get married both of you to young farmers. Farewell, ye hang-dogs that saved me! Share my blessing amongst you; 'tis all I have upon me or in me. Farewell, Neptune! We'll part friends. If you ever come to Cropton-le-Moor, I shall be glad to see you, and not till then. Hans! Jan! Pieter! farewell one and all of you; "and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it." Now for a sweet, safe, still, silent land-bed! Set me but within a run and a jump of one, and in two clipped current minutes I will be fast asleep in it, even like the Irishman who forgot to say his prayers, but remembered to say amen.



“WHY DON'T YOU LOOK OUT FOR WORK?”



COUNTRY QUARTERS

THE DOMESTIC DILEMMA

A True Story,

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL NEMAND.

[*Concluded from page 448.*]

CHAPTER VIII.

"ALL is quiet, thank Heaven! the Captain is as fast as a church," thought Madame Doppeldick, as she stood in nocturnal dishabille, on the little landing-place at the stair-head. "Now then, my own Dietrich," she whispered, "are you ready to run?" For like the best of wives, as she was, she did not much care to go anywhere without her husband.

But the deliberate Dietrich was not prepared to escort her. He had chosen to undress as usual, with his transcendental pipe in his mouth; indeed it was always the last thing that he took off before getting into bed, so that till all his philosophy was burned to ashes, his mind would not consent to any active corporeal exertion, especially to any locomotion so rapid as a race. At last he stood balancing, made up for the start; his eyes staring, his teeth clenched, his fists doubled,

K K

and his arms swinging, as if he were about to be admitted a burgess of Andernach—that is to say, by leaping backwards over a winnowing-fan, with a well poised pail of water in his arms, in order to show if he accomplished it neatly.

“The night-light may be left burning where it is, Dietrich.”

“Now then, Malchen!”

“Now then, Dietrich,—and run gently—on your toes!”

No sooner said than done. The modest Malchen with the speed of a young wild elephant made a rush across the room, and, with something of a jump and something more of a scramble, plunged headlong into the bed. The phlegmatic Dietrich was a thought later, from having included the whole length of the landing-place in his run, to help him in his leap, so that just as his bulk came, squash! upon the



THE BEARER OF THE GREAT SEAL.

coverlet, his predecessor was tumbling her body, skow-wow, bow-wow, any-how, over the side of the bedstead.

“Sancta Maria!” sobbed Madame Doppeldick, as she settled into hysterics upon the floor.

“Pots-tausend!” said Mr. Doppeldick, as he crawled backwards out of the bed like a crab.

“Ten thousand devils!” bellowed Captain Schenk—a suppressed exclamation that the first shock had driven from his mouth into his throat, from his throat into his lungs, and from thence into his stomach; but which the second shock had now driven out again in full force.

* * * * *

“Why, I thought, Mister Jean Paul Nemand (says the reader), that we left the Captain safe and sound, in his own bed, next the window, with the patch-work coverlet?”

"And so we did, Mister Carl Wilhelm Jemand (says the author,) but it was so short, that in five minutes he caught the cramp. Wherefore, as there was a second spare bed in the room, and as honest Dietrich had said nothing of other lodgers, and as of all blessings we ought to choose the biggest, the Captain determined to give it a trial—and between you and me he liked the bed well enough, till he felt a sort of smashing pain all over his body, his eyes squeezing out of his face, his nose squeezing into it, and his precious front teeth, at a gulp, going uninvited down his gullet!"



"WHY DID YOU SUP ON PORK?"

LOVE AND LUNACY.

THE Moon—who does not love the silver moon,
 In all her fantasies and all her phases?
 Whether full-orb'd in the nocturnal noon,
 Shining in all the dewdrops on the daisies,
 To light the tripping Fairies in their mazes,
 Whilst stars are winking at the pranks of Puck;
 Or huge and red, as on brown sheaves she gazes;
 Or new and thin, when coin is turn'd for luck;—
 Who will not say that Dian is a Duck?

But, oh! how tender, beautiful, and sweet,
 When in her silent round, serene, and clear,
 By assignation loving fancies meet,
 To recompense the pangs of absence drear!
 So Ellen, dreaming of Lorenzo, dear,
 But distant from the city mapp'd by Mogg,
 Still saw his image in that silver sphere,

I'lain as the Man with lantern, bush, and dog,
That used to set our ancestors a-gog.

And so she told him in a pretty letter,
That came to hand exactly as Saint Meg's
Was striking ten—eleven had been better ;
For then he might have eaten six more eggs,
And both of the bedevill'd turkey-legs,
With relishes from East, West, North, and South
Draining, beside, the teapot to the dregs



ABSTRACTION

Whereas a man, whose heart is in his mouth,
Is rather spoilt for hunger and for drouth.

And so the kidneys, broiling hot, were wasted ;
The brawn—it never enter'd in his thought ;
The grated Parmesan remain'd untasted ;
The potted shrimps were left as they were bought,
'The capelings stood as merely good for nought,
The German sausage did not tempt him better,
Whilst Juno, licking her poor lips, was taught
There's neither bone nor skin about a letter,
Gristle, nor scalp, that one can give a setter.

Heav'n bless the man who first devised a mail !
Heav'n bless that public pile which stands concealing
The Goldsmiths' front with such a solid veil !
Heav'n bless the Master, and Sir Francis Freeling,

The drags, the nags, the leading or the wheeling,
 The whips, the guards, the horns, the coats of scarlet,
 The boxes, bags, those evening bells a-pealing !
 Heav'n bless, in short, each posting thing, and varlet
 That helps a Werter to a sigh from Charlotte.

So felt Lorenzo as he oped the sheet,
 Where, first, the darling signature he kiss'd,
 And then, recurring to its contents sweet
 With thirsty eyes, a phrase I must enlist,
 He *gulp'd* the words to hasten to their gist ;
 In mortal ecstasy his soul was bound—
 When, lo ! with features all at once a-twist,
 He gave a whistle, wild enough in sound
 To summon Faustus's Infernal Hound !

Alas ! what little miffs and tiffs in love,
 A snubbish word, or pouting look mistaken,
 Will loosen screws with sweethearts hand and glove,
 Oh ! love, rock firm when chimney-pots were shaken,
 A pettish breath will into huffs awaken,
 To spit like hump-back'd cats, and snarling Towzers !
 Till hearts are wreck'd and founder'd, and forsaken,
 As ships go to Old Davy, Lord knows how, sirs,
 While heav'n is blue enough for Dutchmen's trowsers !

"The moon's at full, love, and I think of you"—
 Who would have thought that such a kind P.S.
 Could make a man turn white, then red, then blue,
 Then black, and knit his eyebrows and compress
 His teeth, as if about to effervesce
 Like certain people when they lose at whist !
 So look'd the chafed Lorenzo, ne'ertheless,
 And, in a trice, the paper he had kiss'd
 Was crumpled like a snowball in his fist !

Ah ! had he been less versed in scientifics,
 More ignorant, in short, of what is what :
 He ne'er had flared up in such calorifics ;
 But he *would* seek societies, and trot
 To Clubs—Mechanics' Institutes—and got
 With Birkbeck—Bartley—Combe—George Robins—Rennie,
 And other lecturing men. And had he not
 That work, of weekly parts, which sells so many,
 The Copper-bottomed Magazine—or " Penny ?"

But, of all learned pools whereon, or in,
 Men dive like dabchicks, or like swallows skim,

Some hardly damp'd, some wetted to the skin,
 Some drown'd like pigs when they attempt to swim,
 Astronomy was most Lorenzo's whim,
 ("Tis studied by a Prince amongst the Burmans);
 He loved those heavenly bodies which, the Hymn
 Of Addison declares, preach solemn sermons,
 While waltzing on their pivots like young Germans.

Night after night, with telescope in hand,
 Supposing that the night was fair and clear,
 Aloft, on the house-top, he took his stand,
 Till he obtained to know each twinkling sphere
 Better, I doubt, than Milton's "Starry Vere;"
 Thus, reading thro' poor Ellen's fond epistle,
 He soon espied the flaw—the lapse so sheer
 That made him raise his hair in such a bristle,
 And like the Boatswain of the Storm-Ship whistle.

"The moon's at full, love, and I think of thee,"—
 "Indeed! I'm very much her humble debtor,
 But not the moon-calf she would have me be,
 Zounds! does she fancy that I know no better?"
 Herewith, at either corner of the letter
 He gave a most ferocious, rending, pull;—
 "O woman! woman! that no vows can fetter,
 A moon to stay for three weeks at the full!
 By Jove; a very pretty cock-and-bull!

"The moon at full! 'twas very finely reckon'd!
 Why so she wrote me word upon the first—
 The twelfth, and now upon the twenty-second—
 Full!—yes—it must be full enough to burst!
 But let her go—of all vile jilts the worst"—
 Here with his thumbs he gave contemptuous snaps,
 Anon he blubber'd like the child that's nurs'd,
 And then he hit the table frightful raps,
 And stamp'd till he had broken both his straps.

"The moon's at full—and I am in her thought—
 No doubt: I do believe it in my soul!"
 Here he threw up his head, and gave a snort
 Like a young horse first harness'd to a pole:
 The moon is full—aye, so is this d—d bowl!"
 And, grinning like the sourest of curmudgeons,
 Globe—water—fishes—he dash'd down the whole,
 Strewing the carpet with the gasping gudgeons;
 Men do the strangest things in such love-dudgeons.

"I fill her thoughts—her memory's vice-gerent?
No, no,—some paltry puppy—three weeks old—
And round as Norval's shield"—thus incoherent



HOMER'S DOUGLAS.

His fancies grew as he went on to scold;
So stormy waves are into breakers roll'd,
Work'd up at last to mere chaotic wroth—
This—that—heads—tails—thoughts jumbled uncontroll'd
As onions, turnips, meat, in boiling broth,
By turns bob up, and splutter in the froth.

"Fool that I was to let a baby face—
A full one—like a hunter's—round and red—
Ass that I am, to give her more a place
Within this heart"—and here he struck his head.
"Sdeath are the Almanack-compilers dead?
But no—'tis all an artifice—a trick,
Some newer face—some dandy under-bred—
Well—be it so—of all the sex I'm sick!"
Here Juno wonder'd why she got a kick.

"The moon is full"—where's her infernal scrawl?
'And you are in my thought: that silver ray
Will ever your dear image thus recall'—
My image? Mine! She'd barter it away

For Pretty Poll's on an Italian's tray !
 Three weeks, full weeks,—it is too plain—too bad—
 Too groos and palpable ! Oh cursed day !
 My senses have not crazed—but if they had—
 Such moons would worry a Mad Doctor mad !

"Oh Nature ! wherefore did you frame a lip
 So fair for falsehood ? Wherefore have you drest
 Deceit so angel-like ?" With sudden rip
 He tore six new buff buttons from his vest,
 And groped with hand impetuous at his breast,
 As if some flea from Juno's fleecy curls
 Had skip'd to batten on a human chest,
 But no—the hand comes forth, and down it hurls
 A lady's miniature beset with pearls.

Yet long upon the floor it did not tarry,
 Before another outrage could be plann'd :
 Poor Juno, who had learn'd to fetch and carry,
 Pick'd up and brought it to her master's hand,
 Who seized it, and the mimic feature scann'd ;
 Yet not with the old loving ardent drouth,
 He only saw in that fair face, so bland,
 Look how he would at it, east, west, north, south,
 A moon, a full one, with eyes, nose, and mouth.

"I'll go to her,"—herewith his hat he touch'd,
 And gave his arm a most heroic brandish ;
 "But no—I'll write"—and here a spoon he clutch'd,
 And ramm'd it with such fury in the standish,
 A sable flood, like Niger the outlandish,
 Came rushing forth—Oh Antics and Buffoons !
 Ye never danced a caper so ran-dan-dish ;
 He jump'd, thump'd—tore—swore, more than ten dragoons
 At all nights, noons, moons, spoons, and pantaloons !

But soon ashamed, or weary, of such dancing,
 Without a Collinet's or Weippert's band,
 His rampant arms and legs left off their prancing,
 And down he sat again, with pen in hand,
 Not fiddle-headed, or King's-pattern grand,
 But one of Bramah's patent Caligraphics ;
 And many a sheet it spoil'd before he plann'd
 A likely letter. Used to pure seraphics,
 Philippics sounded strangely after Sapphics.

Long while he rock'd like Yankee in his chair,
 Staring as he would stare the waincot through,

And then he thrust his fingers in his hair,
 And set his crest up like a cockatoo ;
 And trampled with his hoofs, a mere Yahoo :
 At last, with many a tragic frown and start,
 He penn'd a billet, very far from doux,
 'Twas sour, severe—but think of a man's smart
 Writing with lunar caustic on his heart !

The letter done and closed, he lit his taper,
 And sealing, as it were, his other mocks,
 He stamp'd a grave device upon the paper,
 No Cupid toying with his Psyche's locks,
 But some stern head of the old Stoic stocks—



BROKE BY A FALL OF THE STOCKS.

Then, fiercely striding through the staring streets,
 He dropt the bitter missive in a box,
 Beneath the cakes, and tarts, and sugar'd treats,
 In Mrs. Smelling's window-full of sweets.

Soon sped the letter—thanks to modern plans,
 Our English mails run little in the style
 Of those great German wild-beast caravans,
Eil-wagens—tho' they do not "go like *ils*,"—

But take a good twelve minutes to the mile—
On Monday morning, just at ten o'clock,



"WHEN WILL IT REACH LONDON?"

As Ellen humm'd "The Young May Moon" the while,
Her ear was startled by that double knock
Which thrills the nerves like an electric shock!

Her right hand instantly forgot its cunning,
And down into the street it dropt, or flung,
Right on the hat and wig of Mr. Gunning,
The jug that o'er her ten-week-stocks had hung;
Then down the stairs by twos and threes she sprung,
And through the passage like a burglar darted.
Alas! how sanguine are the fond and young—
She little thought, when with the coin she parted,
She paid a sixpence to be broken-hearted!

Too dear at any price—had she but paid
Nothing and taken discount, it was dear;
Yet, worthless as it was, the sweet-lipped maid
Oft kissed the letter in her brief career
Between the lower and the upper sphere,
Where, seated in a study bistro-brown,
She tried to pierce a mystery as clear
As *that* I saw once puzzling a young clown—
"Reading Made Easy," but turned upside down.

Yet Ellen, like most misses in the land,
 Had sipped sky blue, through certain of her teens,
 At one of those establishments which stand
 In highways, byeways, squares, and village greens ;
 'Twas called "The Grove,"—a name that always means
 Two poplars stand like sentries at the gate—
 Each window had its close Venetian screens
 And Holland blind, to keep in a cool state
 The twenty-four Young Ladies of Miss Bate.

But when the screens were left unclosed by chance,
 The blinds not down, as if Miss B. were dead,
 Each upper window to a passing glance
 Revealed a little dimity white bed ;
 Each lower one a cropp'd or curly head ;
 And thrice a week, for soul's and health's economies,
 Along the road the twenty-four were led,
 Like coupled hounds, whipped in by two she-dominies
 With faces rather graver than Melpomene's.

And thus their studies they pursued :—On Sunday,
 Beef, collects, batter, texts from Dr. Price ;
 Mutton, French, pancakes, grammar—of a Monday ;
 Tuesday—hard dumplings, globes, Chapone's Advice ;
 Wednesday—fancy-work, rice-milk (no spice) ;
 Thursday—pork, dancing, currant-bolsters, reading ;
 Friday—beef, Mr. Butler, and plain rice ;
 Saturday—scrape, short lessons and short feeding,
 Stocks, back-boards, hash, steel-collars, and good breeding.

From this repertory of female learning,
 Came Ellen once a quarter, always fatter !
 To gratify the eyes of parents yearning.
 'Twas evident in bolsters, beef, and batter,
 Hard dumplings, and rice-milk, she did not smatter,
 But heartily, as Jenkins says, "demollidge ;"
 But as for any learning, not to flatter,
 As often happens when girls leave their college,
 She had done nothing but grow out of knowledge.

At Long Division sums she had no chance,
 And History was quite as bad a balk ;
 Her French it was too small for Petty France,
 And Priscian suffered in her English talk :
 Her drawing might be done with cheese or chalk ;
 As for the globes—the use of the terrestrial
 She knew when she went out to take a walk,

Or take a ride ; but, touching the celestial,
Her knowledge hardly soared above the bestial.



PRACTICE DRIVES ME MAD.

Nothing she learned of Juno, Pallas, Mars ;
Georgium, for what she knew, might stand for Burge,
Sidus, for Master : then, for northern stars,
The Bear she fancied did in sable fur go,
The Bull was Farmer Giles's bull, and, ergo,
The Ram the same that butted at her brother ;
As for the Twins, she only guessed that Virgo,
From coming after them, must be their mother ;
The Scales weighed soap, tea, figs, like any other.

As ignorant as donkeys in Gallicia,
She thought that Saturn, with his Belt, was but
A private, may be, in the Kent Militia ;
That Charles's Wain would stick in a deep rut,
That Venus was a real West-End slut—
Oh, Gods and Goddesses of Greek Theogony !
That Berenice's Hair would curl and cut,
That Cassiopæia's Chair was good Mahogany,
Nicely french-polished,—such was her cosmogony !

Judge, then, how puzzled by the scientifics
Lorenzo's letter came now to dispense ;

A lizard, crawling over hieroglyphics,
 Knows quite as much of their Egyptian sense ;
 A sort of London fog, opaque and dense,
 Hung over verba, nouns, genitives, and datives
 In vain she pored and pored, with eyes intense,
 As well is known to oyster-operatives,
 Mere looking at the shells won't open natives.

Yet mixed with the hard words, so called, she found
 Some easy ones that gave her heart the staggers ;
 Words giving tongue against her, like a hound
 At picking out a fault—words speaking daggers.
 The very letters seemed, in hostile swaggers,
 To lash their tails, but not as horses do,
 Nor like the tails of spaniels, gentle waggors,
 But like a lion's, ere he tears in two
 A black, to see if he is black all through.

With open mouth, and eyeballs at full stretch,
 She gazed upon the paper sad and sorry,
 No sound —no stir—quite petrified, poor wretch !
 As when Apollo, in old allegory,
 Down-stooping like a falcon, made his quarry
 Of Niobe, just turned to Purbeck stone ;
 In fact, since Cupid grew into a worry,
 Judge if a suing lover, let alone
 A lawyer, ever wrote in such a tone.



A FOUTER.

“ Ellen, I will no longer call you mine,
 That time is past, and ne’er can come again ;

However other lights undimmed may shine,
 And undiminishing, one truth is plain,
 Which I, alas ! have learned,—that love can wane.
 The dream is pass'd away, the veil is rent,
 Your heart was not intended for my reign ;
 A sphere so full, I feel, was never meant
 With one poor man in it to be content.

“ It must, no doubt, be pleasant beyond measure,
 To wander underneath the whispering bough
 With Dian, a perpetual round of pleasure.
 Nay, fear not,—I absolve of every vow,—
 Use,—use your own celestial pleasure now,
 Your apogee and perigee arrange.
 Herschel might aptly stare and wonder how,
 To me that constant disk has nothing strange—
 A counterfeit is sometimes hard to change.

“ Oh Ellen ! I once little thought to write
 Such words unto you, with so hard a pen ;
 Yet outraged love will change its nature quite,
 And turn like tiger hunted to its den—
 How Falsehood trips in her deceits on men !
 And stands abash'd, discover'd, and forlorn !
 Had it been only cusp'd—but gibbous—then
 It had gone down—but Faith drew back in scorn,
 And would not swallow it—without a horn !

“ I am in occultation,—that is plain :
 My culmination's past,—that's quite as clear.
 But think not I will suffer your disdain
 To hang a lunar rainbow on a tear.
 Whate'er my pangs, they shall be buried here ;
 No murmur,—not a sigh,—shall thence exhale :
 Smile on,—and for your own peculiar sphere
 Choose some eccentric path,—you cannot fail,
 And pray stick on a most portentous tail !

“ Farewell ! I hope you are in health and gay ;
 For me, I never felt so well and merry—
 As for the bran-new idol of the day,
 Monkey or man, I am indifferent—very !
 Nor e'en will ask who is the Happy Jerry ;
 My jealousy is dead, or gone to sleep,
 But let me hint that you will want a wherry,
 Three weeks' spring-tide, and not a chance of neap,
 Your parlours will be flooded six feet deep !

" Oh Ellen ! how delicious was that light
 Wherein our plighted shadows used to blend,
 Meanwhile the melancholy bird of night—
 No more of that—the lover's at an end.
 Yet if I may advise you, as a friend,
 Before you next pen sentiments so fond,
 Study your cycles—I would recommend
 Our Airy—and let South be duly conn'd,
 And take a dip, I beg, in the great Pond.



POND'S ASTRONOMY.

" Farewell again ! it is farewell for ever !
 Before your lamp of night be lit up thrice,
 I shall be sailing, haply, for Swan River,
 Jamaica, or the Indian land of rice,
 Or Boothia Felix—happy clime of ice !
 For Trebizond, or distant Scanderoon,
 Ceylon, or Java redolent of spice,
 Or settling, neighbour of the Cape bahoön,
 Or roaming o'er—The Mountains of the Moon !

" What matters where ? my world no longer owns
 That dear meridian spot from which I dated
 Degrees of distance, hemispheres, and zones,
 A globe all blank and barren and belated.
 What matters where my future life be fated ?

With Lapland hordes, or Koords or Afric peasant,
 A squatter in the western woods located,
 What matters where? My bias, at the present,
 Leans to the country that reveres the Crescent!

"Farewell! and if for ever, fare thee well!
 As wrote another of my fellow-martyrs:
 I ask no sexton for his passing-bell,
 I do not ask your tear-drops to be starters,
 However I may die, transfix'd by Tartars,
 By Cobras poisoned, by Constrictors strangled,
 By shark or cayman snapt above the garters,
 By royal tiger or Cape lion mangled,
 Or starved to death in the wild woods entangled,

"Or tortured slowly at an Indian stake,
 Or smother'd in the sandy hot simoom,
 Or crush'd in Chili by earth's awful quake,
 Or baked in lava, a Vesuvian tomb,
 Or dirged by syrens and the billows' boom
 Or stiffen'd to a stock mid Alpine snows,
 Or stricken by the plague with sudden doom,
 Or suck'd by Vampyres to a last repose,
 Or self-destroy'd, impatient of my woes

"Still fare you well, however I may fare,
 A fare perchance to the Lothean shore,
 Caught up by rushing whirlwinds in the air,
 Or dash'd down cataracts with dreadful roar:
 Nay, this warm heart, once yours unto the core,
 This hand you should have claim'd in church or minister,
 Some cannibal may gnaw"—she read no more—
 Prone on the carpet fell the senseless spinster,
 Losing herself, as 'twere, in Kidderminster!

Of course of such a fall the shock was great,
 In rush'd the father, panting from the shop,
 In rush'd the mother, without cap or tête,
 Pursued by Betty Housemaid with her mop;
 The cook to change her apron did not stop,
 The charwoman next scrambled up the stair,—
 All help to lift, to haul, to seat, to prop,
 And then they stand and smother round the chair,
 Exclaiming in a chorus, "Give her air!"

One sears her nostrils with a burning feather,
 Another rams a phial up her nose;

A third crooks all her finger-joints together,
A fourth rips up her laces and her bows,
While all by turns keep trampling on her toes,
And, when she gasps for breath, they pour in plump



"SHE'S BLACK IN THE FACE!"

A sudden drench that down her thorax goes,
As if in fetching her—some wits so jump—
She must be fetch'd with water like a pump!

No wonder that thus drench'd, and wrench'd, and gall'd,
As soon as possible, from syncope's fetter
Her senses had the sense to be recall'd,
"I'm better—that will do—indeed I'm better,"
She cried to each importunate besetter;
Meanwhile, escaping from the stir and smother,
The prudent parent seized the lover's letter,
(Daughters should have no secrets with a Mother)
And read it thro' from one end to the other.

From first to last, she never skipp'd a word—
For young Lorenzo of all youths was one
So wise, so good, so moral she averr'd,
So clever, quite above the common run—
She made him sit by her, and call'd him son,
No matrimonial suit, e'en Duke's or Earl's,
So flatter'd her maternal feelings—none!
For mothers always think young men are pearls
Who come and throw themselves before their girls.

And now, at warning signal from her finger,
The servants most reluctantly withdrew,

L L

But list'ning on the stairs contrived to linger ;
For Ellen, gazing round with eyes of blue,



DECAPITATION.

At last the features of her parent knew,
And, summoning her breath and vocal pow'rs,
"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed—"Oh, is it true—
Our dear Lorenzo"—the dear name drew show'rs—
"Ours," cried the mother, "pray don't call him ours!"

"I never liked him, never, in my days!"
["Oh yes—you did"—said Ellen with a sob,]
"There always *was* a something in his ways—"
["So sweet—so kind," said Ellen, with a throb,]
"His very face was what I call a snob,
And, spite of West-end coats and pantaloons,
He had a sort of air of the swell mob ;
I'm sure when he has come of afternoons
To tea, I've often thought—I'll watch my spoon!"

"The spoons!" cried Ellen, almost with a scream,
"Oh cruel—false as cruel—and unjust !
He that once stood so high in your esteem !"
"He !" cried the dame, grimacing her disgust.
"I like him ?—yes—as any body must

An infidel that scoffs at God and Devil :
 Didn't he bring you Bonaparty's bust ?
 Lord ! when he calls I hardly can be civil—
My favourite was always Mr. Neville.

“Lorenzo ?—I should like, of earthly things,
 To see him hanging forty cubits high ;
 Doesn't he write like Captain Rocks and Swings ?
 Nay, in this very letter bid you try
 To make yourself particular, and tie
 A tail on—a prodigious tail !—Oh, daughter !
 And don't he ask you down his area—fie !
 And recommend to cut your being shorter,
 With brick-bats round your neck in ponds of water ?”

Alas ! to think how readers thus may vary
 A writer's sense !—What mortal would have thought
 Lorenzo's hint about Professors Airy
 And Pond to such a likeness could be brought !
 Who would have dreamt the simple way he taught
 To make a comet of poor Ellen's moon,
 Could furnish forth an image so distraught,
 As Ellen, walking Regent Street at noon,
 Tail'd—like a fat Cape sheep, or a racoon !



“STICK AS YOU BE—THAT'S THE COMET”

L L 2

And yet, whate'er absurdity the brains
 May hatch, it ne'er wants wet-nurses to suck'e it ;
 Or dry ones, like a hen, to take the pains
 To lead the nudity abroad, and chuckle it ;
 No whim so stupid but some fool will buckle it
 To jingle bell-like on his empty head,
 No mental mud—but some will knead and knuckle it,
 And fancy they are making fancy-bread ;—
 No ass has written, but some ass has read.

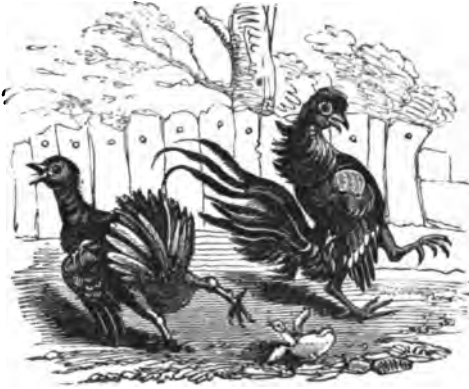
No dolts could lead if others did not follow 'em.
 No Hahnemann could give decillionth drops,
 If any man could not be got to swallow 'em ;
 But folly never comes to such full stops.
 As soon, then, as the Mother made such swaps
 Of all Lorenzo's meanings, heads and tails,
 The Father seized upon her malaprops—
 "My girl down areas—of a night ! 'Ods nails !
 I'll stick the scoundrel on his area-rails !



TAILS OF THE HAUL BY CRAB.

"I will !—as sure as I was christen'd John !
 A girl—well born—and bred,—and school'd at Ditton—
 Accomplish'd—handsome—with a tail stuck on !
 And chuck'd—Zounds !—chuck'd in horseponds like a kitten ;
 I wish I had been by when that was written !"—

And doubling to a fist each ample hand,
 The empty air he boxed with, a-la-Bitton,
 As if in training for a fight, long plann'd,
 With Nobody—for love—at No Man's Land !



A FOWL WIND.

“ I’ll pond—I’ll tail him ! ”—In a voice of thunder
 He recommenced his fury and his fuss,
 Loud, open-mouth’d, and wedded to his blunder,
 Like one of those great guns that end in buss.
 “ I’ll teach him to write ponds and tails to us ! ”
 But while so menacing this-that-and-t’others,
 His wife broke in with certain truths, as thus :
 “ Men are not women—fathers can’t be mothers,—
 Females are females ”—and a few such others.

So saying, with rough nudges, willy-nilly,
 She hustled him outside the chamber-door,
 Looking, it must be own’d, a little silly ;
 And then she did as the Carinthian boor
 Serves (Goldsmith says) the traveller that’s poor .
Id est, she shut him in the outer space,
 With just as much apology—no more—
 As Boreas would present in such a case,
 For slamming the street door right in your face.

And now, the secrets of the sex thus kept,
 What passed in that important tête-à-tête
 Twixt dam and daughter, nobody except
 Paul Pry, or his Twin Brother, could narrate—
 So turn we to Lorenzo, left of late,

In front of Mrs. Snelling's sugar'd snacks,
 In such a very waspish stinging state—
 But now at the Old Dragon, stretch'd on racks.
 Fretting, and biting down his nails to tacks ;

Because that new fast four-inside—the Comet,
 Instead of keeping its appointed time,
 Had deviated some few minutes from it,
 A thing with all astronomers a crime,
 And he had studied in that lore sublime ;
 Nor did his heat get any less or shorter
 For pouring upon passion's unslaked lime
 A well-grown glass of Cogniac and water,
 Mix'd stiff as starch by the Old Dragon's daughter.

At length, "Fair Ellen" sounding with a flourish
 The Comet came all bright, bran new, and smart :
 Meanwhile the melody conspired to nourish
 The hasty spirit in Lorenzo's heart,
 And soon upon the roof he "topped his part,"
 Which never had a more impatient man on,
 Wishing devoutly that the steeds would start
 Like lightning greased,—or, as at Ballyshannon
 Sublimed, "greased lightning shot out of a cannon !

For, ever since the letter left his hand,
 His mind had been in vacillating motion,
 Dodge-dodging like a fluster'd crab on land,
 That cannot ask its way, and has no notion
 If right or left leads to the German Ocean—
 Hatred and Love by turns enjoy'd monopolies,
 Till, like a Doctor following his own potion,
 Before a learned pig could spell Acropolis,
 He went and booked himself for our metropolis.

"Oh, for a horse," or rather four,— "with wings !"
 For so he put the wish into the plural—
 No relish he retained for country things,
 He could not join felicity with rural,
 His thoughts were all with London and the mural.
 Where architects—not paupers—heap and *pile* stones ;
 Or with the horses' muscles, called the crural,
 How fast they could macadamize the milestones
 Which pass'd as tediously as gall or bile stones.

Blind to the picturesque, he ne'er perceived
 In Nature one artistical fine stroke ;

For instance, how that purple hill relieved
 The beggar-woman in the gipsy-poke,
 And how the red cow carried off her cloak ;
 Or how the aged horse, so gaunt and grey,
 Threw off a noble mass of beech and oak !
 Or, how the tinker's ass, beside the way,
 Came boldly out from a white cloud—to bray !

Such things have no delight for worried men,
 That travel full of care and anxious smart :
 Coachmen and horses, are your artists then ;
 Just try a team of draughtsmen with the Dart,
 Take Shee, for instance, Etty, Jones, and Hart,
 Let every neck be put into its noose,
 Then tip 'em on the flank to make 'em start,
 And see how they will draw !—Four screws let loose
 Would make a difference—or I'm a goose !

Nor cared he more about the promised crops,
 If oats were looking up, or wheat was laid,
 For flies in turnips, or a blight in hops,
 Or how the barley prosper'd or decay'd ;
 In short, no items of the farming trade,



"LORD, JOHN, HERE'S A BURROW!"

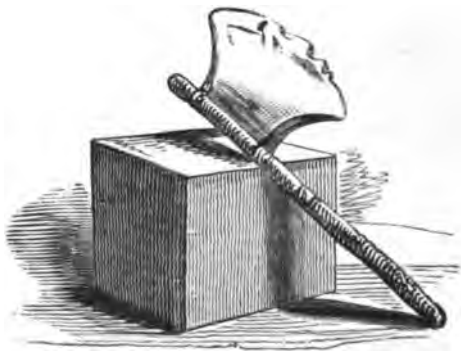
Peas, beans, tares, 'taters, could his mind beguile ;
 Nor did he answer to the servant maid,

That always asked at every other mile,
 "Where do we change, Sir?" with her sweetest smile.

Nor more he listened to the Politician,
 Who lectured on his left, a formal prig,
 Of Belgium's, Greece's, Turkey's sad condition,
 Not worth a cheese, an olive, or a fig;
 Nor yet unto the critic, fierce and big,
 Who, holding forth, all lonely, in his glory,
 Called one a sad bad Poet—and a Whig,
 And one, a first-rate proser—and a Tory;
 So critics judge, now, of a song or story.

Nay, when the coachman spoke about the 'Leger,
 Of Popsy, Mopsy, Bergamotte, and Civet,
 Of breeder, trainer, owner, backer, hedger,
 And nags as right, or righter than a trivet,
 The theme his crack'd attention could not rivet,
 Though leaning forward to the man of whips,
 He seem'd to give an ear,—but did not give it,
 For Ellen's moon (that saddest of her slips)
 Would not be hidden by a "new Eclipse."

If any thought e'er flitted in his head
 Belonging to the sphere of Bland and Crocky,
 It was to wish the team all thorough-bred,
 And every buckle on their backs a jockey:
 When spinning down a steep descent, or rocky,
 He never watch'd the wheel, and long'd to look it,
 He liked the bolters that set off so cocky:
 Nor did it shake a single nerve or shock it,
 Because the Comet raced against the Rocket.



THE HEAD WAITER AT HATCHETT'S.

Thanks to which rivalry, at last the journey
 Finish'd an hour and a quarter under time,
 Without a case for surgeon or attorney,
 Just as St. James's rang its seventh chime,
 And now, descending from his seat sublime,
 Behold Lorenzo, weariest of wights,
 In that great core of brick, and stone, and lime,
 Call'd England's Heart—but which, as seen of nights,
 Has rather more th' appearance of its lights.

Away he scudded—elbowing, perforce,
 Thro' cads, and lads, and many a Hebrew worrier,
 With fruit, knives, pencils,—all dirt cheap of course,
 Coachmen, and hawkers of the Globe and "Currier ;"
 Away !—the cookmaid is not such a skurrier,



FREE TRADE.

When, fit to split her gingham as she goes,
 With six just striking on the clock to hurry her,
 She strides along with one of her three beaux,
 To get well placed at "Ashley's"—now Ducrow's.

"I wonder if her moon is full to-night!"
 He mutter'd, jealous as a Spanish Don,
 When, lo !—to aggravate that inward spite,
 In glancing at a board he spied thereon
 A play-bill for dramatic folks to con,

In letters such as those may read, who run,
 " ' KING JOHN '—oh yes,—I recollect King John !
 ' My Lord, they say five moons '—*five* moons !—well done !
 I wonder Ellen was content with one !

" Five moons—all full !—and all at once in heav'n !
 She should have lived in that prolific reign ! "
 Here he arrived in front of number seven,
 Th' abode of all his joy and all his pain ;
 A sudden tremor shot through every vein,
 He wish'd he'd come up by the heavy waggon,
 And felt an impulse to turn back again,
 Oh, that he ne'er had quitted the Old Dragon !
 Then came a sort of longing for a flagon.

His tongue and palate seem'd so parch'd with drouth, —
 The very knocker fill'd his soul with dread,
 As if it had a living lion's mouth,
 With teeth so terrible, and tongue so red,
 In which he had engaged to put his head.
 The bell-pull turn'd his courage into vapour,
 As though 't would cause a shower-bath to shed
 Its thousand shocks, to make him sigh and caper—
 He look'd askance, and did not like the scraper.

" What business have I here ? (he thought) a dunce
 A hopeless passion thus to fan and foster,
 Instead of putting out its wick at once ;
 She's gone—it's very evident I've lost her,—
 And to the wanton wind I should have toss'd her—
 Pish ! I will leave her with her moon, at ease,
 To toast and eat it, like a single Gloster,
 Or cram some fool with it, as good green cheese,
 Or make a honey-moon, if so she please.

" Yes—here I leave her," and as thus he spoke,
 He plied the knocker with such needless force,
 It almost split the pannel of sound oak ;
 And then he went as wildly through a course
 Of ringing, till he made abrupt divorce
 Between the bell and its dumbfounded handle
 Whilst up ran Betty, out of breath and hoarse,
 And thrust into his face her blown-out candle,
 To recognise the author of such scandal.

Who, presto ! cloak, and carpet-bag to boot,
 Went stumbling, rumbling, up the dark one pair,

With other noise than his whose "very foot
 Had music in't as he came up the stair :"
 And then with no more manners than a bear,
 His hat upon his head, no matter how,
 No modest tap his presence to declare,
 He bolted in a room, without a bow,
 And there sat Ellen, with a marble brow !

Like fond Medora, watching at her window,
 Yet not of any Corsair bark in search—
 The jutting lodging-house of Mrs. Lindo,
 "The Cheapest House in Town" of Todd and Sturch,
 The private house of Reverend Doctor Birch,
 The public-house, closed nightly at eleven,
 And then that house of prayer, the parish church,
 Some roofs, and chimneys, and a glimpse of heaven,
 Made up the whole look-out of Number Seven.

Yet something in the prospect so absorbed her,
 She seemed quite drowned and dozing in a dream ;
 As if her own belov'd full moon still orb'd her,



"MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT ALONE."

Lulling her fancy in some lunar scheme,
 With lost Lorenzo, may be, for its theme—

Yet when Lorenzo touch'd her on the shoulder,
 She started up with an abortive scream,
 As if some midnight ghost, from regions colder,
 Had come within his bony arms to fold her.

"Lorenzo!"—"Ellen!"—then came "Sir!" and "Madam!"
 They tried to speak, but hammer'd at each word,
 As if it were a flint for great Mac Adam;
 Such broken English never else was heard,
 For like an aspen leaf each nerve was stirr'd,
 A chilly tremor thrill'd them through and through,
 Their efforts to be stiff were quite absurd,
 They shook like jellies made without a due
 And proper share of common joiner's glue.

"Ellen! I'm come—to bid you—fare—farewell"
 They thus began to fight their verbal duel;
 "Since some more hap—hap—happy man must dwell—"
 "Alas—Loren—Lorenzo!—cru—cru—cruel!"
 For so they split their words like grits for gruel.
 At last the Lover, as he long had plann'd,
 Drew out that once inestimable jewel,
 Her portrait, which was erst so fondly scann'd,
 And thrust poor Ellen's face into her hand.

"There—take it, Madam—take it back I crave,
 The face of one—but I must now forget her,
 Bestow it on whatever hapless slave
 Your art has last enticed into your fetter—
 And there are your epistles—there! each letter!
 I wish no record of your vow's infractions,
 Send them to South—or Children—you had better—
 They will be novelties—rare benefactions
 To shine in Philosophical Transactions!

"Take them—pray take them—I resign them quite!
 And there's the glove you gave me leave to steal—
 And there's the handkerchief, so pure and white
 Once sanctified by tears, when Miss O'Neill—
 But no—you did not—cannot—do not feel
 Juliet's faith, that time could only harden!
 Fool that I was, in my mistaken zeal!
 I should have led you,—by your leave and pardon—
 To Bartley's Orrery, not Covent Garden!

"And here's the birth-day ring—nor man nor devil
 Should once have torn it from my living hand,

Perchance 'twill look as well on Mr. Neville ;
 And that—and that is all—and now I stand
 Absolved of each dissever'd tie and band—
 And so farewell, till Time's eternal sickle
 Shall reap our lives ; in this, or foreign land
 Some other may be found for truth to stickle
 Almost as fair—and not so false and fickle !”

And there he ceased : as truly it was time,
 For of the various themes that left his mouth,
 One half surpass'd her intellectual climb :
 She knew no more than the old Hill of Howth
 About that “ Children of a larger growth,”
 Who notes proceedings of the F. R. S.'s ;
 Kit North, was just as strange to her as South,
 Except the south the weathercock expresses,
 Nay, Bartley's Orrery defied her guesses.



“ I RAN IT THRO' E'EN FROM MY BOYISH DAYS.”

Howbeit some notion of his jealous drift
 She gather'd from the simple outward fact,
 That her own lap contained each slighted gift ;
 Though quite unconscious of his cause to act
 So like Othello, with his face unblack'd ;
 “ Alas !” she sobbed, “ your cruel course I see
 These faded charms no longer can attract ;
 Your fancy palls, and you would wander free,
 And lay your own apostacy on me !

" *I*, false!—unjust Lorenzo!—and to *you* !
 Oh, all ye holy gospels that incline
 The soul to truth, bear witness I am true !
 By all that lives, of earthly or divine—
 So long as this poor throbbing heart is mine—
I false!—the world shall change its course as soon !
 True as the streamlet to the stars that shine—
 True as the dial to the sun at noon,
 True as the tide to 'yonder blessed moon' ! "

And as she spoke, she pointed through the window,
 Somewhere above the houses' distant tops,
 Betwixt the chimney-pots of Mrs. Lindo,
 And Todd and Sturch's cheapest of all shops
 For ribbons, laces, muslins, silks, and fops ;—
 Meanwhile, as she upraised her face so Grecian,
 And eyes suffused with scintillating drops,
 Lorenzo looked, too, o'er the blinds venetian,
 To see the sphere so troubled with repletion.

" The Moon ! " he cried, and an electric spasm
 Seem'd all at once his features to distort,
 And fix'd his mouth, a dumb and gaping chasin—
 His faculties benumb'd and all amort—
 At last his voice came, of most shrilly sort,
 Just like a sea-gull's wheeling round a rock —
 " Speak !—Ellen !—is your sight indeed so short !
 The Moon !—Brute ! savage that I am, and block !
 The Moon ! (O, ye Romantics, what a shock !)
 Why that's the new Illuminated Clock ! "



ST. BLAISE.



"THOSE EVENING BELLS."

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

"I'D BE A PARODY."

THOSE Evening Bells, those Evening Bells,
How many a tale their music tells,
Of Yorkshire cakes and crumpets prime.
And letters only just in time!—

The Muffin-boy has pass'd away,
The Postman gone—and I must pay,
For down below Deaf Mary dwells,
And does not hear those Evening Bells

And so 't will be when she is gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
And other maids with timely yells
Forget to stay those Evening Bells

LINES

TO A FRIEND AT COBHAM.

'Tis pleasant, when we've absent friends,
 Sometimes to hob and nob 'em
 With Memory's glass—at such a pass
 Remember me at Cobham !

Have pigs you will, and sometimes kill
 But if you sigh and sob 'em,
 And cannot eat your home-grown meat,
 Remember me at Cobham !

Of hen and cock, you'll have a stock,
 And death will oft unthrob 'em,—
 A country chick is good to pick—
 Remember me at Cobham !

Some orchard trees of course you'll lease,
 And boys will sometimes rob 'em,
 A friend (you know) before a foe—
 Remember me at Cobham !

You'll sometimes have wax-lighted rooms,
 And friends of course to mob 'em,
 Should you be short of such a sort,
 Remember me at Cobham !



BALL-PRACTICE

THE QUAKERS' CONVERSAZIONE.

"Dost thou love silence, deep as that before the winds were made? Go not into the wilderness; descend not into the profundities of the earth; shut not up thy casements; nor pour wax into the cells of thine ears, with little-faith'd, self-mistrusting Ulysses. Retire with me into a Quakers' Meeting."—*ESSAYS OF ELIA.*

It may not, or rather it cannot, be generally known, that an attempt was made last winter, by certain influential members of the Society of Friends, to establish a *Conversazione* at Tottenham, a neighbourhood especially favoured by that respectable and substantial sect. The idea originated with a junior female branch of the opulent family of the Mumfords, which has been seated, time out of mind, in the vicinity of Bruce Castle; the notion was broached to a select few of the sisterhood, during a Sabbath walk homewards from the conventicle: the suggestion was relished; and a conference was called, at which the scheme was seriously brought forward, and gravely considered. At first there was a little boggling at the proposed title, as savouring, it was thought, of Loquacity; but the objection was dropped, on an explanation that although the word implied conversation, no one would be bidden to discourse against their own inclination; nay that even, amongst other persuasions, the *conversazioni* were frequently as distant as possible from a Negro "Talk," or a red Indian "Palaver." This little demur excepted, the plan went on swimmingly, and was finally adopted with the subdued hum which, in that quiet-loving community, is equivalent to acclamations. A secretary was formally proposed, and tacitly chosen unanimously; being no other than the fair Foundress herself, the mild-spoken and meek-eyed Ruth Mumford. A few brief rules were then drawn up, and, after no debate, agreed to—some of them, considering the constitutional taciturnity of the sect, being sufficiently superfluous, as guarding against what Bubb Doddington called "a multiplicity of talk." For instance, the 9th rule provided, that "no brother or sister should indulge in rambling irrelevant discourse, embracing a profusion of topics, wide of the matter in hand." The 10th, that "no two or more Friends should disburden themselves of speech at one and the same time;" and the 12th, that "no member of this society shall deliver himself or herself with unreasonable continuity, to the prevention of other Friends who might desire to speak to the matter." From the list of subjects to be "spoken to" politics and polemics were excluded; but poetry was allowed, or at least connived at, the excellent example of Bernard Barton and the Howitts having happily relaxed the primitive rigour of that proscription. Besides, it was well known, between Friends, that several of the younger female members, the fair secretary included, occasionally struck, or rather, as Quakers ought not to strike anything, twanged the lyre. For the rest, the society was modelled after other private literary

associations ; it was to meet twice weekly, visiting the houses of the members in rotation, when original essays or papers were to be read, and afterwards discussed ; provided always, that they afforded any Debateable Land to make a stand upon, seeing that at the end of the rules and regulations, a special article earnestly recommended, that in the selection of subjects all such topics should be avoided "as might lead to differences of opinion amongst the brethren."

Such was—for it is defunct—the Tottenham Friends' *Conversazione* ; of whose existence I became aware but by accident. It was my good fortune, till lately, to live next door to a family of Quakers, and to make acquaintance with the eldest daughter, a young lively maiden just wearing out the last of her teens. I am afraid in the austere brown eyes of her parents she was not strictly considered as the flower of their flock, being a sort of nonconformist among nonconformists, as was especially to be seen in comparing her with her younger sisters, who seemed to have been brought up, or stuck up, under the most starched discipline. Instead of their plain close caps,—mere casts of their skulls taken in muslin,—she wore an airy fanciful structure of blonde and white ribbon, that a Parisian woman might have put on—at least of a morning. In lieu of their sleek mohair braids, her auburn ringlets flowed down her neck in all the "Unloveliness of Love-locks." To her star-like hazel eyes she allowed a little planetary liberty of circulation ; whereas it seemed the object of the others, to keep their demure brown orbs as immoveable in their faces, as bad halfpence nailed to counters. Instead of screwing up her lips, as if she had just come, minus a masticator, out of Cartwright's into an east wind, she sometimes gave her ivory teeth an airing, by smiling at some innocent fancy, to which she would give utterance, without trying to send her clear sweet voice, by a New North-West Passage, through her nose. As for her figure, it was none of those shapes which have no shape, and may be swaddled up without detriment in dingy drabs, olives, slates, and snuffy browns,—shapes which nature makes on her basin-pudding days, instead of using her best jelly-moulds—shapes like the bonnet-shapes which balance baskets of live mackerel. To see the symmetrical Rachel standing near either of her sisters, you would think you beheld (borrowing a local image) Tottenham High Cross, beside the Waithman Obelisk. Accordingly, the orthodox warp of her glossy satin was always *shot* with a woof of some one of those gayer prismatic tints, to wear which is reckoned, among the severer Foxites, "a profanation of the Rainbow, deserving a second deluge." As will be seen hereafter, she put a little blue into her super-fine silken hose ; sometimes I even fancied that I detected a tinge of the more fleshy pink—in short, she was a Quakeress, but not of the sad-brown sort—only a brunette.

With the old Friends, her parents, I cannot boast that I was even on speaking terms ; but with the lovely and lively Rachel my acquaintance had ripened even to the calling her by her Christian name ; and the reciprocation of her thou and thee, to which I was led, not as a

convertite, but from learning, in my French and German Grammars, that the use of the second person singular was an especial token of intimacy and affection. In this our neighbourly intercourse, a system of mutual accommodation sprang up between us, not by bills, but by books; for which she drew upon me by pretty little notes of hand, that I duly honoured, making them payable over the back garden wall. Drawings and pieces of new music were equally negotiable. If I remember rightly, it was in return for Moore's Melodies—the exchange at the time being



DISCOVERY OF ORGANIC REMAINS.

against me—that I received "Fox's Martyrs." It was rather a ponderous tome for a lover of light reading; and if St. Swithin's Festival had not fallen on a very wet Sunday in the country, I might never have opened its leaves,—if indeed they did not open of themselves,—thus letting fall certain MSS. intrusted to their custody, and which I now proceed to make public. In a new edition of the "Curiosities of Literature" they would deserve a distinguished place.

MINUTES OF THE TOTTENHAM FRIENDS' CONVERSAZIONE;

ESTABLISHED with a view to sober, Intellectual, and Literary unbendings. Now first held, namely, on the fourteenth day of the eleventh month, one thousand eight hundred thirty and four. Brother Mumford, the Father of the present humble Pen, in the chair.

A most powerful and worthy setting forth, both in regard of numbers and our proceedings. Firstly, a word in season from Friend Oliver. Secondly, a draft of the rules. Thirdly, an opening poem; meditation thereon until the tenth hour, when our sitting was completed. Many congratulations between the brethren on the order, quiet, and

decency thereof; myself, as its humble founder, very joyously elevated—even unto the shedding of tears.

17. Some awkwardness on this night, arising out of the presentation of nine several Negroes' Complaints to be read forth. Precedence yielded unto Sister Skeldrum's complaint, in respect of her being so ancient, namely, three-score and ten. After which, Sister Panyer's was gone through, detaining us nearhand until our hour of dissolution. Friend Black in the chair.

21. The Negro Complaints resumed, whereof three more were gotten over, Sister Fagg kindly taking turn about with me in the deliverance thereof. Friend Thorne in the chair.

24. A spare meeting. The Negro Complaints brought to an end, save one; Sister Rumble consenting, on much persuasion, to reserve the Sorrows of Sambo for the Abolition Anniversary. Friend Woolley in the chair.

28. Friend Greathead read forth an original paper on the Manners of the Beavers. Much meditation thereon. Friend Stillfox in the chair.

1-12. Friend Seagrave in the chair. Sister Meeking read forth her Essay on Silence, but in so humble a tone, that little thereof was taken inward at our ears. No debate thereon.

Dorcas Fysche, a visiter, craved to know whether Friends, not being members, were permitted to speak on the subject, and was replied to in the affirmative. Whereupon she held her peace.

5. Sister Knight read forth a self-composed addressing of herself unto Sleep. To which no objection was made by any present. Friend Knapp in the chair.

8. On this night I plucked up courage, and essayed to read forth mine own Stanzas on Universal Love; but my voice failing me in the midst, it was completely finished for me by Friend Thickness, who did perversely continue to pronounce *Jows* instead of *Dews*, whereof came absurdity. Above all, in the line which singeth,—“Descend ye Dews on this my Head.” And again,—“Ye painted Flies that suck the Dews.”

12. No other member being prepared with originality, Sister



“BEAR ABOUT THE MOCKERY OF WOR.”

Rumble read forth her Sorrows of Sambo. Much silent comment thereon. Brother Kersey in the chair, who shamefully suffered himself to be surprised with sleep.

15. No lecturing, and, by course, no debate; only meditation. A call made to order against Friend Dilly, who was in the chair, for untimeliness in asking the price of Anglo-Mexicans at a quarter before ten.

19. Sister Fetterlock being a visiter in expectancy, every one confined themselves unto Newgate. Several of the brethren declared their convictions. Friend Roper in the chair.

22. No lecturing. Sister Rumble distributed Sambo's Sorrows amongst us, one unto each; the which she had caused to be imprinted at her own risk and cost. Friend Boulter was the chair.

26. No lecturing. It pleased our worthy Brother Upham, at his House of Welcome, to spread before us the creature comforts most abundantly, with a great outpouring of the foreign luxury, which is called Champagne; the which was greatly discussed; and Brother Upham thereafter rebuked for the same, for that it was not of the kind which is still.

29. Friend Stock read forth a narrative of his own Life and Personal Adventures, the which held us for half an hour. Some debate touching the imprinting of the same, at the cost of the Society, in the shape of a Tract; which was agreed to, but put off

at the instance of Friend Stock himself, in order to give him time to live into the shape of a pamphlet. Friend Smallbones went through the chair.

2-1-35. No assembly, by reason of the outrageous wind and hail, excepting Sister Rumble, with a new original poem, called "The Moral Gipsy." The which she did read forth from the chair to my humble self and family, and our serving-man, Simon Dunny.

5. Friend Broadbent read forth, in part, an Essay on Innocent Jocularity; the which, in sundry passages, provoked dissentients, as tending to a defence of levity. A stiff debate thereon, in which



HOPE DEFERRED.

all the brethren were agreeable to censure. Great merriment at Friend Sexton in his rebuking, saying, "Christian gravy," instead of gravity, by a slip of the tongue.

9. The remains of Innocent Jocularity brought on again in a decidedly grave way, and nothing savouring of offensive. Followed with silence.

12. There were not sufficient friends to make a sitting, and no chair.

16. At Sister Rumble's, by course of rotation. No other member present, save mine own self, as by duty bound. A deplorable falling away from the cause. Whereof more hereafter.



"IT CAN'T BE HELPED."

* * * * *

The Record here breaks off. The society probably did not proceed farther, but died on the spot, of a complication of Innocent Jocularity and Sister Rumble, and was buried tacitly, with the fair Ruth Mumford for its chief mourner. The other papers are in verse, and a reading of them will certainly persuade the reviewers that they were premature in applying the designation of "Quaker Poetry" to foregone lays and lyrics. The first is a genuine brown study after nature; the second a hint how Peace ought *not* to be proclaimed.

SONNET

BY R. M

How sweet thus clad, in Autumn's mellow Tone,
With serious Eye, the russet Scene to view!
No Verdure decks the Forest, save alone
The sad green Holly, and the olive Yew.
The Skies, no longer of a garish Blue,
Subdued to Dove-like Tints, and soft as Wool,
Reflected show their slaty Shades anew
In the drab Waters of the clayey Pool.
Meanwhile yon Cottage Maiden wends to School,
In Garb of Chocolate so neatly drest,
And Bonnet puce, fit object for the Tool,
And chasten'd Pigments, of our Brother West;
Yea, all is silent, sober, calm, and cool,
Save gaudy Robin with his crimson Breast.

LINES
ON THE CELEBRATION OF PEACE.
BY DORCAS DOVE.

AND is it thus ye welcome Peace !
From Mouths of forty-pounding Bores ?
Oh cease, exploding Cannons, cease !
Lest Peace, affrighted, shun our shores !

Not so the quiet Queen should come ;
But like a Nurse to still our Fears,
With Shoes of List, demurely dumb,
And Wool or Cotton in her Ears !

She asks for no triumphal Arch ;
No Steeples for their ropy Tongues ;
Down, Drumsticks, down, She needs no March,
Or blasted Trumps from brazen Lungs.

She wants no Noise of mobbing Throats
To tell that She is drawing nigh :
Why this Parade of scarlet Coats,
When War has closed his bloodshot Eye ?

Returning to Domestic Loves,
When War has ceased with all its Ills,
Captains should come like sucking Doves,
With Olive Branches in their Bills.

No need there is of vulgar Shout,
Bells, Cannons, Trumpets, Fife, and Drums,
And Soldiers marching all about,
To let Us know that Peace is come.

Oh mild should be the Signs and meek,
Sweet Peace's Advent to proclaim !
Silence her noiseless Foot should speak,
And Echo should repeat the same.

Lo ! where the Soldier walks, alas !
With Scars received on foreign Grounds ;
Shall we consume in coloured Glass
The Oil that should be pour'd in Wounds ?

The bleeding Gaps of War to close,
 Will whizzing Rocket-Flight avail?
 Will Squibs enliven Orphans' Woes?
 Or Crackers cheer the Widow's Tale?



A GENERAL PEACE.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

THE MORNING CALL.

I CANNOT conceive any prospect more agreeable to a weary traveller than the approach to *Bedfordshire*. Each valley reminds him of Sleepy Hollow, the fleecy clouds seem like blankets, the lakes and ponds are clean sheets; the setting sun looks like a warming-pan. He dreams of dreams to come. His travelling-cap transforms to a night-cap, the coach lining feels softer squabbed; the guard's horn plays "Lullaby." Every flower by the road-side is a poppy. Each jolt of the coach is but a drowsy stumble up stairs. The lady opposite is the chamber-maid; the gentleman beside her is Boots. He slides into imaginary slippers; he winks and nods flirtingly at Sleep, so soon to be his own. Although the wheels may be rattling into vigilant Wakefield, it appears to him to be sleepy Ware, with its great Bed, a whole County of Down, spread "all before him where to choose his place of rest."

It was in a similar mood, after a long dusty droughty dog-day's journey, that I entered the Dolphin, at Bedhampton. I nodded in at the door, winked at the lights, blinked at the company in the coffee-room, yawned for a glass of negus, swallowed it with my eyes shut, as though it had been "a pint of nappy," surrendered my boots.

clutched a candlestick, and blundered, slipshod, up the stairs to number nine.

Blessed be the man, says Sancho Panza, who first invented sleep : and blessed be heaven that he did not take out a patent, and keep his discovery to himself. My clothes dropped off me : I saw through a drowy haze the likeness of a four-poster : "Great Nature's second course" was spread before me ;—and I fell to without a long grace !

Here's a body—there's a bed !
There's a pillow—here's a head !
There's a curtain—here's a light !
There's a puff—and so Good Night !

It would have been gross improvidence to waste more words on the occasion ; for I was to be roused up again at four o'clock the next morning, to proceed by the early coach. I determined, therefore, to do as much sleep within the interval as I could ; and in a minute, short measure, I was with that mandarin, Morpheus, in his Land of Nod.

How intensely we sleep when we are fatigued ! Some as sound as tops, others as fast as churches. For my own part I must have slept as fast as a Cathedral,—as fast as Young Rapid wished his father to slumber :—nay as fast as the French veteran who dreams over again the whole Russian campaign while dozing in his sentry-box. I must have slept as fast as a fast post-coach in my four-poster—or rather I must have slept "like winkin," for I seemed hardly to have closed my eyes, when a voice cried "Sleep no more !"

It was that of Boots, calling and knocking at the door, whilst through the keyhole a ray of candlelight darted into my chamber.

"Who's there ?"

"It's me, your honour, I humbly ax pardon—but somehow I've overslept myself, and the coach be gone by !"

"The devil it is !—then I have lost my place !"

"No, not exactly, your honour. She stops a bit at the Dragon, t'other end o' the town ; and if your honour wouldn't object to a bit of a run—"

"That's enough—come in Put down the light—and take up that bag—my coat over your arm—and waistcoat with it—and that cravat."

Boots acted according to orders. I jumped out of bed—pocketed my nightcap—screwed on my stockings—plunged into my trowsers—rammed my feet into wrong right and left boots—tumbled down the back stairs—burst through a door, and found myself in the fresh air of the stable-yard, holding a lantern, which, in sheer haste, or spleen, I pitched into the horsepond. Then began the race, during which I completed my toilet, running and firing a verbal volley at Boots, as often as I could spare breath for one.

"And you call this waking me up—for the coach. My waist-

coat!—Why I could wake myself—too late—without being called Now my cravat — and be hanged to you!—Confound that stone!—and give me my coat. A nice road—for a run!—I suppose you keep it—on purpose. How many gentlemen—may you do a week?—I'll tell you what. If I—run—a foot—further—”

I paused for wind; while Boots had stopped of his own accord. We had turned a corner into a small square; and on the opposite side, certainly stood an inn with the sign of the Dragon, but without any sign of a coach at the door. Boots stood beside me, aghast, and surveying the house from the top to the bottom; not a wreath of smoke came from a chimney; the curtains were closed over every window, and the door was closed and shuttered. I could hardly contain my indignation when I looked at the infernal somnolent visage of the fellow, hardly yet broad awake—he kept rubbing his black-lead eyes with his hands, as if he would have rubbed them out.

“Yes, you may well look—you have overslept yourself with a vengeance. The coach must have passed an hour ago—and they have all gone to bed again!”

“No, there be no coach, sure enough,” soliloquised Boots, slowly raising his eyes from the road, where he had been searching for the track of recent wheels, and fixing them with a deprecating expression on my face. “No, there’s no coach—I ax a thousand pardons, your honour—but you see, sir, what with waiting on her, and talking on her, and expecting on her, and giving notice on her, every night of my life, your honour—why I sometimes dreams on her—and that’s the case as is now!”



“YOU’VE WAKED ME TOO SOON,
I MUST SLUMBER AGAIN.”



A STUFFED BIRD.

THE LAMENT OF TOBY,

THE LEARNED PIG.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."—*Pope.*

O HEAVY day! oh day of woe!
To misery a poster,
Why was I ever farrow'd—why
Not spitted for a roaster?

In this world, pigs, as well as men,
Must dance to fortune's fiddlings,
But must I give the classics up,
For barley-meal and middlings?

Of what avail that I could spell
And read, just like my betters,
If I must come to this at last,
To litters, not to letters?

O, why are pigs made scholars of?
It baffles my discerning,
What griskins, fry, and chitterlings,
Can have to do with learning.

Alas! my learning once drew cash,
But public fame's unstable,
So I must turn a pig again,
And fatten for the table

To leave my literary line
My eyes get red and leaky;
But Giblett doesn't want me *blue*,
But red and white, and streaky.

Old Mullins used to cultivate
My learning like a gard'ner;
But Giblett only thinks of lard,
And not of Doctor Lardner!

He does not care about my brain
The value of two coppers,
All that he thinks about my head
Is, how I'm off for choppers.

Of all my literary kin
A farewell must be taken,
Good bye to the poetic Hogg !
The philosophic Bacon !

Day after day my lessons fade,
My intellect gets muddy ;
A trough I have, and not a desk,
A sty—and not a study !

Another little month, and then
My progress ends, like Bunyan's ;
The seven sages that I loved
Will be chopp'd up with onions !

Then over head and ears in brine
They'll souse me, like a salmon,
My mathematics turn'd to brawn,
My logic into gammon.

My Hebrew will all retrograde,
Now I'm put up to fatten ;
My Greek, it will all go to grease ;
The Dogs will have my Latin !

Farewell to Oxford !—and to Bliss !
To Milman, Crowe, and Glossop,—

I now must be content with cnats,
Instead of learned gossip !

Farewell to "Town !" farewell to
"Gown !"

I've quite outgrown the latter,—
Instead of Trencher-cap my head
Will soon be in a platter !

O why did I at Brazen-Nose
Rout up the roots of knowledge ?
A butcher that can't read will kill
A pig that's been to college !

For sorrow I could stick myself,
But conscience is a clasher ;
A thing that would be rash in man,
In me would be a rasher !

One thing I ask—when I am dead,
And past the Stygian ditches—
And that is, let my schoolmaster
Have one of my two flitches :

'Twas he who taught my letters so
I ne'er mistook or miss'd 'em,
Simply by *ringing* at the nose,
According to *Bell's* system.



THE LEARNED PIG GROWS OUT OF KNOWLEDGE



OUT AT ELBOWS.

TO A BAD RIDER.

I.

WHY, Mr. Rider, why
 Your nag so ill indorse, man?
 To make observers cry,
 You're mounted, but no horseman?

II.

With elbows out so far,
 This thought you can't debar me—
 Though no Dragoon—Hussar—
 You're surely of the army!

III.

I hope to turn M. P.
 You have not any notion,
 So awkward you would be
 At "seconding a motion!"



SON AND HAIR.

MY SON AND HEIR.

I.
My mother bids me bind my heir,
But not the trade where I should
bind ;
To place a boy—the how and where—
It is the plague of parent-kind !

II.
She does not hint the slightest plan,
Nor what indentures to endorse ;
Whether to bind him to a man,—
Or, like Mazeppa, to a horse.

III.
What line to choose of likely rise,
To something in the Stocks at last,—
“ Fast bind, fast find,” the proverb
cries,
I find I cannot bind so fast !

IV.
A Statesman James can never be ;
A Tailor?—there I only learn
His chief concern is cloth, and he
Is always cutting his concern.

V.
A Seedsman?—I’d not have him so ;
A Grocer’s plum might disappoint ;
A Butcher?—no, not that—although
I hear “ the times are out of joint ! ”

VI.
Too many of all trades there be,
Like Pedlars, each has such a pack ;
A merchant selling coals?—we see
The buyer send to cellar back.

VII.
A Hardware dealer?—that might
please,
But if his trade’s foundation leans
On spikes and nails, he won’t have
ease
When he retires upon his means.

VIII.
A Soldier?—there he has not nerves
A Sailor seldom lays up self :
A Baker?—no, a baker serves
His customer before himself.

IX.

Dresser of hair?—that's not the sort ;
A joiner jurs with his desire—
A Churchman?—James is very short,
And cannot to a church aspire.

X.

A Lawyer?—that's a hardish term !
A Publisher might give him ease,
If he could into Longman's firm,
Just plunge at once "in medias Rees."

XI.

A shop for pot, and pan, and cup,
Such brittle Stock I can't advise ;
A Builder running houses up,
Their gains are stories—may be lies !

XII.

A Coppersmith I can't endure—
Nor petty Usher A, B, C-ing ;
A Publican no father sure,
Would be the author of his being !

XIII.

A Paper-maker?—come he must
To rags before he sells a sheet—
A Miller?—all his toil is just
To make a meal—he does not eat

XIV.

A Currier?—that by favour goes—
A Chandler gives megreat misgiving—
An Undertaker?—one of those
That do not hope to get their living !

XV.

Three Golden Balls?—I like them
not ;
An Auctioneer I never did—
The victim of a slavish lot,
Obliged to do as he is bid !

XVI.

A Broker watching fall and rise
Of Stock?—I'd rather deal in stoupe,—
A Printer?—there his toils comprise
Another's work beside his own.



THE FAMILY LIBRARY.

XVII.

A Cooper?—neither I nor Jen
Have any taste or turn for that,—
A Fish retailer?—but with him,
One part of trade is always flat.

XVIII.

A Painter?—long he would not live,—
An Artist's a precarious craft—
In trade Apothecaries give,
But very seldom take, a draught

XIX.

A Glazier?—what if he should smash!
A Crispin he shall not be made—
A Grazier may be losing cash,
Although he drives "a roaring trade.

XX.

Well, something must be done! to look
On all my little works around—
James is too big a boy, like book,
To leave upon the shelf unbound

XXI.

But what to do?—my temples ache
From evening's dew till morning's pearl,
What course to take my boy to make—
Oh could I make my boy—a girl!



SON AND SHADE.

LITERARY REMINISCENCES

No. IV.

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?"—OLD SCOTCH SONG.

THE great Doctor Johnson—himself a sufferer—has pathetically described, in an essay on the miseries of an infirm constitution, the melancholy case of an Invalid, with a willing mind in a weak body. "The time of such a man," he says, "is spent in forming schemes which a change of wind prevents him from executing; his powers fume away in projects and in hope, and the day of action never arrives. He lies down delighted with the thoughts of to-morrow; but in the night the skies are overcast; the temper of the air is changed; he wakes in languor, impatience, and distraction; and has no longer any wish but for ease, nor any attention but for misery." In short the Rambler describes the whole race of Valetudinarians as a sort of great Bitumen Company, paving a certain nameless place, as some of the Asphalticals have paved Oxford Street, with not very durable good intentions. In a word, your Invalid promises like a Hogmy, and performs like a Pigmy.

To a hale hearty man, a perfect picture of health in an oaken frame, such abortions seem sufficiently unaccountable. A great hulking fellow, revelling as De Quincey used emphatically to say, "in rude BOVINE health,"—a voracious human animal, camel-stomached and iron-built, who could all but devour and digest himself like a Kilkenny cat,—can neither sympathise with nor understand those frequent failures and down-breakings which happen to beings not so fortunately gifted with indelicate constitutions. Such a half-horse half-alligator monster cannot judge, like a *Puny* Judge, of a case of feebleness. The broad-chested cannot allow for the narrow-breasted; the robust for the no-bust. Nevertheless, even the stalwart may sometimes fall egregiously short of their own designs—as witness a case in point.

Amongst my fellow passengers, on a late sea-voyage, there was one who attracted my especial attention. A glance at his face, another at his figure, a third at his costume, and a fourth at his paraphernalia, sufficed to detect his country: by his light hair, nubbly features, heavy frame, odd-coloured dressing-gown, and the national meerschau and gaudy tobacco-bag, he was undeniably a German. But, besides the everlasting pipe, he was provided with a sketching apparatus, an ample note book, a gun, and a telescope; the whole being placed ready for immediate use. He had predetermined, no doubt, to record his German sentiments on first making acquaintance with the German Ocean; to sketch the picturesque craft he might encounter on its surface; to shoot his first sea-gull; and to catch a first glimpse of the

shores of Albion, beyond the reach of the naked eye. But alas ! all these intentions fell—if one may correctly say so with only sky and water—to the ground. He ate nothing—drank nothing—smoked nothing—drew nothing—wrote nothing—shot nothing—spied nothing—nay, he merely stared, but replied nothing to my friendly inquiry (I am ill at the German tongue and its pronunciation) “*Wie befinden ~~sea~~ sick ?*”

Now, my own case, gentle reader, has been precisely akin to that of our unfortunate Cousin German. Like him I have promised much, projected still more, and done little. Like him, too, I have been a sick man, though not at sea, but on shore—and in excuse of all that has been left undone, or delayed, with other Performers, when they do not perform, I must proffer the old theatrical plea of indisposition. As the Rambler describes, I have erected schemes which have been blown down by an *ill* wind ; I have formed plans, and been weather-beaten, like another Murphy, by a change in the weather. For instance, the Comic Annual for 1839 ought properly to have been published some forty days earlier ; but was obliged, as it were, to perform quarantine, for want of a clean Bill of Health. Thus, too, the patron of the present Work who has taken the trouble to peruse certain chapters under the title of Literary Reminiscences, will doubtless have compared the tone of them with an Apology in Number Six, wherein, declining any attempt at an Auto-biography, a promise was made of giving such anecdotes as a bad memory and a bad hearing might have retained of my literary friends and acquaintance. Hitherto, however, the fragments in question have only presented desultory glimpses of a goose quill still in its green-goosling-hood, instead of any recollections of “celebrated pens.” The truth is that my malady forced me to temporise :—wherefore the kind reader will be pleased to consider the aforesaid chapters but as so many “false starts,” and that Memory has only now got away, to make play as well as she can.

Whilst I am thus closeted in the Confessional, it may be as well, as the Pelican said, to make a clean breast of it, and at once plead guilty to all those counts—and some from long-standing have become very Old Baily counts—that haunt my conscience. The most numerous of these crimes relate to letters that would not, could not, or at least did not answer. Others refer to the receipt of books, and as an example of their heinousness it misgives me that I was favoured with a little volume by W. and M. Howitt, without ever telling them *how* it pleased me. A few offences, concern engagements which it was impossible to fulfil, although doubly bound by principle and interest. Seriously I have perforce been guilty of many, many, and still many sins of omission : but Hope, reviving with my strength, promises, granting me life, to redeem all such pledges. In the mean time, in extenuation, I can only plead particularly that deprecation which is offered up, in behalf of all Christian defaulters every Sunday,—“We have left undone those things which we ought to have done,—*And there is no HEALTH in us.*”

It is pleasant after a match at Chess, particularly if we have won, to try back, and reconsider those important moves which have had a decisive influence on the result. It is still more interesting, in the game of Life, to recal the critical positions which have occurred during its progress, and review the false or judicious steps that have led to our subsequent good or ill fortune. There is, however, this difference, that chess is a matter of pure skill and calculation, whereas, the chequered board of human life is subject to the caprice of Chance—the event being sometimes determined by combinations which never entered into the mind of the player *. To such an accident it is perhaps attributable that the hand now tracing these reminiscences is holding a pen instead of an etching-point; jotting down these prose pleasures of memory, in lieu of furnishing articles “plated-on-steel,” for the pictorial periodicals.

It will be remembered that my mental constitution, however weak my physical one, was proof against that type-us fever which parches most scribblers till they are set up, done up, and may-be, cut-up, in print and boards. Perhaps I had read, and trembled at the melancholy annals of those unfortunates who, rashly undertaking to write for bread, had poisoned themselves, like Chatterton, for want of it, or choked themselves, like Otway, on obtaining it. Possibly, having learned to think humbly of myself—there is nothing like early sickness and sorrow for “taking the conceit” out of one—my vanity did not presume to think, with certain juvenile Tracticians, that I “had a call” to hold forth in print for the edification of mankind. Perchance, the very deep reverence my reading had led me to entertain for our Bards and Sages, deterred me from thrusting myself into the fellowship of Beings that seemed only a little lower than the angels. However, in spite of that very common excuse for publication, “the advice of a friend,” who seriously recommended the submitting of my MSS. to a literary authority, with a view to his imprimatur, my slight acquaintance with the press was pushed no farther. On the contrary, I had selected a branch of the Fine Arts for my serious pursuit. Prudence, the daughter of Wisdom, whispering perhaps, that the engraver, Pye, had a better chance of a beefsteak inside, than Pye the Laureate; not that the verse-spinning was quite given up. Though working in *acqua fortis*, I still played with Castaly, now writing—all monkeys are imitators, and all young authors are monkeys—now writing a Bandit, to match the Corsair, and anon, hatching a Lalla Crow, by way of companion to Lalla Rookh. Moreover, about this time, I became a member of a private select Literary Society, (alluded to at page 97 of the present work) that “waited on Ladies and Gentlemen at their own houses.” Our Minerva, allegorically speaking, was a motley personage, in blue stockings, a flounced gown, quaker cap, and kerchief,

* To borrow an example from fiction, there is that slave of circumstances, Oliver Twist. There are few authors whom one would care to see running two heats with the same horse. It is intended therefore as a compliment, that I wish Box would re-write the history in question from page 122, supposing his hero not to have met with the Arful Dodger on his road to seek his fortune.

French flowers, and a man's hat. She held a fan in one hand, and a blowpipe in the other. Her votaries were of both sexes, old and young, married and single, assenters, dissenters, High Church, Low Church, No Church; Doctors in Physics, and Apothecaries in Metaphysics; dabblers in Logic, Chemistry, Casuistry, Sophistry, natural and unnatural History, Phrenology, Geology, Conchology, Demonology; in short, all kinds of Colledgy-Knowledgy-Ology, including "Cakeology," and tea and coffee. Like other Societies, we had our President—a sort of Speaker who never spoke; at least within my experience he never unbosomed himself of anything but a portentous shirt frill. According to the usual order of the entertainment, there was—first, Tea and Small Talk; secondly, an original Essay, which should have been followed, thirdly, by a Discussion, or Great Talk; but nine times in ten, it chanced, or rather mumchanced, that, between those who did not know what to think, and others, who did not know how to deliver what they thought, there ensued a dead silence, so "very dead indeed," as Apollo Belvi says, that it seemed buried into the bargain. To make this awkward pause more awkward, some mis-giving voice, between a whisper and a croak, would stammer out some allusion to a Quaker's Meeting, answered from right to left by a running titter, the speaker having innocently, or perhaps wilfully forgotten, that one or two friends in drab coats, and as many in slate-coloured gowns, were sitting, thumb-twiddling, in the circle. Not that the Friends contented themselves with playing *dumby* at our discussions. They often spoke, and very characteristically, to the matter in hand. For instance, their favourite doctrine of non-resistance was once pushed—if Quakers ever push—a little "beyond beyond." By way of clencher, one fair, meek, sleek Quakeress, in dove colour, gravely told a melodramatical story of a conscientious Friend, who rather than lift even his little finger against a Foe, passively, yea, lamblike, suffered himself to be butchered in bed by an assassin, and died consistently, as he thought, with Fox principles, very like a Goose. As regards my own share in the Essays and Arguments, it misgives me that they no more satisfied our decidedly serious members, than they now propitiate Mr. Rae Wilson. At least, one Society night, in escorting a female Fellow towards her home, she suddenly stopped me, taking advantage perhaps of the awful locality, and its associations, just in front of our chief criminal prison, and looking earnestly in my face, by the light of a Newgate lamp, inquired somewhat abruptly, "Mr. Hood! are you not an Infidel*?"

In the mean time, whilst thus playing at Literature, an event was ripening which was to introduce me to Authorship in earnest, and make the Muse, with whom I had only flirted, my companion for life. It had often occurred to me that a striking, romantical, necromantical, metaphysical, melodramatical, Germanish story, might be composed,

* In justice to the Society, it ought to be recorded, that two of its members have since distinguished themselves in print: the authoress of "London in the Olden Time," and the author of a "History of Moral Science."

the interest of which should turn on the mysterious influence of the fate of A over the destiny of B, the said parties having no more natural or apparent connexion with each other than Tenderden Steeple and the Goodwin Sands. An instance of this occult contingency occurred in my own case; for I did not even know by sight the unfortunate gentleman on whose untimely exit depended my entrance on the literary stage. In the beginning of the year 1821, a memorable duel, originating in a pen-and-ink quarrel, took place at Chalk Farm, and terminated in the death of Mr. John Scott, the able Editor of the London Magazine. The melancholy result excited great interest, in which I fully participated, little dreaming that his catastrophe involved any consequences of importance to myself. But on the loss of its conductor, the Periodical passed into other hands. The new Proprietors were my friends; they sent for me, and after some preliminaries, I was duly installed as a sort of sub-Editor of the London Magazine.

It would be affectation to say, that engraving was resigned with regret. There is always something mechanical about the art—moreover, it is as unwholesome as wearisome to sit copper-fastened to a board, with a cantle scooped out to accommodate your stomach, if you have one, painfully ruling, ruling, and still ruling lines straight or crooked, by the long hundred to the square inch, at the doubly-hazardous risk which Wordsworth so deprecates, of “growing double.” So farewell Woollett! Strange! Bartolozzi! I have said, my vanity did not rashly plunge me into authorship; but no sooner was there a legitimate opening than I jumped at it, à la Grimaldi, head foremost, and was speedily behind the scenes.

To judge by my zeal and delight in my new pursuit, the bowl had at last found its natural bias*. Not content with taking articles, like candidates for holy orders—with rejecting articles like the Belgians—I dreamt articles, thought articles, wrote articles, which were all inserted by the editor, of course with the concurrence of his deputy. The more irksome parts of authorship, such as the correction of the press, were to me labours of love. I received a revise from Mr. Baldwin's Mr. Parker, as if it had been a proof of his regard; forgave him all his slips, and really thought that printers' devils were not so black as they are painted. But my top-gallant glory was in “our Contributors!” How I used to look forward to Elia! and backward for Hazlitt, and all round for Edward Herbert, and how I used to *look up* to Allan Cunningham! for at that time the London had a goodly list of writers—a rare company. It is now defunct, and perhaps no ex-periodical might so appropriately be apostrophized with the Irish funeral question—“Arrah, honey, why did you die?” Had you not an editor, and elegant prose writers, and beautiful poets, and broths of

* There was a dash of ink in my blood. My father wrote two novels, and my brother was decidedly of a literary turn, to the great disquietude for a time of an anxious parent. She suspected him, on the strength of several amatory poems of a very desponding cast, of being the victim of a hopeless attachment; so he was caught, closeted, and catechised, and after a deal of delicate and tender sounding, he confessed, not with the anticipated sighs and tears, but a very unexpected burst of laughter, that he had been guilty of translating some fragments of Petrarch.

boys for criticism and classics, and wits and humorists.—Elia, Cary, Procter, Cunningham, Bowring, Barton, Hazlitt, Elton, Hartley Coleridge, Talfourd, Soane, Horace Smith, Reynolds, Poole, Clare, and Thomas Benyon, with a power besides. Hadn't you Lions' Heads with Traditional Tales? Hadn't you an Opium Eater, and a Dwarf, and a Giant, and a Learned Lamb, and a Green Man? Had not you a regular Drama, and a Musical Report, and a Report of Agriculture, and an Obituary and a Price Current, and a current price, of only half-a-crown? Arrah, why did you die? Why, somehow the contributors fell away—the concern went into other hands—worst of all, a new editor tried to put the Belles Lettres in Utilitarian envelopes; whereupon, the circulation of the Miscellany, like that of poor *Le Fevre*, got slower, slower, slower,—and slower still—and then stopped for ever! It was a sorry scattering of those old Londoners! Some went out of the country: one (Clare) went into it. Lamb retreated to Colebrooke. Mr. Cary presented himself to the British Museum. Reynolds and Barry took to engrossing when they should pen a stanza, and Thomas Benyon gave up literature.

It is with mingled feelings of pride, pleasure, and pain, that I revert to those old times, when the writers I had long known and admired in spirit were present to me in the flesh—when I had the delight of listening to their wit and wisdom from their own lips, of gazing on their faces, and grasping their right hands. Familiar figures rise before me, familiar voices ring in my ears, and alas! amongst them are shapes that I must never see, sounds that I can never hear, again. Before my departure from England, I was one of the few who saw the grave close over the remains of one whom to know as a friend was to love as a relation. Never did a better soul go to a better world! Never perhaps (giving the lie direct to the common imputation of envy, malice, and hatred, amongst the brotherhood), never did an author descend—to quote his favourite Sir T. Browne—into “the land of the mole and the pismire” so hung with golden opinions, and honoured and regretted with such sincere eulogies and elegies, by his contemporaries. To HIM, the first of these, my reminiscences, is eminently due, for I lost in him not only a dear and kind friend, but an invaluable critic; one whom, were such literary adoptions in modern use, I might well name, as Cotton called Walton, my “father.” To borrow the earnest language of old Jean Bertaut, as Englished by Mr. Cary—

“Thou, chiefly, noble spirit, for whose loss
Just grief and mourning all our hearts engross,
Who seeing me devoted to the Nine,
Didst hope some fruitage from those buds of mine;
Thou didst excite me after thee, t’ascend
The Muses’ sacred hill; nor only lend
Example, but inspirit me to reach
The far-off summit by thy friendly speech.

May gracious Heaven, O honour of our age!
Make the conclusion answer thy presage,
Nor let it only for vain fortune stand,
That I have seen thy visage—touch’d thy hand!

I was sitting one morning beside our Editor, busily correcting proofs, when a visitor was announced, whose name, grumbled by a low ventriloquial voice, like Tom Pipes calling from the hold through the hatchway, did not resound distinctly on my tympanum. However, the door opened, and in came a stranger,—a figure remarkable at a glance, with a fine head, on a small spare body, supported by two almost immaterial legs. He was clothed in sables, of a by-gone fashion, but there was something wanting, or something present about him, that certified he was neither a divine, nor a physician, nor a schoolmaster: from a certain neatness and sobriety in his dress, coupled with his sedate bearing, he might have been taken, but that such a costume would be anomalous, for a *Quaker* in black. He looked still more like (what he really was) a literary Modern Antique, a New-Old Author, a living Anachronism, contemporary at once with Burton the Elder, and Colman the Younger. Meanwhile he advanced with rather a peculiar gait, his walk was plantigrade, and with a cheerful “How d’ye,” and one of the blandest, sweetest smiles that ever brightened a manly countenance, held out two fingers to the Editor. The two gentlemen in black soon fell into discourse; and whilst they conferred, the Lavater principle within me, set to work upon the interesting specimen thus presented to its speculations. It was a striking intellectual face, full of wiry lines, physiognomical quips and cranks, that gave it great character. There was much earnestness about the brows, and a deal of speculation in the eyes, which were brown and bright, and “quick in turning;” the nose, a decided one, though of no established order; and there was a handsome smartness about the mouth. Altogether it was no common face—none of those *willow-pattern* ones, which Nature turns out by thousands at her potteries;—but more like a chance specimen of the Chinese ware, one to the set—unique, antique, quaint. No one who had once seen it, could pretend not to know it again. It was no face to lend its countenance to any confusion of persons in a Comedy of Errors. You might have sworn to it piecemeal,—a separate affidavit for every feature. In short, his face was as original as his figure; his figure as his character; his character as his writings; his writings the most original of the age. After the literary business had been settled, the Editor invited his contributor to dinner, adding “we shall have a hare—”

“And—and—and—and many Friends!”

The hesitation in the speech, and the readiness of the illusion, were alike characteristic of the individual, whom his familiars will perchance have recognised already as the delightful Essayist, the capital Critic, the pleasant Wit and Humorist, the delicate-minded and large-hearted Charles Lamb! He was shy like myself with strangers, so that despite my yearnings, our first meeting scarcely amounted to an introduction. We were both at dinner, amongst the hare’s many friends, but our acquaintance got no farther, in spite of a desperate attempt on my part to attract his notice. His complaint of the Decay of Beggars

presented another chance: I wrote on coarse paper, and in ragged English, a letter of thanks to him as if from one of his mendicant clients, but it produced no effect. I had given up all hope, when one night, sitting sick and sad, in my bed-room, racked with the rheumatism, the door was suddenly opened, the well-known quaint figure in black walked in without any formality, and with a cheerful "Well, boy, how are you?" and the bland sweet smile, extended the two fingers. They were eagerly clutched of course, and from that hour we were firm friends.

Thus characteristically commenced my intimacy with C. Lamb. He had recently become my neighbour, and in a few days called again, to ask me to tea, "to meet Wordsworth." In spite of any idle jests to the contrary, the name had a spell in it that drew me to Colebrooke Cottage* with more alacrity† than consisted with prudence, stiff joints, and a North wind. But I was willing to run, at least hobble, some risk, to be of a party in a parlour with the Author of *Laodamia* and *Hartleap Well*. As for his Betty Foy-blee, he is not the first man by many, who has met with a *simple* fracture through riding his theory-hack so far and so fast, that it broke down with him. If he has now and then put on a nightcap, so have his own next-door mountains. If he has babbled, sometimes, like an infant of two years old; he has also thought, and felt, and spoken, the beautiful fancies, and tender affections, and artless language, of the children who can say "We are seven." Along with food for babes, he has furnished strong meat for men. So I put on my great-coat, and in a few minutes found myself, for the first time, at a door, that opened to me as frankly as its master's heart; for, without any preliminaries of hall, passage, or parlour, one single step across the threshold brought me into the sitting-room, and in sight of the domestic hearth. The room looked brown with "old bokes," and beside the fire sate Wordsworth, and his sister, the hospitable Elia, and the excellent Bridget. As for the bard of Rydal, his outward man did not, perhaps, disappoint one; but the *palaver*, as the Indians say, fell short of my anticipations. Perhaps my memory is in fault; 'twas many years ago, and, unlike the biographer of Johnson, I have never made Boziness my business. However, excepting a discussion on the value of the promissory notes issued by our younger poets, wherein Wordsworth named Shelley, and Lamb took John Keats for choice, there was nothing of literary interest

* A cottage of Ungentility, for it had neither double coach-house nor wings. Like its tenant, it stood alone. He said, glancing at the Paternoster one, that he did not like "the Row." There was a bit of a garden, in which, being as he professed, "more fond of Men Sects than of Insects," he made probably his first and last observation in Entomology. He had been watching a spider on a gooseberry bush, entrapping a fly. "Good God," he said, "I never saw such a thing! Directly he was caught in her fatal spinning, she darted down upon him, and in a minute turned him out, completely lapped in a shroud! It reminded me of the Fatal Sisters in Gray."

† A sort of rheumatic celerity, of which Sir W. Scott's favourite dramatist seemed to have a very accurate notion. Those who remember "poor Terry's" deliberate delivery, will be able to account for the shout of laughter which once rang throughout the Adelphi green-room, at his emphatic manner of giving, from a manuscript play, the stage direction of "Enter —, with — a—lack—ri—ty!"

brought upon the carpet. But a book man cannot always be bookish. A poet, even a Rydal one, must be glad at times to descend from Saddleback, and feel his legs. He cannot, like the Girl in the Fairy Tale, be always talking diamonds and pearls. It is a "Vulgar Error" to suppose that an author must be always authoring, even with his feet on the fender. Nevertheless, it is not an uncommon impression, that a Writer sonnetises his wife, sings odes to his children, talks essays and epigrams to his friends, and reviews his servants. It was in something of this spirit that an official gentleman to whom I mentioned the pleasant literary meetings at Lamb's, associated them instantly with his parochial mutual instruction evening schools, and remarked, "Yes, yes, all very proper and praiseworthy—of course, you go there to *improve your minds*."

And very pleasant and improving, though not of set purpose, to both mind and heart, were those extempore assemblies at Colebrooke Cottage. It was wholesome for the soul but to breathe its atmosphere. It was a House of Call for All Denominations. *Sides* were lost in that *circle*, Men of all parties postponed their partisanship, and met as on a neutral ground. There were but two persons, whom L. avowedly did not wish to encounter beneath his roof, and those two, merely on account of private and family differences. For the rest, they left all their hostilities at the door, with their sticks. This forbearance was due to the truly tolerant spirit of the Host, which influenced all within its sphere. Lamb, whilst he willingly lent a crutch to halting Humility, took delight in tripping up the stilts of Pretension. Anybody might trot out his Hobby; but he allowed nobody to ride the High Horse. If it was a High German one like those ridden by the Devil and Doctor Faustus, he would chaunt

"Gently Gently
Is a great Beauty,"

till the rider moderated his gallop. He hated any thing like Cock-of-the-Walk-ism; and set his face and his wit against all Ultraism, Transcendentalism, Sentimentalism, Conventional Mannerism, and above all, Separatism. In opposition to the Exclusives, he was emphatically an Inclusive.

As he once owned to me, he was fond of antagonising. Indeed in the sketch of himself, prefacing the Last Essays of Elia—a sketch for its truth to have delighted Mason the Self-Knowledge man—he says, "with the Religionist I pass for a Free-thinker, while the other faction set me down for a Bigot." In fact, no politician ever laboured more to preserve the Balance of Power in Europe, than he did to correct any temporary preponderances. He was always *trimming* in the nautical, not in the political, sense. Thus in his "magnanimous letter," as Hazlitt called it, to High Church Southey, he professed himself a Unitarian*. With a Catholic he would probably have called himself

* As regards his Unitarianism, it strikes me as more probable that he was what the unco gild people call "Nothing at all," which means that he was every thing but a Bigot. As he was in spirit an Old Author, so was he in faith an Ancient Christian, too ancient to belong to any of the modern sub-hubbub-divisions of—Ists,—Arians, and—Inians.

a Jew ; as amongst Quakers, by way of a set-off against their own formality, he would indulge in a little extra levity. I well remember his chuckling at having spirited on his correspondent Bernard Barton, to commit some little enormities, such as addressing him as C. Lamb, *Esquire*.

My visits at Lamb's were shortly interrupted by a sojourn to unrhumatize myself at Hastings ; but in default of other intercourse I received a letter in a well-known hand, quaint as the sentences it conveyed.

"And what dost thou at the Priory ? Cucullus non facit Monachum. English me that, and—challenge old Lignum Janua to make a better.

My old New River has presented no extraordinary novelties lately. But there Hope sits day after day speculating upon traditionary gudgeons. I think she has taken the fisheries. I now know the reason why our forefathers were denominated East and West Angles. Yet is there no lack of spawn, for I wash my hands in fishets that come through the pump every morning, thick as motelings—little things that perish untimely, and never taste the brook. You do not tell me of those romantic Land Bays that be as thou goest to Lover's Seat, neither of that little Churchling in the midst of a wood, (in the opposite direction nine furlongs from the town), that seems dropt by the Angel that was tired of carrying two packages ; marry, with the other he made shift to pick his flight to Loretto. Inquire out and see my little Protestant Loretto. It stands apart from trace of human habitation, yet hath it pulpit, reading-desk, and trim font of massiest marble, as if Robinson Crusoe had reared it to soothe himself with old church-going images. I forget its Xtian name, and what She Saint was its gossip.

You should also go to No. 13, Standgate Street, a Baker, who has the finest collection of marine monsters in ten sea counties ; sea-dragons, polypi, mer-people, most fantastic. You have only to name the old Gentleman in black (not the Devil), that lodged with him a week (he'll remember) last July, and he will show courtesy. He is by far the foremost of the Savans. His wife is the funniest thwarting little animal ! They are decidedly the Lions of green Hastings. Well, I have made an end of my say ;—my epistolary time is gone by when I could have scribbled as long (I will not say as agreeable) as thine was to both of us. I am dwindled to notes and letterets. But in good earnest I shall be most happy to hail thy return to the waters of old Sir Hugh. There is nothing like inland murmurs, fresh ripples, and our native minnows.

He sang in meads how sweet the brooklets ran,
To the rough ocean and red restless sands.

I design to give up smoking ; but I have not yet fixed upon the equivalent vice. I must have quid pro quo, or quo pro quid, as Tom Woodgate would correct me. My service to him.

C. L."

The letter came to hand too late for me to hunt the "Lions;" but on a subsequent visit to the same Cinque Port with my wife, though we verified the little Loretto, we could not find the Baker, or even his man, howbeit we tried at every shop that had the least sign of bakery or cakery in its window. The whole was a batch of *fancy* bread; one of those fictions which the writer was apt to pass off upon his friends.

The evening meetings at Colebrooke Cottage—where somebody, who *was* somebody, or a literary friend, was sure to drop in—were the more grateful to me, as the London Magazine was now in a rapid decline; some of its crack contributors had left it off, and the gatherings of the clan to eat, drink, and be merry, were few and far between. There was indeed one Venison Feast whereat, I have heard, the scent lay more than breast high, and the sport was of as rich a quality; but it was my chance to be absent from the pack. At former dinners, however, I had been a guest, and a sketch of one of them may serve to introduce some of the principal characters of our "London in the Olden Time."

On the right hand then of the Editor sits Elia, of the pleasant smile, and the quick eyes—Procter said of them that "they looked as if they could pick up pins and needles"—and a wit as quick as his eyes, and sure, as Hazlitt described, to stammer out the best pun and the best remark in the course of the evening. Next to him, shining verdantly out from the grave-coloured suits of the literati, like a patch of turnips amidst stubble and fallow, behold our Jack i' the Green—John Clare! In his bright, grass-coloured coat, and yellow waistcoat (there are greenish stalks too, under the table), he looks a very Cowslip, and blooms amongst us as Goldsmith must have done in his peach-blossom. No wonder the door-keeper of the Soho Bazaar, seeing that *very countrified* suit, linked arm-in-arm with the Editorial sables, made a boggle at admitting them into his repository, having seen, perchance, such a made-up Peasant "playing at playing" at thimble-rig about the Square. No wonder the gentleman's gentleman, in the drab-coat and sealing-wax smalls, at W——'s, was for cutting off our Green Man, who was modestly the last in ascending the stairs as an interloper, though he made amends afterwards by waiting almost exclusively on the Peasant, perfectly convinced that he was some eccentric Notable of the Corinthian order, disguised in Rustic. Little wonder either, that in wending homewards on the same occasion through the Strand, the Peasant and Elia, *Sylvanus at Urban*, linked comfortably together; there arose the frequent cry of "Look at Tom and Jerry—there goes Tom and Jerry!" for truly, Clare in his square-cut green coat, and Lamb in his black, were not a little suggestive of Hawthorn and Logic, in the plates to "Life in London."

But to return to the table. Elia—much more of House Lamb than of Grass Lamb—avowedly caring little or nothing for Pastoral; cottons, nevertheless, very kindly to the Northamptonshire Poet, and still more to his ale, pledging him again and again as "Clarissimus,"

and "Princely Clare," and sometimes so lustily, as to make the latter cast an anxious glance into his tankard. By his bright happy look, the Helpstone Visiter is inwardly contrasting the unlettered country company of Clod, and Hodge and Podge, with the delights of "London" society—Elia, and Barry, and Herbert, and Mr. Table Talk, *cum multis aliis*—i. e. a multiplicity of all. But besides the tankard, the two "drouthie neebors" discuss Poetry in general *, and Montgomery's "Common Lot" in particular, Lamb insisting on the beauty of the tangental sharp turn at "O! she was fair!" thinking, mayhap, of his own Alice W——, and Clare swearing "Dal!" (a clarified d—n) "Dal! if it isn't like a Dead Man preaching out of his coffin!" Anon, the Humorist begins to banter the Peasant on certain "Clare-obscurities" in his own verses, originating in a contempt for the rules of Priscian, whereupon the accused, thinking with Burns,

"What ser'es their grammars?
They'd better ta'en up spades and shoals,
Or knappin hammers,"

vehemently denounces all Philology as nothing but a sort of man-trap for authors, and heartily dals Lindley Murray for "inventing it!"

It must have been at such a time, that Hilton *conceived* his clever portrait of C——, when he was "C in alt." He was hardy, rough, and clumsy enough to look truly rustic—like an Ingram's rustic chair. There was a slightness about his frame, with a delicacy of features and complexion, that associated him more with the Garden than with the Field, and made him look the Peasant of a Ferme Ornée. In this respect he was as much beneath the genuine stalwart bronzed Plough-Poet, Burns, as above the Farmer's Boy, whom I remember to have seen in my childhood, when he lived in a miniature house, near the Shepherd and Shepherdess, now the Eagle tavern, in the City Road, and manufactured Æolian harps, and kept ducks. The Suffolk Giles had very little of the agricultural in his appearance; he looked infinitely more like a handicraftsman, *town-made*.

Poor Clare!—It would greatly please me to hear that he was happy and well, and thriving; but the transplanting of Peasants and Farmers' Boys from the natural into an artificial soil, does not always conduce to their happiness, or health, or ultimate well doing. I trust the true Friends, who, with a natural hankering after poetry, because it is forbidden them, have ventured to pluck and eat of the pastoral sorts, as most dallying with the innocence of nature,—and who on that account patronised Capel Lofft's protégé—I do trust and hope they took off whole editions of the Northamptonshire Bard. There was much about Clare for a Quaker to like; he was tender-hearted, and averse to violence. How he recoiled once, bodily-taking his chair

* Talking of Poetry, Iamb told me one day that he had just met with the most vigorous line he had ever read. "Where?" "Out of the Cauden's Head, all in one line—

To One Hundred Pots of Porter . . . £2 1 8 "

along with him,—from a young surgeon, or surgeon's friend, who let drop, somewhat abruptly, that he was just come "from seeing a child skinned!"—Clare, from his look of horror, evidently thought that the poor infant, like Marsyas, had been flayed *alive*! He was both gentle and simple. I have heard that on his first visit to London, his publishers considerably sent their porter to meet him at the inn; but when Thomas necessarily inquired of the gentleman in green, "Are you Mr. Clare?" the latter, willing to foil the traditionary tricks of London sharpers, replied to the suspicious query with "a positive negative." *

The Brobdignagian next to Clare, overtopping him by the whole head and shoulders—a physical "Colossus of Literature," the grenadier of our corps—is Allan, not Allan Ramsay, "no, nor Barbara Allan neither," but Allan Cunningham,—“a credit,” quoth Sir Walter Scott (he might have said a long credit) “to Caledonia.” He is often called “honest Allan,” to distinguish him, perhaps, from one Allan-a-Dale, who was apt to mistake his neighbours' goods for his own—sometimes, between ourselves, yclept the “C. of Solway,” in allusion to that favourite “Allan Water,” the Solway Sea. There is something of the true moody poetical weather observable in the barometer of his face, alternating from Variable to Showery, from Stormy to Set Fair. At times he looks gloomy and earnest and traditional—a little like a Covenantanter—but he suddenly clears up and laughs a hearty laugh that lifts him an inch or two from his chair, for he rises at a joke when he sees one, like a trout at a fly, and finishes with a smart rubbing of his ample palms. He has store, too, of broad Scotch stories, and shrewd sayings; and he writes—no, he wrote rare old-new or new-old ballads. Why not now? Has his Pegasus, as he once related of his pony, run from under him? Has the Mermaid of Galloway left no little ones? Is Bonnie Lady Ann married, or May Morison dead? Thou wast formed for a poet, Allan, by nature, and by stature too, according to Pope—

“To snatch a grace *beyond the reach of Art.*”

And are there not Longman, or Tallboys, for thy Publishers? But alas! we are fallen on evil days for Bards and Barding, and nine tailors do more for a man than the Nine Muses. The only Lay likely to answer now-a-days would be an Ode (with the proper testimonials) to the Literary Fund!

The Reverend personage on the Editor's right, with the studious brow, deep-set eyes, and bald crown, is the mild and modest Cary—the same who turned Dante into Miltonic English blank verse. He is sending his plate towards the partridges, which he will relish and digest as though they were the Birds of Aristophanes. He has his

* Somebody happened to say that the Peasant ought to figure in the Percy Anecdotes, as an example of uncultivated genius. “And where will they stick me,” asked Clare, “will they stick me in the instinct?”

eye, too, on the French made-dishes*. Pity, shame and pity, such a Translator found no better translation in the Church! Is it possible that, in some no-popery panic, it was thought by merely being Dragoman to Purgatory he had *Romed* from the true faith?

A very pleasant day we "Londoners" once spent at a Chiswick parsonage, formerly tenanted by Hogarth, along with the hospitable Cary, and, as Elia called them, his Caryatides!† The last time my eyes rested on the Interpreter (of the House Beautiful as well as of the Inferno), he was on the Library steps of the British Museum. Ere this, I trust he hath reached the tiptop—nay, hath perhaps attained being a Literary Worthy, even unto a Trusteeship, and had to buy, at Ellis's, a few yards of the Blue Ribbon of Literature!

Procter,—alias Barry Cornwall, formerly of the Marcian Colonnade, now of some prosaical Inn of Court—the kindly Procter, one of the foremost to welcome me into the Brotherhood, with a too-flattering Dedication (another instance against the jealousy of authors), is my own left-hand file. But what he says shall be kept as strictly confidential; for he is whispering it into my Martineau ear. On my other side, when I turn that way, I see a profile, a shadow of which ever confronts me on opening my writing-desk,—a sketch taken from memory, the day after seeing the original‡. In opposition to the "extra man's size" of Cunningham, the party in question looks almost boyish, partly from being in bulk somewhat beneath Monsieur Quetelet's "Average Man," but still more so from a peculiar delicacy of complexion and smallness of features, which look all the smaller from his wearing, in compliment, probably, to the *Sampsons* of Teutonic Literature, his locks unshorn. Nevertheless whoever looks again,

Sees more than marks the crowd of common men.

There is speculation in the eyes, a curl of the lip, and a general character in the outline, that reminds one of some portraits of Voltaire. And a Philosopher he is every inch. He looks, thinks, writes, talks and walks, eats and drinks, and no doubt sleeps philosophically—i. e. deliberately. There is nothing abrupt about his motions,—he goes and comes calmly and quietly—like the phantom in Hamlet, he is here—he is there—he is gone! So it is with his discourse. He speaks slowly, clearly, and with very marked emphasis,—the tide of talk flows like Denham's river, "strong without rage, without overflowing, full." When it was my frequent and agreeable duty to call on

* I once cut out from a country newspaper what seemed to me a very good old English poem. It proved to be a *naturalisation*, by Cary, of a French Song to April, by Remy Belleau.

† The father expressing an uncertainty to what profession he should devote a younger Cary, Lamb said, "Make him an Apothe-Cary."

‡ Unable to make any thing "like a likeness" of a sitter for the purpose, I have a sort of Irish faculty for taking faces behind their backs. But my pencil has not been guilty of half the personalities attributed to it; amongst others "a formidable likeness of a Lombard Street Banker." Besides that one would rather draw on a Banker than at him, I have never seen the Gentleman alluded to, or even a portrait of him in my life.

Mr. De Quincey (being an uncommon name to remember, the servant associated it, on the Memoria Technica principle with a sore throat and always pronounced it Quinsy), and I have found him at home, quite at home, in the midst of a German Ocean of *Literature*, in a storm,—flooding all the floor, the table and the chairs,—billows of books tossing, tumbling, surging open,—on such occasions I have willingly listened by the hour whilst the Philosopher, standing, with his eyes fixed on one side of the room, seemed to be less speaking than reading from a “handwriting on the wall.” Now and then he would diverge, for a Scotch mile or two, to the right or left, till I was tempted to inquire with Peregrine in John Bull (Colman’s not Hook’s), “Do you never deviate?”—but he always came safely back to the point where he had left, not lost the scent, and thence hunted his topic to the end. But look!—we are in the small hours, and a change comes o’er the spirit of that “old familiar face.” A faint hectic tint leaves the cheek, the eyes are a degree dimmer, and each is surrounded by a growing shadow—signs of the waning influence of that Potent Drug whose stupendous Pleasures and enormous Pains have been so eloquently described by the English Opium Eater. Marry, I have one of his Confessions with his own name and mark to it:—an apology for a certain stain on his MS., the said stain being a large purplish ring.—“Within that circle none durst drink but he,”—in fact the impression, coloured, of “a tumbler of laudanum negus, warm, without sugar.*”

That smart active person opposite with a game-cock-looking head, and the hair combed smooth, fighter fashion, over his forehead—with one finger hooked round a glass of champagne, not that he requires it to inspirit him, for his wit bubbles up of itself—is our Edward Herbert, the Author of that true piece of Biography, the Life of Peter Corcoran. He is “good with both hands,” like that Nonpareil Randall, at a comic verse or a serious stanza—smart at a repartee—sharp at a retort,—and not averse to a bit of mischief. ’Twas he who gave the runaway ring at Wordsworth’s Peter Bell. Generally, his jests, set off by a happy manner, are only ticklesome, but now and then they are sharp-flavoured,—like the sharpness of the pine-apple. Would I could give a sample. Alas! What a pity it is that so many good things uttered by Poets, and Wits, and Humorists, at chance times—and they are always the best and brightest, like sparks struck out by Pegasus’ own hoof, in a curvet amongst the flints—should be daily and hourly lost to the world for want of a recorder! But in this Century of Inventions, when a self-acting drawing-paper has been discovered for copying visible objects, who knows but that a future

* On a visit to Norfolk, I was much surprised to find that Opium, or Opie, as it was vulgarly called, was quite in common use in the form of pills amongst the lower classes, in the vicinity of the Fens. It is not probable that persons in such a rank of life had read the Confessions,—or, might not one suspect that as Dennis Brulgruddery was driven to drink by the stale flat and unprofitable prospects of Muckelush Heath, so the Fen-People in the dreary foggy cloggy boggy wastes of Cambridge and Lincolnshire, had flown to the Drug for the sake of the magnificent scenery that filled the splendid visions of its Historian?

Niepee, or Daguerre, or Herschel, or Fox Talbot, may find out some sort of Boswellish writing-paper to repeat whatever it hears!

There are other Contributors—poor Hazlitt for instance—whose shades rise up before me: but I never met with them at the Entertainments just described. Shall we ever meet anywhere again? Alas some are dead; and the rest dispersed; and the days of *Social Clubs* are over and gone, when the Professors and Patrons of Literature assembled round the same steaming bowl, and Johnson, always best out of print, exclaimed “Lads! who’s for Poonch!”

* * * * *

Amongst other notable men who came to Colebrooke Cottage, I had twice the good fortune of meeting with S. T. Coleridge. The first time he came from Highgate with Mrs. Gilman, to dine with “Charles and Mary.” What a contrast to Lamb was the full-bodied Poet, with his waving white hair, and his face round, ruddy, and unfurrowed as a holy Friar’s! Apropos to which face he gave us a humorous description of an unfinished portrait, that served him for a sort of barometer, to indicate the state of his popularity. So sure as his name made any temporary stir, out came the canvas on the easel, and a request from the artist for another sitting: down sank the Original in the public notice, and back went the copy into a corner, till some fresh publication or accident again brought forward the Poet; and then forth came the picture for a few more touches. I sincerely hope it has been finished! What a benign, smiling face it was! What a comfortable, respectable figure! What a model, methought, as I watched and admired the “Old Man eloquent,” for a Christian bishop! But he was, perhaps, scarcely orthodox enough to be trusted with a mitre. At least, some of his voluntaries would have frightened a common everyday congregation from their propriety. Amongst other matters of discourse, he came to speak of the strange notions some literal-minded persons form of the joys of Heaven; joys they associated with mere temporal things, in which, for his own part, finding no delight in this world, he could find no bliss hereafter, without a change in his nature, tantamount to the loss of his personal identity. For instance, he said, there are persons who place the whole angelical beatitude in the possession of a pair of wings to flap about with, like “*a sort of celestial poultry*.” After dinner he got up, and began pacing to and fro, with his hands behind his back, talking and walking, as Lamb laughingly hinted, as if qualifying for an itinerant preacher; now fetching a simile from Loddiges’ garden, at Hackney; and then flying off for an illustration to the sugar-making in Jamaica. With his fine, flowing voice, it was glorious music, of the “never-ending, still-beginning” kind; and you did not wish it to end. It was rare flying, as in the Nassau Balloon; you knew not whither, nor did you care. Like his own bright-eyed Marinere, he had a spell in his voice that would not let you go. To attempt to describe my own feeling afterward, I had been carried, spiralling, up to heaven by a whirlwind intertwisted with

sunbeams, giddy and dazzled, but not displeased, and had then been rained down again with a shower of mundane stocks and stones that battered out of me all recollection of what I had heard, and what I had seen!

On the second occasion, the author of *Christabel* was accompanied by one of his sons. The Poet, talking and walking as usual, chanced to pursue some argument, which drew from the son, who had not been introduced to me, the remark, "Ah, that's just like your crying up those foolish Odes and Addresses!" Coleridge was highly amused with this mal-à-propos, and, without explaining, looked slyly round at me, with the sort of suppressed laugh, one may suppose to belong to the Bey of *Tittery*. The truth was, he felt naturally partial to a book he had attributed in the first instance to the dearest of his friends.

"MY DEAR CHARLES,—This afternoon, a little, thin, mean-looking sort of a foolscap, sub-octavo of poems, printed on very dingy outside, lay on the table, which the cover informed me was circulating in our book-club, so very Grub Streetish in all its appearance, internal as well as external, that I cannot explain by what accident of impulse (assuredly there was no *motive* in play) I came to look into it. Least of all, the title, Odes and Addresses to Great Men, which connected itself in my head with Rejected Addresses, and all the Smith and Theodore Hook squad. But, my dear Charles, it was certainly written by you, or under you, or *una cum* you. I know none of your frequent visitors capacious and assimilative enough of your converse to have reproduced you so honestly, supposing you had left yourself in pledge in his lock-up house. Gillman, to whom I read the spirited parody on the introduction to Peter Bell, the Ode to the Great Unknown, and to Mrs. Fry; he speaks doubtfully of Reynolds and Hood. But here come Irving and Basil Montagu.

Thursday night, 10 o'clock.—No! Charles, it is *you*. I have read them over again, and I understand why you have *anon'd* the book. The puns are nine in ten good—many excellent—the *Neugatory* transcendent. And then the *exemplum sine exemplo* of a volume of personalities and contemporaneities, without a single line that could inflict the infinitesimal of an unpleasance on any man in his senses; saving and except perhaps in the envy-addled brain of the despiser of your *Lays*. If not a triumph over him, it is at least an *ovation*. Then, moreover, and besides, to speak with becoming modesty, excepting my own self, who is there but you who could write the musical lines and stanzas that are intermixed?

Here Gillman, come up to my garret, and driven back by the guardian spirits of four huge flower-holders of omnigenous roses and honeysuckles—(Lord have mercy on his hysterical olfactories! what will he do in Paradise? I must have a pair or two of nostril-plugs, or nose-goggles, laid in his coffin)—stands at the door, reading that to M'Adam, and the washerwoman's letter, and he admits *the facts*. You

are found in *the manner*, as the lawyers say ! so, Mr. Charles ! hang yourself up, and send me a line, by way of token and acknowledgment. My dear love to Mary. God bless you and your Unsham-abramizer,

S. T. COLERIDGE."

It may be mentioned here, that instead of feeling "the infinitesimal of an unpleasantness" at being Addressed in the Odes, the once celebrated Mr. Hunt presented to the Authors, a bottle of his best "Permanent Ink," and the eccentric Doctor Kitchiner sent an invitation to dinner.

From Colebrooke, Lamb removed to Enfield Chase,—a painful operation at all times, for as he feelingly misapplied Wordsworth, "the *moving* accident was not his trade." As soon as he was settled, I called upon him, and found him in a bald-looking yellowish house, with a bit of a garden, and a wasp's nest convenient, as the Irish say, for one stung my pony he stood at the door. Lamb laughed at the fun ; but, as the clown says, the whirligig of time brought round its revenges. He was one day bantering my wife on her dread of wasps, when all at once he uttered a horrible shout,—a wounded specimen of the species had slyly crawled up the leg of the table, and stung him in the thumb. I told him it was a refutation well put in, like Smollett's timely snowball. "Yes," said he, "and a stinging commentary on Macbeth—"

*"By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes."*

There were no pastoral yearnings concerned in this Enfield removal. There is no doubt which of Captain Morris's Town and Country Songs, would have been most to Lamb's taste. "The sweet shady side of Pall-Mall," would have carried it hollow. In courtesy to a friend, he would select a green lane for a ramble, but left to himself, he took the turnpike road as often as otherwise. "Scott," says Cunningham, "was a stout walker." Lamb was a *porter* one. He calculated Distances, not by Long Measure, but by Ale and Beer Measure. "Now I have walked a pint." Many a time I have accompanied him in these matches against Meux, not without sharing in the stake, and then, what cheerful and profitable talk ! For instance, he once delivered to me orally the substance of the Essay on the Defect of Imagination in Modern Artists, subsequently printed in the Athenæum. But besides the criticism, there were snatches of old poems, golden lines and sentences culled from rare books, and anecdotes of men of note. Marry, it was like going a ramble with gentle Izaak Walton, minus the fishing.

To make these excursions more delightful to one of my temperament, Lamb never affected any spurious gravity. Neither did he ever act the Grand Senior. He did not exact that common copy-book respect, which some asinine persons would fain command on account of the mere length of their years. As if, forsooth, what is bad in

itself, could be the better for keeping; as if intellects already *mothery*, got anything but *grandmothery* by lapse of time! In this particular, he was opposed to Southey, or rather (for Southey has been opposed to himself), to his Poem on the Holly Tree.

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem among the young and gay
More grave than they.

There was nothing of Sir Oracle about Lamb. On the contrary, at sight of a solemn visage that "creamed and mantled like the standing pool," he was the first to pitch a mischievous stone to disturb the duck-weed. "He was a boy-man," as he truly said of Elia; "and his manners lagged behind his years." He liked to herd with people younger than himself. Perhaps, in his fine generalizing way, he thought that, in relation to Eternity, we are all contemporaries. However, without reckoning birthdays, it was always "Hail fellow, well met;" and although he was my elder by a quarter of a century, he never made me feel, in our excursions, that I was "taking a walk with the schoolmaster." I remember, in one of our strolls, being called to account, very pompously, by the proprietor of an Enfield Villa, who asserted that my dog Dash, who never hunted anything in his dog-days, had chased the sheep; whereupon, Elia taking the dog's part, said very emphatically, "Hunt *Lambs*, sir? Why he has never hunted *me*!" But he was always ready for fun, intellectual or practical—now helping to pelt D * * * * *, a modern Dennis, with puns; and then to persuade his sister, God bless her! by a vox et preterea nihil, that she was as deaf as an adder. In the same spirit, being requested by a young Schoolmaster to take charge of his flock for a day, "during the unavoidable absence of the Principal," he willingly undertook the charge, but made no other use of his "brief authority" than to give the boys a whole holiday.

As Elia supplied the place of the Pedagogue, so once I was substitute for Lamb himself. A prose article, in the Gem, was not from his hand, though it bore his name. He had promised a contribution, but being unwell, his sister suggested that I should write something for him, and the result was the "Widow" in imitation of his manner. It will be seen that the forgery was taken in good part.

"DEAR LAMB,—You are an impudent varlet, but I will keep your secret. We dine at Ayrton's on Thursday, and shall try to find Sarah and her two spare beds for that night only. Miss M. and her Tragedy may be d——d, so may *not* you and your rib. Health attend you.

Yours,

Enfield.

T. HOOD, Esq.

Miss Bridget Hood sends love."

How many of such pleasant reminiscences revive in my memory, whilst thinking of him, like secret writing brought out by the kindly

warmth of the fire! But they must be deferred to leave me time and space for other attributes—for example, his charity, in its widest sense, the moderation in judgment which, as Miller says, is “the Silken String running through the Pearl Chain of all Virtues.” If he was intolerant of anything, it was of Intolerance.* He would have been (if the foundation had existed, save in the fiction of Rabelais,) of the Utopian order of Thelemites, where each man under scriptural warrant did what seemed good in his own eyes. He hated evil-speaking, carping, and petty scandal. On one occasion having slipped out an anecdote, to the discredit of a literary man, during a very confidential conversation, the next moment, with an expression of remorse, for having impaired even my opinion of the party, he bound me solemnly to bury the story in my own bosom. In another case he characteristically rebuked the backbiting spirit of a censorious neighbour. Some Mrs. Candour telling him, in expectation of an ill-natured comment, that Miss * * *, the teacher at the Ladies’ School, had married a publican. “Has she so?” said Lamb, “then I’ll have my beer there!”

As to his liberality, in a pecuniary sense, he passed (says Lamb of Elia) with some people, through having a settled but moderate income, for a great miser. And in truth he knew the value of money, its power, its usefulness. One January night he told me with great glee that at the end of the late year he had been able to lay by—and thence proceeded to read me a serio-comic lecture on the text, of “Keep your hand out of your Pocket.” The truth is, Lamb, like Shakspeare, in the universality of his sympathies, could feel, *pro tempore*, what belonged to the character of a Gripe-all. The reader will remember his capital note in the “Dramatic Specimens,” on “the decline of Misers, in consequence of the *Platonic* nature of an affection for Money,” since Money was represented by “*flimries*” instead of substantial coin, the good old solid sonorous dollars and doubloons, and pieces of eight, that might be handled, and hugged, and rattled, and perhaps kissed. . But to this passion for hoarding he one day attributed a new origin. “A Miser,” he said, “is sometimes a grand personification of Fear. He has a fine horror of Poverty. And he is not content to keep Want from the door, or at arm’s length,—but he places it, by heaping wealth upon wealth, *at a sublime distance!*” Such was his theory: now for his practice. Amongst his other guests, you occasionally saw an elderly lady, formal, fair, and flaxen-wigged, looking remarkably like an animated wax doll,—and she *did* visit some friends, or relations, at a toyshop near St. Dunstan’s. When she spoke, it was as if by an artificial apparatus, through some defect in her palate, and she had a slight limp and a twist in her figure, occasioned—what would Hannah More have said!—by running down Greenwich Hill! This antiquated personage had been Lamb’s School-mistress—and on this retrospective consideration, though she could hardly have taught him more than to read his native tongue—he allowed her in her decline, a yearly sum, equal to—what shall I say?

—to the stipend which some persons of fortune deem sufficient for the active services of an all-accomplished gentlewoman in the education of their children. Say, thirty pounds per annum!

Such was Charles Lamb. To sum up his character, on his own principle of antagonising, he was, in his views of human nature, the opposite of Crabbe; in Criticism, of Gifford; in Poetry, of Lord Byron; in Prose, of the last new Novelist; in Philosophy, of Kant; and in Religion, of Sir Andrew Agnew. Of his wit I have endeavoured to give such samples as occurred to me; but the spirit of his sayings was too subtle and too much married to the circumstances of the time to survive the occasion. They had the brevity without the levity of wit—some of his puns contained the germs of whole essays. Moreover, like Falstaff, he seemed not only witty himself but the occasion of it by example in others. There is M * * * * * said he, “who goes about dropping his good things as an Ostrich lays her eggs without caring what becomes of them.” It was once my good fortune to pick up one of Mr. M.’s foundlings, and it struck me as particularly in Lamb’s own style, containing at once a pun and a criticism. “What do you think,” asked somebody, “of the book called ‘A Day in Stowe Gardens?’” Answer:—“A Day ill be-stowed.”

It is now some five years ago, since I stood with other mourners in Edmonton Church Yard, beside a grave in which all that was mortal of Elia was deposited. It may be a dangerous confession to make, but I shed no tear; and scarcely did a sigh escape from my bosom. There were many sources of comfort. He had not died young. He had happily gone before that noble sister, who not in selfishness, but the devotion of a unique affection, would have prayed to survive him but for a day, lest he should miss that tender care which had watched over him upwards from a little child. Finally he had left behind him his works, a rare legacy!—and above all, however much of him had departed, there was still more of him that could not die—for as long as Humanity endures and man owns fellowship with man, the spirit of Charles Lamb will still be extant!

* * * * *

On the publication of the Odes and Addresses, presentation copies were sent, at the suggestion of a friend, to Mr. Canning and Sir Walter Scott. The minister took no notice of the little volume; but the novelist did, in his usual kind manner. An eccentric friend in writing to me, once made a number of colons, semicolons, &c., at the bottom of the paper, adding

“And these are my points that I place at the foot
That you may put stops that I can’t stop to put.”

It will surprise no one, to observe that the author of *Waverley* had as little leisure for punctuation.

“SIR WALTER SCOTT has to make thankful acknowledgments for the copy of the Odes to Great People with which he was favoured and

more particularly for the amusement he has received from the perusal. He wishes the unknown author good health good fortune and whatever other good things can best support and encourage his lively vein of inoffensive and humorous satire

Abbotsford Melrose 4th May"

The first time I ever saw the Great Unknown, was at the private view of Martin's Picture of "Nineveh,"—when, by a striking coincidence, one of our most celebrated women, and one of our greatest men, Mrs. Siddons and Sir Walter Scott walked simultaneously up opposite sides of the room, and met and shook hands in front of the painting. As Editor of the *Gem*, I had afterwards occasion to write to Sir Walter, from whom I received the following letter, which contains an allusion to some of his characteristic partialities :—

"MY DEAR MR. HOOD,—It was very ungracious in me to leave you in a day's doubt whether I was gratified or otherwise with the honour you did me to inscribe your whims and oddities to me I received with great pleasure this new mark of your kindness and it was only my leaving your volume and letter in the country which delayed my answer as I forgot the address

I was favoured with Mr. Cooper's beautiful sketch of the heart-piercing incident of the dead greyhound which is executed with a force and fancy which I flatter myself that I who was in my younger days and in part still am a great lover of dogs and horses and an accurate observer of their habits can appreciate. I intend the instant our term ends to send a few verses if I can make any at my years in acknowledgment. I will get a day's leisure for this purpose next week when I expect to be in the country Pray inform Mr. Cooper of my intention though I fear I will be unable to do anything deserving of the subject. I am very truly your obliged humble servant

Edinburgh 4 March

WALTER SCOTT."

At last, during one of his visits to London, I had the honour of a personal interview with Sir Walter Scott at Mr. Lockhart's, in Sussex Place. The number of the house had escaped my memory ; but seeing a fine dog down an area, I knocked without hesitation at the door. It happened, however, to be the wrong one. I afterwards mentioned the circumstance to Sir Walter. It was not a bad point, he said, for he was very fond of dogs ; but he did not care to have his own animals with him, about London, "for fear he should be taken for Bill Gibbons." I then told him I had lately been reading the *Fair Maid of Perth*, which had reminded me of a very pleasant day spent many years before, beside the Linn of Campsie, the scene of Conachar's catastrophe. Perhaps he divined what had really occurred to me,—that the Linn, as a cataract, had greatly disappointed me ; for he smiled, and shook his head archly, and said he had since seen

it himself, and was rather ashamed of it. "But I fear, Mr. Hood, I have done worse than that before now, in finding a Monastery where there was none to be found; though there was plenty (here he smiled again) of Carduus Benedictus, or Holy Thistle."

In the mean time he was finishing his toilet, in order to dine at the Duchess of Kent's; and before he put on his cravat I had an opportunity of noticing the fine massive proportions of his bust. It served to confirm me in my theory that such mighty men are, and must be, physically, as well as intellectually, gifted beyond ordinary mortals; that their strong minds must be backed by strong bodies. Remembering all that Sir Walter Scott had done, and all that he had suffered, methought he had been in more than one sense "a Giant in the Land." After some more conversation, in the course of which he asked me if I ever came to Scotland, and kindly said he should be glad to see me at Abbotsford, I took my leave, with flattering dreams in my head that never were, and now, alas! never can be, realised!

* * * * *

And now, not to conclude in too melancholy a tone, allow me, gentle reader, to present to you the following genuine letter, the names, merely, for obvious reasons, being disguised.

To T. Hood, Esq.

"Thou'rt a comical chap—so am I; but thou possess'est brains competent to write what I mean;—I don't—therefore Brother Comic wilt thou oblige me (if 'twas in my power I would you)—I'll tell you just what I want, and no more. Of late, Lord *** has been endeavouring to raise a body of yeomanry in this county. Now there's a man at Bedfont—a compounder of nauseous drugs—and against whom I owe a grudge, who wishes to enter, but who's no more fit for a fighter than I for a punster. Now if you will just give him a palpable hit or two in verse, and transmit them to me by post, directed to A. B., Post Office, Bedfont, your kindness shall ever be remembered with feelings of the deepest sincerity and gratitude. His name is 'JAMES BOOKER, CHEMIST,' Bedfont *of course*. If you disapprove of the above, I trust you will not abuse the confidence placed in you, by 'SPLITTING.' You'll say, how can I?—by showing this letter to him. He knows the handwriting full well—but you'll not do so, I hope. Perhaps, if you feel a disposition to oblige me, you will do so at your first convenience, ere the matter will be getting stale.

Yours truly,

A. B.

Perhaps you will be kind enough to let me have an answer from you, even if you will not condescend to accede to my wish.

Perhaps you've not sufficient particulars. He's a little fellow, flushed face, long nose, precious ugly, housekeeper as ugly, lives between the two Peacock Inns, is a single man, very anxious to get possession of Miss Boltbee, a ward in Chancery with something like

9000%. (wish he may get it), is famous for his Gout Medicine, sells jalap (should like to make him swallow an ounce), always knows other people's business better than his own, used to go to church, now goes to chapel, and in the whole, is a great rascal.

Bedfont is thirteen miles from London."



PRESERVED IN SPIRITS.

THE END.

daf 24.

